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PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

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CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

To RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq.

Wentworth-castle, August.

I ALWAYS dedicate my travels to you. My present expedition has been very amusing: sights are thick sown in the counties of York and Nottingham: the former is more historic, and the great lords live at a prouder distance: in Nottinghamshire there is a very heptarchy of little kingdoms elbowing one another, and the barons of them want nothing but small armies to make inroads into one another's parks, murder deer, and massacre park-keepers.—But to come to particulars: The great road as far as Stamford is superb: in any other country it would furnish medals, and immortalize any drowsy monarch in whose reign it was executed. It is continued much farther, but is more rumbling. I did not stop at Hatfield and

Burleigh to see the palaces of my great-uncle-ministers, having seen them before. Bugden-palace surprises one prettily in a little village; and the remains of Newark-castle seated pleasantly, began to open a vein of historic memory. I had only transient and distant views of lord Tyrconnel's at Belton, and of Belvoir. The borders of Huntingdonshire have churches instead of milestones—but the richness and extent of Yorkshire quite charmed me.—Oh! what quarries for working in Gothic! This place is one of the very few that I really like: the situation, woods, views, and the improvements are perfect in their kinds: nobody has a truer taste than lord Strafford. The house is a pompous front screening an old house: it was built by the last lord on a design of the Prussian architect Bott, who is mentioned in the King's Memoires de Brandenburg, and is not ugly: the one pair of stairs is entirely engrossed by a gallery of 180 feet, on the plan of that in the Colonna-palace at Rome: it has nothing but four modern statues, and some bad portraits; but, on my proposal, is going to have books at each end. The hall is pretty, but low; the drawing-room handsome: there wants a good eating-room, and staircase; but I have formed a design for both, and I believe they will be executed——That my plans should be obeyed when yours are not! I shall bring you a ground plot for a Gothic building, which I have proposed that you should draw

for a little wood, but in the manner of an ancient market-cross. Without doors all is pleasing: there is a beautiful (artificial) river with a fine semicircular wood overlooking it, and the temple of Trivoli placed happily on a rising towards the end. There are obelisks, columns, and other buildings, and above all, a handsome castle, in the true style, on a rude mountain, with a court and towers: in the castle-yard, a statue of the late lord who built it. Without the park is a lake on each side, buried in noble woods.—Now contrast all this, and you may have some idea of lord Rockingham's. Imagine a most extensive and most beautiful modern front erected before the great lord Strafford's old house, and this front almost blocked up with hills, and every thing unfinished round it, nay within it. The great apartment, which is magnificent, is untouched: the chimney-pieces lie in boxes unopened. The park is traversed by a common road between two high hedges—not from necessity—Oh! no; this lord loves nothing but horses, and the enclosures for them take place of every thing. The bowling-green behind the house contains no less than four obelisks, and looks like a Brobdingnag nine-pin-alley: on a hill near, you would think you saw the York-buildings water-works invited into the country. There are temples in corn-fields; and in the little wood, a window-frame mounted on a bunch of laurel, and intended for an hermitage.

In the inhabited part of the house, the chimney-pieces are like tombs; and on that in the library is the figure of this lord's grandfather in a night-gown of plaster and gold. Amidst all this litter and bad taste, I adored the fine Vandyck of lord Strafford and his secretary, and could not help reverencing his bed-chamber. With all his faults and arbitrary behaviour one must worship his spirit and eloquence: where one esteems but a single royalist, one need not fear being too partial. When I visited his tomb in the church (which is remarkably neat and pretty, and enriched with monuments) I was provoked to find a little mural cabinet, with his figure three feet high kneeling. Instead of a stern bust (and his head would furnish a nobler than Bernini's Brutus) one is peevish to see a plaything that might have been bought at Chenevix's. There is a tender inscription to the second lord Strafford's wife, written by himself—but his genius was fitter to coo over his wife's memory, than to sacrifice to his father's.

Well! you have had enough of magnificence; you shall repose in a desert.—Old Wortley Montague lives on the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did—only I believe the latter was much better lodged—You never saw such a wretched hovel, lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen stretched till it cracks. —Here the miser hoards health and money, his only two objects: he has chronicles in behalf of

the air, and battens on Tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste: it is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready laid for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrass, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture:

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes.

I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy—but could one put that question to *Avidien* himself? There remains an ancient odd inscription here, which has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness that I must transcribe it:

Preye for the soul of sir Thomas Wortley, knight of the body to the kings Edward IV. Richard III. Henry VII. Henry VIII. whose faults God pardon. He caused a lodge to be built on this crag in the midst of Wharncliff (the old orthography) to hear the harts bell, in the year of our Lord 1510.—It was a chase, and what he meant to hear was the noise of the stags.

During my residence here I have made two little excursions; and I assure you it requires re-

solution; the roads are insufferable: they mend them—I should call it spoil them—with large pieces of stone. At Pomfret I saw the remains of that memorable castle "where Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey lay shorter by the head;" and on which Gray says,

> And thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shalt send,
> A groan, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end!

The ruins are vanishing, but well situated; there is a large demolished church, and a pretty market-house. We crossed a Gothic bridge of eight arches at Ferrybridge, where there is a pretty view, and went to a large old house of lord Huntingdon's at Ledstone, which has nothing remarkable but a lofty terrace, a whole-length portrait of his grandfather in tapestry, and the having belonged to the great lord Strafford. We saw that monument of part of poor sir John * * *'s extravagance, his house and garden, which he left orders to make without once looking at either plan. The house is a bastard Gothic, but of not near the extent I had heard. We lay at Leeds, a dingy large town; and through very bad black roads, (for the whole country is a colliery, or a quarry,) we went to Kirkstall-abbey, where are vast Saxon ruins, in a most picturesque situation, on the banks of a river that falls in a cascade among rich meadows, hills, and woods: it belongs

to lord Cardigan: his father pulled down a large house here, lest it should interfere with the family seat, Deane. We returned through Wakefield, where is a pretty Gothic chapel on a bridge, erected by Edward IV. in memory of his father, who lived at Sandal-castle just by, and perished in the battle here. There is scarce any thing of the castle extant, but it commanded a rich prospect.

By permission from their graces of Norfolk, who are at Tunbridge, lord Strafford carried us to Worksop, where we passed two days. The house is huge, and one of the magnificent works of old Bess of Hardwicke, who guarded the queen of Scots here for some time in a wretched little bed-chamber within her own lofty one: there is a tolerable little picture of Mary's needle-work. The great apartment is vast and trist, the whole leanly furnished: the great gallery, of above two hundred feet, at the top of the house, is divided into a library, and into nothing. The chapel is decent. There is no prospect, and the barren face of the country is richly furred with evergreen plantations, under the direction of the late lord Petre.

On our way we saw Kiveton, an ugly neglected seat of the duke of Leeds, with noble apartments and several good portraits—Oh! portraits!—I went to Welbeck—It is impossible to describe the bales of Cavendishes, Harleys, Holleses, Veres,

and Ogles: every chamber is tapestried with them; nay, and with ten thousand other fat morsels; all their histories inscribed; all their arms, crests, devices, sculptured on chimneys of various English marbles in ancient forms (and, to say truth, most of them ugly). Then such a Gothic hall, with pendent fret work in imitation of the old, and with a chimney-piece extremely like mine in the library! such water-colour pictures! such historic fragments! In short, such and so much of every thing I like, that my party thought they should never get me away again. There is Prior's portrait, and the column and Varelst's flower on which he wrote; and the authoress duchess of Newcastle in a theatric habit, which she generally wore, and, consequently, looking as mad as the present duchess; and dukes of the same name, looking as foolish as the present duke; and lady Mary Wortley, drawn as an authoress, with rather better pretensions; and cabinets and glasses wainscoted with the Greendale oak, which was so large, that an old steward wisely cut a way through it to make a triumphal passage for his lord and lady on their wedding, and only killed it!—But it is impossible to tell you half what there is. The poor woman who is just dead, passed her whole widowhood, except in doing ten thousand right and just things, in collecting and monumenting the portraits and reliques of all the great families from which she

descended, and which centred in her. The duke and duchess of Portland are expected there to-morrow, and we saw dozens of cabinets and coffers with the seals not yet taken off. What treasures to revel over! The horseman duke's manege is converted into a lofty stable, and there is still a grove or two of magnificent oaks that have escaped all these great families, though the last lord Oxford cut down above an hundred thousand pounds worth. The place has little pretty, distinct from all these reverend circumstances.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, August 28, 1756.

As you were so kind as to interest yourself about the issue of my journey, I can tell you that I did get to Strawberry on Wednesday night, but it was half an hour past ten first—besides floods the whole day, I had twenty accidents with my chaise, and once saw one of the postillions with the wheel upon his body; he came off with making his nose bleed. My castle, like a little ark, is surrounded with many waters, and yesterday morning I saw the Blues wade half way up their horses through Teddington-lane.

There is nothing new but what the pamphlet

shops produce; however it is pleasant to have a new point or ballad every day — I never had an aversion to living in a *Fronde*. The enclosed cards are the freshest treason; the portraits by George Townshend are droll—the other is a dull obscure thing as can be: The Worlds are by lord Chesterfield on decorum, and by a friend of yours and mine, who sent it before he went to Jersey; but this is a secret: they neglected it till now, so preferable to hundreds they have published—I suppose Mr. Moore finds, what every body else has found long, that he is a-ground. I saw Lovel to-day; he is very far advanced, and executes to perfection; you will be quite satisfied; I am not discontent with my own design, now I see how well it succeeds. It will certainly be finished by Michaelmas, at which time I told him he might depend on his money, and he seemed fully satisfied. My compliments to your brother, and adieu.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1756.

I SHALL certainly not bid for the chariot for you; do you estimate an old dowager's new machine but at ten pound? you could scarce have valued

herself at less! it is appraised here at fifty. There are no family pictures but such as you might buy at any sale, that is, there are three portraits without names. If you had offered ten pounds for a set of Pelham's, perhaps I should not have thought you had underpriced them.

You bid me give you some account of myself; I can in a very few words: I am quite alone; in the morning I view a new pond I am making for gold fish, and stick in a few shrubs or trees, wherever I can find a space, which is very rare: in the evening I scribble a little; all this mixed with reading; that is, I can't say I read much, but I pick up a good deal of reading. The only thing I have done that can compose a paragraph, and which I think you are whig enough to forgive me, is, that on each side of my bed I have hung MAGNA CHARTA, and the warrant for king Charles's execution, on which I have written Major Charta, as I believe without the latter, the former by this time would be of very little importance. You will ask where Mr. Bentley is; confined with five sick infantas, who live in spite of the epidemic distemper, and as if they were infantas, and in bed himself with a fever and the same sore throat, though he sends me word he mends.

The king of Prussia has sent us over a victory, which is very kind, as we are not likely to get any of our own—not even by the secret expedition, which you apprehend, and which I believe still less than I did the invasion—perhaps indeed there

may be another port on the coast of France, which we hope to discover, as we did one in the last war. By degrees, and somehow or other, I believe, we shall be fully acquainted with France. I saw the German letter you mention, think it very mischievous, and very well written for the purpose.

You talk of being better than you have been for many months; pray, which months were they, and what was the matter with you? Don't send me your fancies; I shall neither pity nor comfort you. You are perfectly well, and always were ever since I knew you, which is now—— I won't say how long, but within this century. Thank God you have good health, and don't call it names.

John and I are just going to Garrick's with a grove of cypresses in our hands, like the Kentish men at the conquest. He has built a temple to his master Shakspeare, and I am going to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let me decorate it within, as I proposed, with these mottoes:—

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That I spirit have and nature,
That sense breathes in ev'ry feature,
That I please, if please I do,
Shakspeare, all I owe to you.

Adieu!

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Twickenham, Monday.

You are desired to have business to hinder you from going to Northampton, and you are desired to have none to hinder you from coming to Twickenham. The autumn is in great beauty; my lord Radnor's baby houses lay eggs every day, and promises new swarms; Mrs. Chandler treads, but don't lay; and the neighbouring dowagers order their visiting coaches before sunset—can you resist such a landscape? only send me a line that I may be sure to be ready for you, for I go to London now and then to buy coals.

I believe there cannot be a word of truth in lord Granville's going to Berlin; by the clumsiness of the thought, I should take it for ministerial wit—and so, and so.

The Twickenham Alabouches say that Legge is to marry the eldest Pelhamine infanta; he loves a minister's daughter—I shall not wonder if he intends it, but can the parents? Mr. Conway mentioned nothing to me but of the prisoners of the last battle, and I hope it extends no farther, but I vow I don't see why it should not. Adieu!

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Oct. 28, 1756.

CAN you recommend one a first minister? We want one so much, that we do not insist upon his having a character from his last place: there will be good vails.—But I forget; one ought to condole with you; the duke of Newcastle is your cousin, and as I know by experience how much much one loves one's relations, I sympathize with you! But, alas! all first ministers are mortal; and, as sir Jonathan Swift said, crowned heads and cane heads, good heads and no heads at all, may all come to disgrace. My father, *who had no capacity*, and the duke of Newcastle, *who has so much*, have equally experienced the mutability of this world. Well-a-day, well-a-day! his grace is gone! He has bid adieu to courts, retires to a hermitage, and will let his beard grow as long as his duchess's.

And so you are surprised! and the next question you will ask will be, who succeeds? Truly that used to be a question the easiest in the world to be resolved upon change of ministers. It is now the most unanswerable. I can only tell you that all the atoms are dancing, and as atoms always do, I suppose, will range themselves into the most durable system imaginable. Beyond the

past hour I know not a syllable; a good deal of the preceding hours—a volume would not contain it. There is some notion that the duke of Bedford and your cousin Halifax are to be the secretaries of state—as Witwoud says, they will sputter at one another like roasted apples.

The duchess of Hamilton has brought her beauty to London at the only instant when it would not make a crowd. I believe we should scarce stare at the king of Prussia, so much are we engrossed by this ministerial ferment.

I have been this morning to see your monument; it is not put together, but the parts are admirably executed: there is a helmet that would tempt one to enlist. The inscription suits wonderfully, but I have overruled the gold letters, which not only are not lasting, but would not do at all, as they are to be cut in statuary marble. I have given him the arms, which certainly should be in colours: but a shield for your sister's would be barbarous tautology. You see how arbitrary I am, as you gave me leave to be.

Adieu!

Ever yours.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Nov. 6, 1756.

After an interministerium of seventeen days, Mr. Pitt has this morning accepted the government as secretary of state; the duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox being both excluded. The duke of Devonshire is to be at the head of the treasury; the chancellor[1] retires, the seals to be in commission. Remnants of both administrations must be preserved, as Mr. Pitt has not wherewithal to fill a quarter of their employments. Did you ever expect to see a time when he would not have cousins enough? It will take some days to adjust all that is to follow. You see that unless Mr. Pitt joins with either Fox or Newcastle, his ministry cannot last six months; I would bet that the *lightness* of the latter emerged first. George Selwyn, hearing some people at Arthur's t'other night lamenting the distracted state of the country, joined in the discourse with the whites of his eyes and his prim mouth, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "yes, to be sure it is terrible! there is the duke of Newcastle's faction, and there is Fox's faction, and there is Leicester house! between two factions and one faction we are torn to pieces!"

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[1] Lord Hardwicke.

Thank you for your exchequer-ward wishes for me; but I am apt to think that I have enough from thence already: don't think my horns and hoofs are growing, when I profess indifference to my interest. Disinterestedness is no merit in me; it happens to be my passion. It certainly is not impossible that your two young lords may appear in the new system. Mr. Williams is just come from his niece, lady North's, and commends her husband exceedingly. He tells me that the plump countess is in terrors lest lord Coventry should get a divorce from his wife, and lord Bolingbroke should marry her—'tis a well-imagined panic!

Mr. Mann, I trust, does not grow worse; I wish I could think he mended. Mr. B. is sitting in his chimney corner literally with five girls; I expect him to meet me to-morrow at Strawberry. As no provision is made for the great Cû in this new arrangement, it is impossible but he may pout a little. My best compliments to your brothers and sisters. Adieu; will this find you at Greatworth?

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Nov. 25, 1756.

You must tell me what or whose the verses are, that you demand; I know of none. I could send you reams of *tests*, *contests*, and such stupid papers, and bushels of more stupid cards. I know of nothing good; nor of any news, but that the committee of creations is not closed yet. Mr. O'Brien was yesterday created Irish earl of Thomond. Mr. Pitt is to be wrapped up in flannel, and brought to town to-morrow to see King George the second; and I believe, to dissolve the new ministry, rather than to cement it. Mr. Fox has commenced hostilities, and has got the borough of Stockbridge from under Dr. Hay, one of the new admiralty; this enrages extremely the new ministers, who having neither members nor boroughs enough, will probably recur to their only resource, popularity.

I am exceedingly obliged to the colonel, but is that new? to whom am I so much obliged? I will not trouble him with any commissions: the little money I have I am learning to save: the times give one a hint, that one may have occasion for it.

I beg my best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, and Mr. John Montagu. Don't you

wish me joy of my lord Hertford's having the garter! it makes me very happy. Adieu.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

May 27, 1757.

I HAVE ticketted you with numbers 5832, 58322, 58323, 58324, 58325, 58326; I think you bespoke six. I do not send them by the post, unless you order it; but I have writ your name on each, lest in case of accident, my executors should put them into my auction, for which you are so impatient, and then you would have to buy them over again.

I am glad you like Xoho:[1] I think every body does, which is strange, considering it has no merit but truth. Mrs. Clive cried out like you, "Lord! you will be sent to the Tower!" "Well," said I coolly, "my father was there before me."

Lord Abercorn's picture is extremely like; he seems by the Vandyke habit to be got back into his own times; but nothing is finished yet, except the head.

You will be diverted with a health which my

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1 "A letter from XOHO, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Chi at Peking."

lady Townshend gave at supper with the Prince t'other night: "'Tis a health you will all like," she said—"Well! what is it?"—"The three *P's*." —the boy coloured up to the eyes—after keeping them in suspense some time, she named, Pitt, Peace, and Plenty. The princess has given Home, the author of Douglas, a hundred a year. Prince and princess Edward continue to entertain themselves and Ranelagh every night.

I wish your brother and all heirs to estates joy, for old Shutz is dead, and cannot wriggle himself into any more wills.

The ministry is not yet hatched; the king of Prussia is conquering the world; Mr. Chute has some murmurs of the gout; and I am

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, June 2, 1757.

THE ministry is to be settled to-day; there are different accounts how: some say, that the duke of Newcastle is to take orders and to have the reversion of the bishoprick of Winchester; that Mr. Pitt is to have a regiment and to go serve in Germany with the duke; that Mr. Fox is to have sir William Irby's place, and be chamberlain to the princess; that my lord Bute is to be divorced and

marry princess Emily; and that my lord Darlington is to be first minister. Others say, that the duke of Newcastle is to be sole minister, having broken with Mr. Pitt; that sir Th. Robinson is to be again secretary of state, sir George Lee chancellor of the exchequer, and Mr. Fox paymaster, but with no place in the cabinet, nor any power. I believe the duke himself has said this; but as I think the former establishment would be the less ridiculous of the two, I intend to believe that.

I send you your tickets and a curious new print. The blue riband in the corner, and the line that explains it, but leaves it still in the dark, makes much noise. I choose to think it my lord Lincoln; for having a tenderness for royalties, I will not suppose, as most do, that it points higher. The rest are certainly admirable: the times are very entertaining; one cannot complain that no wit is stirring, as one used to do. I never thought I should feel glad for the death of poor Mr. Pelham; but really it has opened such scenes of amusement, that I begin to bear it better than I did. I rejoice to hear that your brother is accommodated, though not by my means. The duke of Bedford might have reflected, that what I asked was a very trifle, or that I should never have asked it; nay, that if I could have asked a favour of consequence, I should not have applied to himself, but to those who govern him; to the duchess * * * * * *.

I certainly am glad of rain, but could wish it

was boiled a little over the sun first: Mr. Bentley calls this the *hard summer*, and says he is forced to buy his fine weather at Newcastle. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P. S. Pray acknowledge the receipt of your tickets. I don't know how you came not to see the advertisements of Xoho, which have been in continually; four editions were published in twelve days.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, July 4, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

IT is well I have not obeyed you sooner, as I have often been going to do: what a heap of lies and contradictions I should have sent you! What joint ministries and sole ministries! What acceptances and resignations!—Viziers and bowstrings never succeeded one another quicker. Luckily I have staid till we have got an administration that will last a little more than for ever. There is such content and harmony in it, that I don't know whether it is not as perfect as a plan which I formed for Charles Stanhope, after he had plagued me for two days for news. I told him the duke of Newcastle was to take orders, and have the rever-

sion of the bishoprick of Winchester; that Mr. Pitt was to have a regiment, and go over to the Duke; and Mr. Fox to be chamberlain to the princess, in the room of sir William Irby. Of all the new system I believe the happiest is O * * *; though in great humility he says he only takes the bedchamber *to accommodate.* Next to him in joy is the earl of Holderness—who has not got the garter. My lord Waldegrave has; and the garter by this time I believe has got fifty spots.[1]

Had I written sooner, I should have told your lordship too of the king of Prussia's triumphs—but they are addled too! I hoped to have had a few bricks from Prague to send you towards building Mr. Bentley's design, but I fear none will come from thence this summer. Thank God, the happiness of the menagerie does not depend upon administrations or victories! The happiest of beings in this part of the world is my lady Suffolk: I really think her acquisition and conclusion of her law-suit will lengthen her life ten years. You may be sure I am not so satisfied, as lady Mary[2] has left Sudbroke.

Are your charming lawns burnt up like our humble hills? Is your sweet river as low as our

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[1] He was apt to be dirty.

[2] Lady Mary Coke, daughter of John Campbell, duke of Argyle, and sister to lady Strafford.

deserted Thames?—I am wishing for a handful or two of those floods that drowned me last year all the way from Wentworth-castle. I beg my best compliments to my lady, and my best wishes that every pheasant egg and peacock egg may produce as many colours as a harlequin-jacket.

I am hers and your lordship's
Most devoted humble servant.

Tuesday, July 5.

Luckily, my good lord, my conscience had saved its distance. I had writ the above last night, when I received the honour of your kind letter this morning. You had, as I did not doubt, received accounts of all our strange histories. For that of the pretty countess, I fear there is too much truth in all you have heard: but you don't seem to know that lord Corydon and captain Corydon his brother have been most abominable. I don't care to write scandal; but when I see you, I will tell you how much the chits deserve to be whipped. Our favourite general[3] is at his camp: lady Ailesbury don't go to him these three weeks. I expect the pleasure of seeing her and miss Rich and Fred. Campbell here soon for a few days. I don't wonder your lordship likes St. Philippe better than Torcy: except a few passages interesting

[3] Conway.

to Englishmen, there cannot be a more dry narration than the latter. There is an addition of seven volumes of Universal History to Voltaire's Works, which I think will charm you: I almost like it the best of his works. It is what you have seen extended, and the memoirs of Louis XIV. *refondues* in it. He is a little tiresome with contradicting La Beaumelle out of pique—and there is too much about Rousseau. Between La Beaumelle and Voltaire, one remains with scarce a fixed idea about that time. I wish they would produce their authorities and proofs; without which, I am grown to believe neither. From mistakes in the English part, I suppose there are great ones in the more distant histories; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worst informed on the present times.—He says eight hundred persons were put to death for the last rebellion—I don't believe a quarter of the number were: and he makes the first lord Derwentwater—who, poor man! was in no such high-spirited mood—bring his son, who by the way was not above a year and a half old, upon the scaffold to be sprinkled with his blood.—However, he is in the right to expect to be believed: for he believes all the romances in lord Anson's Voyage, and how admiral Almanzor made one man of war box the ears of the whole empire of China!—I know nothing else new but a new edition of doctor Young's Works. If your lord-

ship thinks like me, who hold that even in his most frantic rhapsodies there are innumerable fine things, you will like to have this edition. Adieu, once more, my best lord!

To JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 12, 1757.

It would be very easy to persuade me to a *Vine-voyage*,[1] without your being so indebted to me, if it were possible. I shall represent my impediments, and then you shall judge. I say nothing of the heat of this magnificent weather, with the glass yesterday up to three-quarters of sultry. In all English probability this will not be a hinderance long; though at present, so far from travelling, I have made the tour of my own garden but once these three days before eight at night, and then I thought I should have died of it. For how many years we shall have to talk of the summer of fifty-seven! — But hear: My lady Ailesbury and Miss Rich come hither on Thursday for two or three days; and on Monday next the Officina Arbuteana opens in form. The stationers' company, that is, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Tonson, &c. are summoned to

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[1] To visiting Mr. Chute at the Vine, his seat in Hampshire.

meet here on Sunday night. And with what do you think we open? *Cedite, Romani Impressores* —with nothing under *Graii Carmina.* I found him in town last week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first fruits of my press. An edition of Hentznerus, with a version by Mr. Bentley and a little preface of mine, were prepared, but are to wait —— Now, my dear sir, can I stir?

Not ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail!

Is not it the plainest thing in the world that I cannot go to you yet, but that you must come to me?

I tell you no news, for I know none, think of none. Elzevir, Aldus and Stephens are the freshest personages in my memory. Unless I was appointed printer of the Gazette, I think nothing could at present make me read an article in it. Seriously, you must come to us, and shall be witness that the first holidays we have I will return with you. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 16, 1757.

You do me justice in believing that I enjoy your satisfaction; I do heartily, and particularly on this point: you know how often I have wished this reconciliation: indeed you have taken the handsomest manner of doing it; and it has been accepted handsomely. I always had a good opinion of your cousin, and I am not apt to throw about my esteem lightly. He has ever behaved with sense and dignity, and this country has more obligations to him than to most men living.

The weather has been so hot, and we are so unused to it, that nobody knew how to behave themselves: even Mr. Bentley has done shivering.

Elzevirianum opens to-day, you shall taste its first fruits. I find people have a notion that it is very mysterious — they don't know how I should abhor to profane Strawberry-hill with politics! Adieu.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Thursday, 17.

I ONLY write you a line to tell you, that as you mention miss Montagu's being well and alone, if

she could like to accompany the colonel[1] and you to Strawberry-hill and the Vine, the seneschalls of those castles will be very proud to see her. I am sorry to be forced to say any thing civil in a letter to you; you deserve nothing but ill usage for disappointing us so often, but we stay till we have got you into our power, and then —— why then, I am afraid we shall still be what I have been so long,

Yours ever.

To JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 26, 1757.

I LOVE to communicate my satisfactions to you. You will imagine that I have got an original portrait of John Guttemburg, the first inventor of printing, or that I have met with a little *boke* called *Eneydos*, which I am going to translate and print—No, no; far beyond any such thing! Old lady Sandwich[2] is dead at Paris, and my lord has given me her picture of Ninon L'Enclos; given it me in the prettiest manner in the world. —I beg, if he should ever meddle in any election

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[1] Mr. Montagu's brother.

[2] Daughter of the famous Wilmot earl of Rochester.

in Hampshire, that you will serve him to the last drop of your shrievalty. If you reckon by the thermometer of my natural impatience, the picture would be here already, but I fear I must wait some time for it.

The press goes on as fast as if I printed myself. I hope in a very few days to send you a specimen, though I could wish you was at the birth of the first produce. Gray has been gone these five days. Mr. Bentley has been ill, and is not recovered of the sweating-sickness, which I now firmly believe was only a hot summer like this, and England, being so unused to it, took it for a malady. Mr. Müntz is not gone; but pray don't think that I keep him: he has absolutely done nothing this whole summer but paste two chimney-boards. In short, instead of Claud Lorrain, he is only one of Bromwich's men.

You never saw any thing so droll as Mrs. Clive's countenance, between the heat of the summer, the pride in her legacy,[3] and the efforts to appear concerned.

We have given ourselves for a day or two the air of an earthquake, but it proved an explosion of the powder-mills at Epsom. I asked Louis if it had done any mischief: he said, "Only blown a

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[3] A legacy of 50*l.* left her by John Robarts, the last earl of Radnor of that family.

man's head off;" as if that was a part one could spare!

Yours ever.

P. S. I hope Dr. Warburton will not think I encroach either upon his commentatorship or private pretensions, if I assume these lines of Pope, thus altered, for myself:

> Some have for wits and then for poets pass'd,
> Turn'd *printers* next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, August 4, 1757.

I SHALL to-morrow deliver to your agentess, Mrs. Moreland—something—to send you.

The duke[1] is beaten by the French; he and his family are safe; I know no more particulars—if I did, I should say, as I have just said to Mr. Chute, I am too busy about *something*, to have time to write them. Adieu.

Yours ever.

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[1] The duke of Cumberland in the affair of Hastenbeck.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, August 14, 1757.

You are too kind to me, and, if it were possible, would make me feel still more for your approaching departure.[1] I can only thank you ten thousand times; for I must not expatiate, both from the nature of the subject, and from the uncertainty of this letter reaching you. I was told yesterday, that you had hanged a French spy in the Isle of Wight; I don't mean you, but your government. Though I wish no life taken away, it was some satisfaction to think that the French were at this hour wanting information.

Mr. F. breakfasted here t'other day. He confirmed what you tell me of lord F*** C***'s account: it is universally said that the duke failed merely by inferiority, the French soldiers behaving in general most scandalously. They had fourscore pieces of cannon, but very ill served. Marshal D'Estrées was recalled before the battle, but did not know it. He is said to have made some great mistakes in the action. I cannot speak to the truth of it, but the French are reported to have demanded two millions sterling of Hanover.

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[1] On the expedition to Rochfort.

My whole letter will consist of hearsays; for, even at so little distance from town, one gets no better news than hawkers and pedlers retail about the country. From such I hear that George Haldane is made governor of Jamaica, and that a Mr. Campbell, whose father lives in Sweden, is going thither to make an alliance with that country, and hire 12,000 men. If one of my acquaintance, as an antiquary, were alive, sir Anthony Shirley,[2] I suppose we should send him to Persia again for troops; I fear we shall get none nearer!

Adieu! my dearest Harry! Next to wishing your expedition still-born, my most constant thought is, how to be of any service to poor lady Ailesbury, whose reasonable concern makes even that of the strongest friendship seem trifling.

Yours most entirely.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, August 25, 1757.

I DID not know that you expected the pleasure of seeing the colonel so soon. It is plain that *I* did

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[2] Sir Thomas, sir Anthony, and sir Robert Shirley were three brothers, all great travellers, and all distinguished by extraordinary adventures in the reigns of queen Elizabeth and James I.

not solicit leave of absence for him; make him my many compliments. I should have been happy to have seen you and Mr. John, but must not regret it, as you were so agreeably prevented. You are very particular, I can tell you, in liking Gray's Odes—but you must remember that the age likes Akenside, and did like Thomson! can the same people like both? Milton was forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles. Cambridge told me t'other night that my lord Chesterfield had heard Stanley read them, as his own, but that must have been a mistake of my lord's deafness. Cambridge said, "perhaps they are Stanley's; and not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray." I think this would hurt Gray's dignity ten times more than his poetry not succeeding. My humble share as his printer has been more favourably received. We proceed soberly. I must give you account of less amusements *des eaux de Straberri.* T'other day my lady Rochford,[1] lady Townshend,[2] miss Bland, and the knight of the garter dined here, and were carried into the printing-office, and were to see the man print. There were some lines ready placed, which he took off; I gave them to lady Townshend; here they are—

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[1] Daughter of Edward Young, esq.

[2] Daughter of Edward Harrison, esq.

The press speaks:

From me wits and poets their glory obtain;
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.
Stop, Townshend, and let me but paint what you say;
You, the fame I on others bestow, will repay.

They then asked, as I foresaw, to see the man compose: I gave him four lines out of the Fair Penitent, which he set; but while he went to place them in the press, I made them look at something else without their observing, and in an instant he whipped away what he had just set, and to their great surprise, when they expected to see *were ye, ye fair*, he presented to my lady Rochford the following lines: —

The press speaks:

In vain from your properest name you have flown,
And exchanged lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne;
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,
And in spite of yourself you shall ever be *young*.

You may imagine, whatever the poetry was, that the gallantry of it succeeded. Poor Mr. Bentley has been at the extremity with a fever, and inflammation in his bowels; but is so well recovered that Mr. Müntz is gone to fetch him hither to-day. I don't guess what sight I have to come in Hampshire, unless it is Abbotstone. I am pretty sure I have none to come at the Vine, where I have done advising, as I see Mr. Chute

will never execute any thing. The very altar-piece that I sent for to Italy is not placed yet. But when he could refrain from making the Gothic Columbarium for his family, which I propose, and Mr. Bentley had drawn so divinely, it is not probable he should do any thing else. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 8, 1757.

How I laughed at your picture of the shrine of *Notre Dame de Straberri*, and of the vows hung up there! I little thought that when I converted my castle into a printing-office, the next transformation would be into an hospital for the *filles repenties* from Mrs. Naylor's and lady Fitzroy's. You will treat the enclosed I trust with a little more respect; not for the sake of the hero, but of the poet. The poet, poor soul, has had a relapse, but is again recovering.

As I know no earthly history, you must accept the sonnet as if it was written into my letter; and therefore, supposing this the end of the third page, I bid you good night.

Yours ever.

To the Right Hon. LADY HERVEY.[1]

Strawberry-hill, September 13, 1757.

MADAM,

AFTER all the trouble your ladyship has been so good as to take voluntarily, you will think it a little hard that I should presume to give you more; but it is a cause, madam, in which I know you feel, and I can suggest new motives to your ladyship's zeal. In short, madam, I am on the crisis of losing mademoiselle de l'Enclos's picture, or of getting both that and her letters to lady Sandwich. I enclose lord Sandwich's letter to me, which will explain the whole. Madame Greffini, I suppose, is madame Graphigny; whom some of your ladyship's friends, if not yourself, must know; and she might be of use, if she could be trusted not to detain so tempting a treasure as the letters. From the effects being sealed up, I have still hopes; greater, from the goodness your ladyship had in writing before. Don't wonder,

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[1] Lady Hervey was only daughter of brigadier-general Nicholas Lepel. She was maid of honour to queen Caroline, and was married in 1720 to John lord Hervey, eldest son of John earl of Bristol, by whom she had four sons and four daughters.—Lord Hervey was vice-chamberlain and privy-seal to George II. and well known by his eloquence, writings, duel with Mr. Pulteney, and the satires of Pope. He died in 1744. Lady Hervey died of the gout in 1767.

madam, at my eagerness: besides a good quantity of natural impatience, I am now interested as an editor and printer. Think what pride it would give me to print original letters of Ninon at Strawberry-hill! If your ladyship knows any farther means of serving me, *of serving yourself, good Mr. Welldone*, as the widow Lackit says in Oroonoko, I need not doubt your employing them. Your ladyship and I are of a religion, with regard to certain saints, that inspires more zeal than such trifling temptations as persecution and faggots infuse into bigots of other sects. I think a cause like ours might communicate ardour even to my lady Stafford. If she will assist in recovering *Notre Dame des Amours*, I will add St. Raoul[1] to my calendar.

I am hers and your ladyship's

Most obedient and faithful humble servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, September 20.

My dear Sir,

I have been roving about Hampshire with Mr. Chute, and did not receive your very kind note till yesterday, or I should certainly not have de-

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[1] A favourite cat of lady Stafford's.

ferred a moment to thank you for it, and to express my great concern for miss Montagu's bad health. You do me justice when you reckon on my feeling most sincerely for you: but let me ask why you will not bring her to town? She might not only have more variety of assistance, but it would be some relief to you: it must be dreadful, with your tenderness and feeling, to have nobody to share and divert your uneasiness.

I did not, till on the road the day before yesterday, hear the catastrophe of poor sir John Bland, with the execrable villany, or; what our ancestors would have called, the *humours* of Taaffe. I am extremely sorry for Bland! he was very good-natured, and generous and well-bred; but never was such infatuation: I can call it by no term but *flirting* away his fortune and his life; he seemed to have no passion for play while he did it, nor sensibility when it ruined him; but I fear he had both! What judgments the good people in the city (I mean the *good* in their own style, monied) will construe upon White's, when two of the most remarkable members have dispatched themselves in nine months!

I shall be most sincerely glad to receive another letter to tell me that miss Montagu mends: you have both my most hearty wishes.

Yours ever.

To the EARL of STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, October 11, 1757.

My dear Lord,

You will have seen or heard that the fleet is returned.[1] They have brought home nothing but one little island, which is a great deal more than I expected, having neither thought so despicably of France, or so considerably of ourselves, as to believe they were exposed to much damage. My joy for Mr. Conway's return is not at all lessened by the clamour on this disappointment. Had he been chief commander, I should be very sure the nothing he had done was all he could do. As he was under orders, I wait with patience to hear his general's vindication.

I hope the Yorkists have not knocked out your brains for living in a county. In my neighbourhood they have insulted the parliament *in person*.[2] He called in the blues, instead of piquing himself on dying in his curule chair in the stable-yard at Ember-court.—So entirely have we lost our spirit, that the standing-army is forced to defend us against the people, when we endeavour to give them a militia, to save them from a standing army;

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1 From the expedition against Rochfort.

2 Mr. Onslow, the speaker.

and that the representative of the parliament had rather owe his life to the guards than die in the cause of a militia. Sure Lenthall's ghost will come and pull him by the nose!

I hope you begin to cast a southward look, and that my lady's chickens and ducklings are old enough to go to a day-school, and will not want her any longer.

My lord Townshend and George[3] are engaged in a paper-war against one another, about the militia. That bill, the suspension at Stade, and the late expedition, which has cost millions, will find us in amusements this winter. It is lucky, for I despair of the Opera. The Mattei has sent certificates to prove that she is stopped by an inundation. The certificates I suppose can swim. Adieu, my dear lord!

My lady's and your
Most faithful humble servant.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, October 13, 1757.

IF you have received mine of Tuesday, which I directed to Portsmouth, you will perceive how much I agree with you. I am charmed with your

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[3] Afterwards marquis Townshend.

sensible modesty. When I talked to you of defence, it was from concluding that you had all agreed that the attempt[1] was impracticable, nay impossible; and from thence I judged that the ministry intended to cast the blame of a wild project upon the officers. That they may be a little willing to do that, I still think—but I have the joy to find that it cannot be thrown on you. As your friend, and fearing, if I talked for you first, it would look like doubt of your behaviour, at least that you had bid me defend you at the expence of your friends, I said not a word, trusting that your innocence would break out and make its way. I have the satisfaction to find it has already done so. It comes from all quarters but your own, which makes it more honourable. My lady Suffolk told me last night, that she heard all the *seamen* said they wished the general had been as ready as Mr. Conway. But this is not all: I left a positive commission in town to have the truth of the general report sent me without the least disguise; in consequence of which I am solemnly assured that your name is never mentioned but with honour; that all the violence, and that extreme, is against sir John Mordaunt and Mr. Cornwallis. I am particularly sorry for the latter, as I firmly believe him as brave as possible.

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[1] On Rochfort.

This situation of things makes me advise, what I know and find I need not advise, your saying as little as possible in your own defence, nay, as much as you can with any decency for the others. I am neither acquainted with, nor care a straw about, sir John Mordaunt; but as it is known that you differed with him, it will do you the greatest honour to vindicate him, instead of disculpating yourself. My most earnest desire always is, to have your character continue as amiable and respectable as possible. There is no doubt but the whole will come out, and therefore your justification not coming from yourself will set it in a ten times better light. I shall go to town to-day to meet your brother; and as I know his affection for you will make him warm in clearing you, I shall endeavour to restrain that ardour, of which you know I have enough on the least glimmering of a necessity: but I am sure you will agree with me, that, on the representation I have here made to you, it is not proper for your friends to appear solicitous about you.

The city talk very treason, and, connecting the suspension at Stade with this disappointment, cry out, that the general had positive orders to do nothing, in order to obtain gentler treatment of Hanover. They intend in a violent manner to demand redress, and are too enraged to let any part of this affair remain a mystery.

I think, by your directions, this will reach you

before you leave Bevismount: I would gladly meet you at Park-place, if I was not sure of seeing you in town a day or two afterwards at farthest; which I will certainly do, if you let me know. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Oct. 18, 1757.

You never begged news at a worse time; for though I should tell you much, I have neither time nor inclination. This sounds *brusque*, but I will explain it. With regard to the expedition, I am so far easy about Mr. Conway that he will appear with great honour, but it is not pleasant to hear him complicated with others in the mean time. He cannot speak till forced. In short, there are twenty delicacies not for a letter. The big event is, the duke's resignation. He is not so patient as Mr. C. under unmerited reproach, and has thrown up every thing, regiment and all. You and I wish for a Fronde, but I don't expect one. At worst it will produce *memoires de la Fronde*. I rejoice that all your family is well, and beg my compliments to them. For this time you must excuse a very short letter; I am only in town for

this evening to meet Mr. C. and I snatch a moment that you might not think me neglectful of you, which I certainly never will be. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Sunday evening.

I LEAVE Mr. Müntz in commission to do the honours of Strawberry to you: if he succeeds well, will you be troubled with him in your chaise to London on Wednesday?

He will tell you the history of queen Mab being attacked—not in her virtue, but in her very palace:—if all this does not fill up the evening, and you should have no engagement to your aunt Crosby, or to your grandmother, you know how welcome you will be at Clivden. Adieu.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Dec. 23, 1757.

YOU, who have always cultivated rather than stifled tender sensations, well know how to feel for me, who have at last lost my dear friend, Mr.

Mann, not unexpectedly certainly; but I never could find that one grew indifferent to what pains, as one does to what pleases one! With all my consciousness of having been more obliged to your brother than I could possibly deserve, I think I should have trespassed on his kindness, and have asked him to continue his favours to Mr. Mann's son and brother, if I had not known that he was good beyond doubt: it is just necessary for me, as transferring my friendship to the family, to tell you, that if the contrary should be insinuated, they do continue the business.

Had I any thing to tell you it would be unpardonable in me to communicate my grief to you and neglect your entertainment; but Mr. Pitt's gout has laid up the nation; we adjourn to-morrow for the holidays, and have not had a single division. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, France and the king of Prussia will not leave us idle much longer. Adieu! I am most unaffectedly grieved, and most unfeignedly yours.

To Dr. DUCAREL.[1]

Arlington-street, Dec. 25, 1757.

Sir,

The dean of Exeter having shewed me a letter in which you desire the name of the MS. which con-

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[1] Dr. Ducarel was librarian at Lambeth Palace.

tains the illumination I wished to see, I take the liberty of troubling you with this. The book is called "*The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers; translated out of Latyn into Frenshe, by Messire Jehande Jeonville; and from thence rendered into English, by earl Rivers.*"—I am perfectly ashamed, sir, of giving you so much trouble; but your extreme civility and good nature, and your great disposition to assist in any thing that relates to literature, encouraged me to make my application to you; and the politeness with which you received it I shall always acknowledge with the greatest gratitude.—The Dean desired me to make his excuses to you for not writing himself; and my lord Lyttelton returns you a thousand thanks for your kind offers of communication, and proposes to wait on you himself, and talk those matters over with you. I shall not fail of paying my respects to you on Friday next, at one o'clock; and am, sir,

Your most obliged,
And most obedient servant.

To Dr. DUCAREL.

Arlington-street, January 12, 1758.

Sir,

I have the pleasure to let you know, that his grace the archbishop has, with the greatest polite-

ness and goodness, sent me word, by the dean of Exeter, that he gives me leave to have the illumination copied, either at your chambers, or at my own house, giving you a receipt for it. As the former would be so inconvenient to me as to render this favour useless, I have accepted the latter with great joy; and will send a gentleman of the exchequer, my own deputy, to you, sir, on Monday next, with my receipt, and shall beg the favour of you to deliver the MS. to him, Mr. Bedford. I would wait on you myself, but have caught cold at the visit I made you yesterday, and am besides going to Strawberry-hill, from whence I propose to bring you a little print, which was never sold, and not to be had from any body else; which is, the arms of the *two Clubs at Arthur's*;[1] a print exceedingly in request last year. When I have more leisure, for at this time of the year I am much hurried, I shall be able, I believe, to pick you out some other curiosities; and am, sir,

Your obedient servant.

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[1] Designed by Mr. Walpole's friend lord Edgecumbe, and engraved by Grignion.

TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

Arlington-street, May 4, 1758.

SIR,

I THOUGHT myself very unlucky in being abroad, when you was so good as to call here t'other day. I not only lost the pleasure of your company, but the opportunity of obtaining from you (what however I will not despair of,) any remarks you may have made on the many errors which I fear you found in my book. The hurry in which it was written, my natural carelessness and insufficiency, must have produced many faults and mistakes. As the curiosity of the world, raised I believe only by the smallness of the number printed, makes it necessary for me to provide another edition, I should be much obliged to whoever would be enough my friend to point out my wrong judgments and inaccuracies,—I know nobody, sir, more capable of both offices than yourself, and yet I have no pretensions to ask so great a favour, unless your own zeal for the cause of literature should prompt you to undertake a little of this task. I shall be always ready to correct my faults, never to defend them.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 4, 1758.

You are the first person, I believe, that ever thought of a Swiss transcribing Welsh, unless, like some commentator on the scriptures, you have discovered great affinity between those languages, and that both are dialects of the Phœnician. I have desired your brother to call here to-day, and to help us in adjusting the inscriptions. I can find no lady Cutts in your pedigree, and till I do, cannot accommodate her with a coronet.

My book is marvellously in fashion, to my great astonishment. I did not expect so much truth and such notions of liberty would have made their fortune in this our day. I am preparing an edition for publication, and then I must expect to be a little less civilly treated. My lord Chesterfield tells every body that he subscribes to all my opinions; but this mortifies me about as much as the rest flatter me; I cannot, because it is my own case, forget how many foolish books he has diverted himself with commending. The most extraordinary thing I have heard about mine is, that it being talked of at lord Arran's table, doctor King, the doctor King of Oxford, said of the passage on my father; "it is very modest, very genteel, and VERY TRUE." I asked my lady Cardigan if she would forgive my making free with her grand-

mother;[1] she replied very sensibly, "I am sure she would not have hindered any body from writing against me; why should I be angry at any writing against her?"

The history promised you of Dr. Brown is this. Sir Charles Williams had written an answer to his first silly volume of the Estimate,[2] chiefly before he came over, but finished while he was confined at Kensington. Brown had lately lodged in the same house, not mad now, though he has been so formerly. The landlady told sir Charles, and offered to make affidavit that Dr. Brown was the most profane curser and swearer that ever came into her house. Before I proceed in my history, I will tell you another anecdote of this great performer: one of his antipathies is the opera, yet the only time I ever saw him was in last *Passion-week* singing the *Romish stabat mater* with the *Mingotti* behind a harpsichord at a great concert at my lady Carlisle's; well—in a great apprehension of sir Charles divulging the story of his swearing, Brown went to Dodsley in a most scurrilous and hectoring manner, threatening Dodsley if he should publish any thing personal against him; abusing sir Charles for a coward and most abandoned man, and bidding Dodsley tell the latter

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[1] Sarah duchess of Marlborough.

[2] Estimate of the Manners of the Times.

that he had a cousin in the army, who would call sir Charles to account for any reflections on him, Brown. Stay; this Christian message from a divine, who by the way has a chapter in his book against duelling, is not all: Dodsley refused to carry any such message, unless in writing. The doctor, enough in his senses to know the consequences of this, refused; and at last a short verbal message, more decently worded, was agreed on. To this sir Charles made Dodsley write down this answer: "that he could not but be surprised at Brown's message, after that, he sir Charles had at Ranby's desire sent Brown a written assurance that he intended to say nothing personal of him —nay nor should yet, unless Brown's impertinence made it necessary." This proper reply Dodsley sent: Brown wrote back, that he should send an answer to sir Charles himself; but bid Dodsley take notice, that printing the works of a supposed lunatic, might be imputed to the printer himself, and which he, the said Dr. should *chastise*. Dodsley, after notifying this new and unprovoked insolence to me, Fox and Garrick, the one, friend of sir Charles, the other of Brown, returned a very proper, decent, yet firm answer, with assurances of *repaying chastisement* of any sort. Is it credible? this audacious man sent only a card back, saying, "*Footman's language I never return*, J. Brown." You know how decent, humble, inoffensive a creature Dodsley is, how

little apt to forget or disguise his having been a footman! but there is no exaggerating this behaviour by reflections. On the same card he tells Dodsley that he cannot now accept, but returns his present of the two last volumes of his collection of poems, and assures him that they are not soiled by the reading. But the best picture of him is his own second volume, which beats all the Scaligers and Scioppius's for vanity and insolent impertinence. What is delightful; in the first volume he had deified Warburton, but the success of that trumpery has made Warburton jealous, and occasioned a coolness—but enough of this jackanapes.

Your brother has been here, and as he is to go to-morrow, and the pedigree is not quite finished, and as you will be impatient, and as it is impossible for us to transcribe Welsh, which we cannot read, without your assistance, who don't understand it neither, we have determined that the colonel should carry the pedigree to you; you will examine it and bring it with you to Strawberry, where it can be finished under your own eye, better than it is possible to do without. Adieu: I have not writ so long a letter this age.

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, June 4, 1758.

THE habeas corpus is finished, but only for this year. Lord Temple threatened to renew it the next; on which lord Hardwicke took the party of proposing to order the judges to prepare a bill for extending the power of granting the writ in vacation to all the judges. This prevented a division; though lord Temple, who protested alone t'other day, had a flaming protest ready, which was to have been signed by near thirty. They sat last night till past nine. Lord Mansfield spoke admirably for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Except lord Ravensworth and the duke of Newcastle, whose meaning the first never knows himself, and the latter's nobody else, all who spoke, spoke well: they were lord Temple, lord Talbot, lord Bruce, and lord Stanhope, for; lord Morton, lord Hardwicke, and lord Mansfield, against the bill.

The duke of Grafton has resigned. Norborne Berkeley has converted a party of pleasure into a campaign, and is gone with the expedition,[1] without a shirt but what he had on, and what is lent him. The night he sailed he had invited women

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1 Against St. Maloes.

to supper. Besides him, and those you know, is a Mr. Sylvester Smith. Every body was asking, "But who is Sylvester Smith?" Harry Townshend replied, "Why, he is the son of Delaval, who was the son of Lowther, who was the son of Armitage, who was the son of Downe."[2]

The fleet sailed on Thursday morning. I don't know why, but the persuasion is that they will land on this side Ushant, and that we shall hear some events by Tuesday or Wednesday. Some believe that lord Anson and Howe have different destinations. Rochfort, where there are 20,000 men, is said positively not to be the place. The king says there are 80,000 men and three marshals in Normandy and Bretagne. George Selwyn asked general Campbell, if the ministry had yet told the king the object?

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos is arrived,[3] to my supreme felicity — I cannot say very handsome or agreeable; but I had been prepared on the article of her charms. I don't say, like Harry VIII. of Anne of Cleves, that she is a Flanders mare, though to be sure she is rather large: on the contrary, I bear it as well as ever prince did

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[2] All these gentlemen had been volunteers on successive expeditions to the coast of France.

[3] The portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos.

who was married by proxy — and she does not find me *fricassé dans de la neige.*[4] Adieu.

Yours ever.

P. S. I forgot to tell you of another *galanterie* I have had, a portrait of queen Elizabeth left here while I was out of town. The servant said it was a present, but he had orders not to say from whom.

To Dr. DUCAREL.

June, 1758.

Sir,

I am very much obliged to you for the remarks and hints you have sent me on my catalogue. They will be of use to me; and any observations of my friends I shall be very thankful for, and disposed to employ, to make my book; what it is extremely far from being, more perfect. — I was very glad to hear, sir, that the present lord archbishop of Canterbury has continued you in an employment, for which nobody is so fit, and in which

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4 Madame de Sevigné, in her Letters to her daughter, reports that Ninon thus expressed herself relative to her son the marquis de Sevigné, who was one of her lovers.

nobody would be so useful. I wish all manner of success to, as well as continuance of, your labours; and am, &c. &c.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

June 16, 1758, 2 o'clock noon.

WELL, my dear Harry! you are not the only man in England who have not conquered France![1] Even dukes of Marlborough[2] have been there without doing the business. I don't doubt but your good heart has even been hoping, in spite of your understanding, that our heroes have not only taken St. Maloes, but taken a trip cross the country to burn Rochefort, only to show how easy it was. We have waited with astonishment at not hearing that the French court was removed in a panic to Lyons, and that the mesdames had gone off in their shifts with only a provision of rouge for a week. Nay, for my part, I expected to be deafened with encomiums on my lord Anson's continence, who, after being allotted madame

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[1] Alluding to the expedition against Rochefort, the year before, in which Mr. Conway was second in command.

[2] The duke of Marlborough commanded the troops on this expedition against St. Maloes.

Pompadour as his share of the spoils, had again imitated Scipio, and, in spite of the violence of his *temperament*, had restored her unsullied to the king of France.—Alack! we have restored nothing but a quarter of a mile of coast to the right owners. A messenger arrived in the middle of the night with an account that we have burned two frigates and an hundred and twenty small fry; that it was found impossible to bring up the cannon against the town; and that, the French army approaching the coast, commodore Howe, with the expedition of harlequin as well as the taciturnity, reimbarked our whole force in seven hours, volunteers and all, with the loss only of one man, and they are all gone to seek their fortune somewhere else. Well! in half a dozen more wars we shall know something of the coast of France. Last war we discovered a fine bay near port l'Orient: we have now found out that we knew nothing of St. Maloes. As they are popular persons, I hope the city of London will send some more gold boxes to these discoverers. If they send a patch box to lord George Sackville, it will hold all his laurels. As our young nobility cannot at present travel through France, I suppose this is a method for finishing their studies. George Selwyn says he supposes the French ladies will have scaffolds erected on the shore to see the English go by.—But I won't detain the messenger any longer; I am impatient to make the

duchess[3] happy, who I hope will soon see the duke returned from his coasting voyage.

The C****s will be with you next Wednesday, and I believe I too; but I can take my own word so little, that I will not give it you. I know I must be back at Strawberry on Friday night; for lady Hervey and lady Stafford are to be there with me for a few days from to-morrow se'nnight. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington-street, June 16, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I STAID to write to you, in obedience to your commands, till I had something worth telling you. St. Maloes is taken by storm. The governor leaped into the sea at the very name of the duke of Marlborough. Sir James Lowther put his hand into his pocket, and gave the soldiers two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to drink the

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[3] Lady Mary Bruce, duchess of Richmond, only child of the countess of Ailesbury by her first marriage. She was at Parkplace with her mother during the duke of Richmond's absence, who was a volunteer upon this expedition.

king's health on the top of the Great Church. Norborne Berkeley begged the favour of the bishop to go back with him and see his house in Gloucestershire. Delaval is turned capuchin, with remorse, for having killed four thousand French with his own hand. Commodore Howe[1] does nothing but *talk* of what he has done. Lord Downe, who has killed the intendant, has sent for Dupré[2] to put in his place; and my lord A**** has ravished three abbesses, the youngest of whom was eighty-five. Sure, my lord, this account is glorious enough! Don't you think one might 'bate a little of it? How much will you give up? Will you compound for the town capitulating, and for threescore men of war and two hundred privateers burned in the harbour? I would fain beat you down as low as I could. — What, if we should not have taken the town? Shall you be very much shocked, if, after burning two ships of fifty-four and thirty-six guns, and a bushel of privateers and small-ware, we had thought it prudent to leave the town where we found it, and had re-embarked last Monday in seven hours, (the dispatch of which implies at least as much precipitation as conduct), and that of all the large bill of fare above, nothing should be true but Downe's kill-

[1] Afterwards earl Howe.

[2] A French master.

ing the intendant; who coming out to reconnoitre, and not surrendering, Downe at the head of some grenadiers shot him dead. In truth, this is all the truth, as it came in the middle of the night; and if your lordship is obstinately bent on the conquest of France, you must wait till we have found another loophole into it, which it seems our fleet is gone to look for. I fear it is not even true that we have beat them in the Mediterranean! nor have I any hopes, but in admiral Forbes, who must sail up the Rhone, burn Lyons, and force them to a peace at once.

I hope you have had as favourable succession of sun and rain as we have. I go to Park-place next week, where I fancy I shall find our little duchess[3] quite content with the prospect of recovering her duke, without his being loaded with laurels like a boar's head. Adieu, my dear lord! My best compliments to my lady and her whole menagerie.

Yours ever.

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[3] Of Richmond.

To JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1758.

The Tower-guns have sworn through thick and thin that prince Ferdinand has entirely demolished the French, and the city-bonfires all believe it. However, as no officer is yet come, nor confirmation, my crackers suspend their belief. Our great fleet is stepped ashore again near Cherbourg; I suppose, to singe half a yard more of the coast. This is all I know; less, as you may perceive, than any thing but the Gazette.

What is become of Mr. Montagu? Has he stolen to Southampton, and slipped away a-volunteering like Norborne Berkeley, to conquer France in a dirty shirt and a frock? He might gather forty load more of laurels in my wood. I wish I could flatter myself that you would come with him.

My lady Suffolk has at last entirely submitted her barn to our *ordination.* As yet it is only in *Deacon's orders;* but will very soon have our last imposition of hands. Adieu! Let me know a word of you.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 6, 1758.

You may believe I was thoroughly disappointed in not seeing you here, as I expected. I grieve for the reason, and wish you had told me that your brother was quite recovered. Must I give you over for the summer? sure you are in my debt.

That regiments are going to Germany is certain; which, except the Blues, I know not. Of all secrets I am not in any Irish ones. I hope for your sake, your colonel[1] is not of the number; but how can you talk in the manner you do of prince Ferdinand? Don't you know that next to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Delaval, he is the most fashionable man in England? Have not the Tower guns, and all the parsons in London, been ordered to pray for him? You have lived in Northamptonshire till you are ignorant that Hanover is in Middlesex, as the bishop's palace at Chelsea is in the diocese of Winchester. In hopes that you will grow better acquainted with your own country, I remain

Your affected,
HORATIUS VALPOLHAUSEN.

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1 Mr. Montagu's brother.

TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

Arlington-street, July 8, 1758.

SIR,

As you have been so good as to favour me with your assistance, I flatter myself you will excuse my begging it once more. I am told that you mentioned to Dr. Jortin, a lord Mountjoy, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. as an author. Will you be so good as to tell me any thing you know of him, and what he wrote. I shall entreat the favour of this notice as soon as possibly you can; because my book is printing off, and I am afraid of being past the place where he must come in. I am just going out of town, but a line put into the post any night before nine o'clock, will find me next morning at Strawberry-hill.

I am, sir,
Your obliged humble servant.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, July 21, 1758.

YOUR gazette, I know, has been a little idle; but we volunteer gazettes, like other volunteers, are not easily tied down to regularity and rules. We think we have so much merit, that we think we

have a right to some demerit too; and those who depend upon us, I mean us gazettes, are often disappointed. A common foot newspaper may want our vivacity, but is ten times more useful. Besides, I am not in town, and ten miles out of it is an hundred miles out of it for all the purposes of news. You know of course that lord George Sackville refused to go *a-buccaneering* again, as he called it; that *my friend* lord A* * * * who loves a dram of any thing, from glory to brandy, is *out of order;* that just as lord Panmure was going to take the command, he missed an eye; and that at last they have routed out an old general Blighe from the horse armoury in Ireland, who is to undertake the codicil to the expedition. Moreover, you know that prince Edward is bound 'prentice to Mr. Howe. All this you have heard; yet, like my cousin the Chronicle, I repeat what has been printed in every newspaper of the week, and then finish with one paragraph of *spick and span.* Alack! my postscript is not very fortunate: a convoy of 12,000 men, &c. was going to the king of Prussia, was attacked unexpectedly by 5000 Austrians, and cut entirely to pieces; provisions, ammunition, &c. all taken. The king instantly raised the siege, and retreated with so much precipitation, that he was forced to nail up 60 pieces of cannon. I conclude the next we hear of him will be a great victory: if he sets overnight in a defeat, he always rises next morning in a triumph

—at least, we that have nothing to do but expect and admire, shall be extremely disappointed if he does not. Besides, he is three months debtor to fame.

The only private history of any freshness is, my lady D****'s christening; the child had *three* godfathers: and I will tell you why: they had thought of the duke of Newcastle, my lord and George ****; but of two ****'s and his grace, God could not take the word of any two of them, so all three were forced to be bound.

I draw this comfort from the king of Prussia's defeat, that it may prevent the folly of another expedition: I don't know how or why, but no reason is a very good one against a thing that has no reason in it. Eleven hundred men are ill from the last enterprise. Perhaps don William Quixote[1] and admiral Amadis[2] may determine to send them to the Danube; for, as no information ever precedes their resolutions, and no impossibilites ever deter them, I don't see why the only thing worthy their consideration should not be, how glorious and advantageous an exploit it would be, if it could be performed. Why did bishop Wilkins try to fly? Not that he thought it practicable, but

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1 William Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, then secretary of state.

2 Lord Anson, then first lord of the admiralty.

because it would be very convenient. As he did not happen to be a particular favourite of the city of London, he was laughed at: they prepossessed in his favour, and he would have received twenty gold boxes, though twenty people had broken their necks off St. Paul's with trying the experiment.

I have heard a whisper, that you do not go into Yorkshire this summer. Is it true? It is fixed that I go to Ragley[3] on the 13th of next month; I trust you do so too. Have you had such deluges for three weeks well counted, as we have? If I had not cut one of my perroquet's wings, and there were an olive tree in the country, I would send to know where there is a foot of dry land.

You have heard, I suppose, if not, be it known to you, that Mr. Keppel, the canon of Windsor, espouses my niece Laura; yes, Laura.[4] I rejoice much, so I receive your compliments upon it, lest you should, as it sometimes happens, forget to make them. Adieu!

Yours ever.

July 22.

For the pleasure of my conscience I had written all the above last night, expecting lord Lyttelton,

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[3] The seat of the earl of Hertford.

[4] Eldest daughter of sir Edward Walpole.

the dean, and other company, to-day. This morning I receive yours; and having already told you all I know, I have only a few paragraphs to answer.

I am pleased that you are pleased about my book:[5] *you* shall see it very soon; though there will scarce be a new page: nobody else shall see it till spring. In the first place, the prints will not be finished: in the next, I intend that two or three other things shall appear before it from my press, of other authors; for I will not surfeit people with my writings, nor have them think that I propose to find employment alone for a whole press — so far from it, I intend to employ it no more about myself.

I will certainly try to see you during your waiting.[6] Adieu.

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[5] Anecdotes of Painting.

[6] ...om of the bed-chamber to the king.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 20, 1758.

After some silence, one might take the opportunity of Cherbourg[1] and Louisbourg,[2] to revive a little correspondence with popular topics; but I think you are no violent politician, and I am full as little so; I will therefore tell you of what I of course care more, and I am willing to presume you do too; that is, myself. I have been journeying much since I heard from you: first to the Vine, where I was greatly pleased with the alterations; the garden is quite beautified and the house dignified. We went over to the Grange, that sweet house of my lord Keeper's, that you saw too. The pictures are very good, and I was particularly pleased with the procession, which you were told was by Rubens, but is certainly Vandyke's sketch for part of that great work, that he was to have executed in the banquetting-house. You did not tell me of a very fine Holbein, a wo-

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[1] About the middle of this month general Bligh had landed with an army on the coast of France, near Cherbourg, destroyed the bason, harbour, and forts of that place, and reimbarked his troops without loss.

[2] Alluding to the surrender of Louisbourg and the whole island of Cape Breton on the coast of North America to general Amherst and admiral Boscawen.

man, who was evidently some princess of the white rose.

I am just now returned from Ragley, which has had a great deal done to it since I was there last. Browne has improved both the ground and the water, though not quite to perfection. This is the case of the house; where there are no striking faults, but it wants a few Chute or Bentley touches. I have recommended some dignifying of the saloon with Seymours and Fitzroys, Henry the eighths, and Charles the seconds. They will correspond well to the proudest situation imaginable. I have already dragged some ancestors out of the dust there, written their names on their portraits; besides which, I have found and brought up to have repaired an incomparable picture of Van Helmont by sir Peter Lely. — But now for recoveries — think what I have in part recovered! Only the state papers, private letters, &c. &c. of the two lords Conway, secretaries of state. How you will rejoice and how you will grieve! They seem to have laid up every scrap of paper they ever had, from the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign to the middle of Charles the second's. By the accounts of the family there were whole rooms full; all which, during the absence of the last and the minority of the present lord, were, by the ignorance of a steward, consigned to the oven and to the uses of the house. What remained, except one box that was kept till almost

rotten in a cupboard, were thrown loose into the lumber room, where, spread on the pavement, they supported old marbles and screens and boxes. From thence I have dragged all I could, and have literally, taking altogether, brought away a chest near five feet long, three wide and two deep, brim full. Half are bills, another part rotten, another gnawed by rats; yet I have already found enough to repay my trouble and curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. I will only tell you of three letters of the great Strafford, and three long ones of news of Mr. Gerrard, master of the Charter-house; all six written on paper edged with green, like modern French paper. There are hand-writings of every body, all their seals perfect, and the ribands with which they tied their letters. The original proclamations of Charles the first, signed by the privy council, a letter to king James from his son-in-law of Bohemia, with his seal, and many, very many letters of negociation from the earl of Bristol in Spain, sir Dudley Carleton, lord Chichester, and sir Thomas Roe. — What say you? will not here be food for the *press?*

I have picked up a little painted glass too, and have got a promise of some old statues, lately dug up, which formerly adorned the cathedral of Litchfield. You see I continue to labour in my vocation, of which I can give you a comical instance: — I remembered a rose in painted glass

in a little village going to Ragley, which I remarked passing by five years ago; told Mr. Conway on which hand it would be, and found it in the very spot. I saw a very good and perfect tomb at Alcester of sir Fulke Greville's father and mother, and a wretched old house with a very handsome gateway of stone at Colton, belonging to sir Robert Throckmorton. There is nothing else tolerable but twenty-two coats of the matches of the family in painted glass. — You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward a learned clergyman was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber room with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture; and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk into dinner dressed and sit by lady Hertford. Lord Lyttelton was there, and the conversation turned on literature: finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my lady Hertford, and begged to

know who and what sort of man I really was, for he had never met with any thing of the kind. Adieu.

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 2, 1758.

IT is well I have got something to pay you for the best letter that ever was! A vast victory, I own, does not entertain me so much as a good letter; but you are bound to like any thing military better than your own wit, and therefore I hope you will think a defeat of the Russians a better *bon-mot* than any you sent me. Should you think it clever if the king of Prussia has beaten them? How much cleverer, if he has taken three lieutenant generals and an hundred pieces of cannon? How much cleverer still, if he has left fifteen thousand Muscovites dead on the spot?[1] Does the loss of *only* three thousand of his own men, take off from or sharpen the sting of this joke? In short, all this is fact, as a courier arrived at Sion-hill this morning affirms. The city, I suppose, expect that his majesty will now be at

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[1] The defeat of the Russians at Zornsdorff.

leisure to step to Ticonderoga, and repair our mishap.[2] But I shall talk no more politics: if this finds you at Chatworth, as I suppose it will, you will be better informed than from me.

Lady **** **** arrived at Ragley between two and three in the morning—how unlucky that I was not there to offer her part of an aired bed! But how could you think of the proposal you have made me? Am not I already in love with *the youngest, handsomest and wittiest widow in England?* As *Herculean a labourer* as I am, as Tom Hervey says, I don't choose another. I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley, which, either by the fault of their servants or of the waggoner, is not yet arrived. I shall go to London again on Monday in quest of it; and in truth think so much of it, that, when I first heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now *to recover the Palatinate.* Good night.

Yours ever.

The repulse of general Abercrombie at Ticonderoga.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Oct. 3, 1758.

HAVING no news to send you, but the massacre of St. Cas,[1] not agreeable enough for a letter, I staid till I had something to send you, and behold a book! I have delivered to portly old Richard, your ancient nurse, the new produce of the Strawberry press. You know that the wife of Bath is gone to maunder at St. Peter, and before he could hobble to the gate, my lady Burlington cursing and blaspheming, overtook t'other countess, and both together made such an uproar, that the cock flew up into the tree of life for safety, and St. Peter himself turned the key and hid himself; and as nobody could get into t'other world, half the guards are come back again, and appeared in the park to-day, but such dismal ghostly figures, that my lady Townshend was really frightened, and is again likely to turn methodist.

Do you design, or do you not, to look at Strawberry as you come to town? if you do, I will send a card to my neighbour, Mrs. Holman, to meet you any day five weeks that you please — or I

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[1] The army, that took the town of Cherbourg, landed again on the coast of France near St. Maloes, but was forced to reimbark in the bay of St. Cas with the loss of a thousand men.

can amuse you without cards; such fat bits of your *dear dad*, old Jemmy, as I have found among the Conway papers, such morsels of all sorts! but come and see. Adieu!

To the Right Hon. LADY HERVEY.

Arlington-street, Oct. 17, 1758.

Your ladyship, I hope, will not think that such a strange thing as my own picture seems of consequence enough to me to write a letter about it: but obeying your commands does seem so; and lest you should return and think I had neglected it, I must say that I have come to town three several times on purpose, but Mr. Ramsay (I will forgive him) has been constantly out of town.—So much for that.

I would have sent you word that the king of Portugal coming along the road at midnight, which was in his own room at noon, his foot slipped, and three balls went through his body; which, however, had no other consequence than giving him a stroke of a palsy, of which he is quite recovered except being dead.[1] Some indeed are

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[1] Alluding to the incoherent stories told at the time of the assassination of the king of Portugal.

so malicious as to say, that the Jesuits, who are the most conscientious men in the world, murdered him, because he had an intrigue with another man's wife: but all these histories I supposed your ladyship knew better than me, as, till I came to town yesterday, I imagined you was returned. For my own part, about whom you are sometimes so good as to interest yourself, I am as well as can be expected after the murder of a king, and the death of a person of the next consequence to a king, the master of the ceremonies, poor sir Clement,[2] who is supposed to have been suffocated by my lady M*****'s[3] kissing hands.

This will be a melancholy letter, for I have nothing to tell your ladyship but tragical stories. Poor Dr. Shawe[4] being sent for in great haste to Claremont — (it seems the duchess had caught a violent cold by a hair of her own whisker getting up her nose and making her sneeze)—the poor doctor, I say, having eaten a few mushrooms before he set out, was taken so ill, that he was forced to stop at Kingston; and, being carried to the first apothecary's, prescribed a medicine for himself which immediately cured him. This catastrophe so alarmed the duke of Newcastle, that he im-

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[2] Sir Clement Cotterel.

[3] She had been a common woman.

[4] Physician to the duke and duchess of Newcastle.

mediately ordered all the mushroom-beds to be destroyed, and even the toadstools in the park did not escape scalping in this general massacre. What I tell you is literally true. Mr. Stanley, who dined there last Sunday, and is not partial against that court, heard the edict repeated, and confirmed it to me last night. And a voice of lamentation was heard at Ramah in Claremont, *Chloe*[5] weeping for *her* mushrooms, and they are not!

After all these important histories, I would try to make you smile, if I was not afraid you would resent a little freedom taken with a great name.—May I venture?

> Why Taylor the quack calls himself *chevalier*,
> 'Tis not easy a reason to render;
> Unless blinding eyes, that he thinks to make cleat,
> Demonstrates he's but a *pretender*.

A book has been left at your ladyship's house; it is lord Whitworth's account of Russia. Monsieur Kniphausen has promised me some curious anecdotes of the czarina Catherine — so my shop is likely to flourish.

I am your ladyship's most obedient servant.

The duke of Newcastle's cook.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Oct. 24, 1758.

I AM a little sorry that my preface, like the show-cloth to a sight, entertained you more than the bears that it invited you in to see. I don't mean that I am not glad to have written any thing, that meets your approbation, but if lord Whitworth's work is not better than my preface, I fear he has much less merit than I thought he had.

Your complaint of your eyes makes me feel for you: mine have been very weak again, and I am taking the bark, which did them so much service last year. I don't know how to give up the employment of them, I mean reading; for as to writing, I am absolutely winding up my bottom, for twenty reasons. The first, and perhaps the best, I have writ enough — the next; by what I have writ, the world thinks I am not a fool, which was just what I wished them to think, having always lived in terror of that oracular saying, Ηρωων παιδες λωβοι, which Mr. Bentley translated with so much more parts than the vain and malicious *hero* could have done, that set him the task, — I mean his father, *the sons of heroes are loobies.* My last reason is, I find my little stock of reputation very troublesome, both to maintain and to undergo the consequences — it has dipped me in erudite correspondences — I receive letters every

week, that compliment my learning — now as there is nothing I hold so cheap as a learned man, except an unlearned one, this title is insupportable to me; if I have not a care, I shall be called learned, till somebody abuses me for not being learned, as they, not I, fancied I was. In short, I propose to have nothing more to do with the world, but divert myself in it as an obscure passenger — pleasure, virtû, politics, and literature, I have tried them all, and have had enough of them. Content and tranquillity, with now and then a little of three of them, that I may not grow morose, shall satisfy the rest of a life that is to have much idleness, and I hope a little goodness; for politics — a long adieu! With some of the cardinal de Retz's experience, though with none of his genius, I see the folly of taking a violent part without any view (I don't mean to commend a violent part with a view, that is still worse); I leave the state to be scrambled for by Mazarine, at once cowardly and enterprising, ostentatious, jealous, and false; by Louvois, rash and dark; by Colbert, the affector of national interest, with designs not much better; and I leave the abbé de la Rigbiere to sell the weak duke of Orleans, to whoever has money to buy him, or would buy him to get money — at least these are my present reflections — if I should change them to-morrow, remember, I am not only a human creature, but that I am I, that is, one of the weakest of human

creatures, and so sensible of my fickleness, that I am sometimes inclined to keep a diary of my mind, as people do of the weather. To-day you see it temperate, to-morrow it may again blow politics and be stormy — for while I have so much quicksilver left, I fear my passionometer will be susceptible of sudden changes. What do years give one? Experience; experience what? Reflections; reflections, what? nothing that I ever could find — nor can I well agree with Waller that

> The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Chinks I am afraid there are, but instead of new light, I find nothing but darkness visible, that serves only to discover sights of woe. I look back through my chinks — I find errors, follies, faults; forward, old age and death, pleasures fleeting from me, no virtues succeeding to their place — *il faut avouer*, I want all my quicksilver to make such a back-ground receive any other objects!

I am glad Mr. Frederick Montagu thinks so well of me, as to be sure I shall be glad to see him without an invitation. For you, I had already perceived that you would not come to Strawberry this year. Adieu.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Nov. 26, 1758.

How can you make me formal excuses for sending me a few covers to frank? Have you so little right to any act of friendship from me, that you should apologize for making me do what is scarce any act at all? However, your man has not called for the covers, though they have been ready this fortnight.

I shall be very glad to see your brother in town, but I cannot quite take him in full of payment. I trust you will stay the longer for coming the later. There is not a syllable of news. The parliament is met, but empty and totally oppositionless. Your great Cu moved in the lords, but did not shine much. The great Cu of all Cues is out of order, not in danger, but certainly breaking.

My eyes are performing such a strict quarantine, that you must excuse my brevity. Adieu!

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 26, 1758.

It is so little extraordinary to find you doing what is friendly and obliging, that one don't take half

notice enough of it. Can't you let Mr. Conway go to Sluys without taking notice of it? How would you be hurt, if he continued to be oppressed? what is it to you whether I am glad or sorry? Can't you enjoy yourself whether I am happy or not? I suppose if I were to have a misfortune, you would immediately be concerned at it! How troublesome it is to have you sincere and good-natured! Do be a little more like the rest of the world.

I have been at Strawberry these three days, and don't know a tittle. The last thing I heard before I went was that colonel Yorke is going to be married to one or both of the Miss Crasteyn's, nieces of the rich grocer that died three years ago. They have two hundred and sixty thousand pounds a-piece. A marchioness —— or a grocer — nothing comes amiss to the digestion of that family. If the rest of the trunk was filled with money, I believe they would really marry Carafattatouadaht — what was the lump of deformity called in the Persian Tales, that was sent to the lady in a coffer? And as to marrying both the girls, it would cost my lord Hardwicke but a new marriage bill: I suppose it is all one to his conscience whether he prohibits matrimony or licenses bigamy.

Poor sir Charles Williams is relapsed, and strictly confined. As you come so late, I trust you will stay with us the longer. Adieu.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, Jan. 19, 1759.

I HOPE the treaty of Sluys advances rapidly.[1] Considering that your own court is as new to you as monsieur de Bareil and his, you cannot be very well entertained: the joys of a Dutch fishing town and the incidents of a cartel will not compose a very agreeable history. In the mean time you do not lose much: though the parliament is met, no politics are come to town: one may describe the house of commons like the price of stocks: Debates, nothing done. Votes, under par. Patriots, no price. Oratory, books shut. Love and war are as much at a stand: neither the duchess of Hamilton[2] nor the expeditions are gone off yet. Prince Edward[3] has asked to go to Quebec, and has been refused. If I was sure they would refuse me, I would ask to go thither too. I should not dislike about as much laurel as I could stick in my window at Christmas.

We are next week to have a serenata at the Opera-house for the king of Prussia's birth-day:

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[1] Mr. Conway was sent to Sluys to settle a cartel for prisoners with the French. Monsieur de Bareil was the person appointed by the French court for the same business.

[2] Elizabeth Gunning, duchess dowager of Hamilton.

[3] Afterwards created duke of York.

it is to begin, *Viva Georgio, e Frederigo viva!* It will, I own, divert me to to see my lord Temple whispering *for* this alliance, on the same bench on which I have so often seen him whisper *against* all Germany. The new opera pleases universally, and I hope will yet hold up its head. Since Vanneschi[4] is cunning enough to make us sing *the roast beef of old Germany*, I am persuaded it will revive: politics are the only hot-bed for keeping such a tender plant as Italian music alive in England.

You are so thoughtless about your dress, that I cannot help giving you a little warning against your return. Remember, every body that comes from abroad is *censé* to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first re-appearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with a master of a Dutch smack, O***** will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from monsieur de Bareil, and in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see I speak very disinterestedly; for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of hat I don't wear. Adieu! I hope nothing in this letter, if it is opened, will affect *the conferences*, nor hasten our rupture with

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[4] Abbate Vanneschi, an Italian, and director of the opera.

Holland. Lest it should, I send it to lord Holderness's office; concluding, like lady B * * * * W * * * * *, that the government never suspect what they send under their own covers.

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, January 28, 1759.

You and monsieur de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition: you don't exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell [1] and the duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiation, or suspected any, that, when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle—I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon, not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match in the world—since yours—and every body likes it but the duke of Bridgewater and lord C * * * * *. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my lady Coventry queen of

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[1] Afterwards duke of Argyll.

Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely* to make room for the rest of their adventures. The first time Jack carries the duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding-sheet, with a train of kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth.

We had a scrap of a debate on Friday on the Prussian and Hessian treaties. Old Vyner opposed the first, in pity to that *poor woman*, as he called her, the empress queen. Lord Strange objected to the gratuity of 60,000*l.* to the landgrave, unless words were inserted to express his receiving that sum in full of all demands. If Hume Campbell had cavilled at this favourite treaty, Mr. Pitt could scarce have treated him with more haughtiness; and, what is far more extraordinary, Hume Campbell could scarce have taken it more dutifully. This *long* day was over by half an hour after four.

As you and monsieur de Bareil are on such amicable terms, you will take care to soften to him a new conquest we have made. Keppel has taken the island of Goree. You great ministers know enough of its importance: I need not detail it. Before your letters came we had heard of the death of the princess royal: you will find us black and all black. Lady Northumber-

land and the great ladies put off their assemblies: diversions begin again to-morrow with the mourning.

You perceive, London cannot furnish half so long a letter as the little town of Sluys; at least I have not the art of making one out. In truth, I believe I should not have writ this unless lady Ailesbury had bid me; but she does not care how much trouble it gives me, provided it amuses you for a moment. Good night!

Yours ever.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that the king has granted my lord Marischall's pardon, at the request of monsieur de Knyphausen. I believe the pretender himself could get his attainder reversed if he would apply to the king of Prussia.

To Mr. GRAY.

Arlington-street, Feb. 15, 1759.

The enclosed, which I have this minute received from Mr. Bentley, explains much that I had to say to you — yet I have a question or two more.

Who and what sort of man is a Mr. Sharp of Benet? I have received a most obliging and genteel letter from him, with the very letter of Edward VI. which you was so good as to send me. I

have answered his, but should like to know a little more about him. Pray thank the dean of Lincoln too for me: I am much obliged to him for his offer, but had rather draw upon his *Lincolnship* than his *Cambridgehood*[1]. In the library of the former are some original letters of Tiptoft, as you will find in my catalogue. When Dr. Greene is there, I shall be glad if he will let me have them copied.

I will thank you if you will look in some provincial history of Ireland for Odo (Hugh) Oneil king of Ulster. When did he live? I have got a most curious seal of his, and know no more of him than of Ouacraw king of the Pawwaws.

I wanted to ask you, whether you, or any body that you believe in, believe in the queen of Scots' letter to queen Elizabeth.[2]—If it is genuine, I don't wonder she cut her head off—but I think it must be some forgery that was not made use of.

Now to my distress.—You must have seen an advertisement, perhaps the book itself, the villainous book itself, that has been published to defend me against the Critical Review[3]. I have

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[1] He was master of Benet-college, Cambridge.

[2] See Murden's State Papers, page 558, for this curious letter.

[3] It was called "Observations on the account given of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c. &c. in article vi. of the Critical Review, No. XXV., for December 1758,

been childishly unhappy about it, and had drawn up a protestation or affidavit of my knowing nothing of it; but my friends would not let me publish it. I sent to the printer, who would not discover the author—nor could I guess. They tell me nobody can suspect my being privy to it: but there is an intimacy affected that I think will deceive many — and yet I must be the most arrogant fool living, if I could know and suffer any body to speak of me in that style. For God's sake, do all you can for me, and publish my abhorrence. To-day I am told that it is that puppy doctor Hill, who has chosen to make war with the magazines through my sides. I could pardon him any abuse, but I never can forgive this *friendship*. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Feb. 20, 1759.

I MET with this little book t'other day by chance, and it pleased me so much, that I cannot help lending it to your ladyship, as I know it will

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where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work and the honourable author of it are examined and exposed."

amuse you from the same causes. It contains many of those important truths which history is too proud to tell, and too dull from not telling.

Here Grignon's soul the living canvas warms:
Here fair Fontange assumes unfading charms:
Here Mignard's pencil bows to female wit;
Louis rewards, but ratifies Fayette:
The philosophic duke, and painter too,
Thought from her thoughts—from her ideas drew.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 26, 1759.

YOUR brother, your Wetenhalls, and the ancient baron and baroness Dacre of the south are to dine with me at Strawberry-hill next Sunday. Divers have been the negotiations about it: your sister, you know, is often impeded by a purge or a prayer; and I, on the other hand, who never rise in a morning, have two balls on my hands this week to keep me in bed the next day till dinner-time. Well, it is charming to be so young! the follies of the town are so much more agreeable than the wisdom of my brethren the authors, that I think for the future I shall never write beyond a card, nor print beyond Mrs. Clive's benefit tickets.

Our great match[1] approaches; I dine at lord Waldegrave's presently, and suppose I shall then hear the day. I have quite reconciled my lady Townshend to the match, (saving her abusing us all) by desiring her to choose my wedding-clothes; but I am to pay the additional price of being ridiculous, to which I submit; she has chosen me a white ground with purple and green flowers. I represented, that however young my spirits may be, my bloom is rather past; but the moment I declared against juvenile colours, I found it was determined I should have nothing else: so be it. T'other night I had an uncomfortable situation with the duchess of Bedford: we had played late at loo at lady Jane Scot's; I came down stairs with their two graces of Bedford and Grafton: there was no chair for me: I said I would walk till I met one. "Oh!" said the duchess of Grafton, "the duchess of Bedford will set you down:" there were we charmingly awkward and complimenting; however, she was forced to press it, and I to accept it; in a minute she spied a hackney chair — "*Oh! there is a chair — but I beg your pardon, it looks as if I wanted to get rid of you, but indeed I don't — only I am afraid the duke will want*

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[1] Between the earl of Waldegrave and a daughter of sir Edward Walpole.

his supper.". You may imagine how much I was afraid of making him wait. The ball at Bedford-house on Monday was very numerous and magnificent. The two princes were there, deep hazard, and the Dutch deputies, who are a proverb for their dulness: they have brought with them a young Dutchman, who is the richest man of Amsterdam. I am amazed Mr. Yorke has not married him! But the delightful part of the night was the appearance of the duke of Newcastle, who is veering round again, as it is time to betray Mr. Pitt. The duchess[2] was at the very upper end of the gallery, and though some of the Pelham court were there too, yet they shewed so little cordiality to this revival of connexion, that Newcastle had nobody to attend him but sir Edward Montagu, who kept pushing him all up the gallery. From thence he went into the hazard room, and wriggled, and shuffled, and lisped, and winked, and spied, till he got behind the duke of Cumberland, the duke of Bedford, and Rigby; the first of whom did not deign to notice him; but he must come to it. You would have died to see Newcastle's pitiful and distressed figure — nobody went near him: he tried to flatter people, that were too busy to mind him — in short, he was quite disconcerted; his treachery used to be so

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[2] Gertrude duchess of Bedford, daughter of earl Gower.

sheathed in folly, that he was never out of countenance; but it is plain he grows old. To finish his confusion and anxiety, George Selwyn, Brand, and I went and stood near him, and in half whispers, that he might hear, said, "*Lord, how he is broke! how old he looks!*" then I said, "*This room feels very cold: I believe there never is a fire in it.*" Presently afterwards I said, "*Well, I'll not stay here; this room has been washed to-day.*" In short, I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascoign's powder, when he went home. Next night Brand and I communicated this interview to lord Temple, who was in agonies, and yesterday his chariot was seen in forty different parts of the town. I take for granted that Fox will not resist these overtures, and then we shall see the paymastership, the secretaryship of Ireland, and all Calcraft's regiments once more afloat.

May 1. I did not finish this letter last week, for the picture could not set out till next Thursday. Your kin brought lord Mandeville with them to Strawberry; he was very civil and good-humoured, and I trust I was so too. My nuptialities dined here yesterday. The wedding is fixed for the 15th. The town, who saw Maria set out in the earl's coach, concluded it was yesterday. He notified his marriage to the monarch last Saturday, and it was received civilly. Mrs. Thornhill is dead, and I am impatient to hear the fate of Miss Mildmay. The princes

Ferdinand and Henry have been skirmishing, have been beaten, and have beat, but with no decision.

The ball at Mr. Connolly's was by no means delightful. The house is small, it was hot, and was composed of young Irish. I was retiring when they went to supper, but was fetched back to sup with prince Edward and the duchess of Richmond, who is his present passion. He had chattered as much love to her as would serve ten balls. The conversation turned on the *Guardian*—most unfortunately the prince asked her if she should like *Mr. Clackit*—"No indeed, sir," said the duchess. Lord Tavistock burst out into a loud laugh, and I am afraid none of the company quite kept their countenance. Adieu! this letter is gossiping enough for any Mrs. Clackit, but I know you love these details.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 16, 1759.

I PACKED up a long letter to you in the case with the earl of Manchester, which I suppose *did not* arrive at Greatworth before you *left it. Don't* send for it, for there are private *histories in it*, that should not travel post, and which *will be full* as new to you a month hence.

Well! [1] Maria was married yesterday. Don't we manage well? the original day was not once put off: lawyers and milliners were all ready canonically. It was as sensible a wedding as ever was. There was neither form nor indecency, both which generally meet on such occasions. They were married at my brother's in Pall-Mall, just before dinner, by Mr. Keppel; the company, my brother, his son, Mrs. Keppel,[2] and Charlotte, lady Elizabeth Keppel, lady Betty Waldegrave, and I. We dined there; the earl and new countess got into their post-chaise at eight o'clock, and went to Navestock alone, where they stay till Saturday night: on Sunday she is to be presented, and to make my lady Coventry distracted, who, t'other day, told lady Anne Connolly, how she dreaded lady Louisa's arrival; "But," said she, "now I have seen her, I am easy."

Maria was in a white silver gown, with a hat very much pulled over her face; what one could see of it was handsomer than ever; a cold maiden blush gave her the sweetest delicacy in the world. I had liked to have demolished the solemnity of the ceremony by laughing, when Mr. Keppel

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[1] Daughter of sir Edward Walpole, who was brother to Horace Walpole. She was afterwards duchess of Gloucester.

[2] Another daughter of sir Edward Walpole's.

read the words, "Bless thy servant and thy handmaid;" it struck me how ridiculous it would have been, had Miss D****x been the handmaid, as she was once to have been.

Did I ever tell you what happened at my lord Hertford's wedding? You remember that my father's style was not purity itself. As the bride was so young and so exceedingly bashful, and as my lord Hertford is a little of the prude himself, great means were used to keep sir Robert within bounds. He yawned, and behaved decently. When the *dessert* was removed, the bishop, who married them, said, "Sir Robert, what health shall we drink?" It was just after Vernon's conquest of Porto Bello. "I don't know," replied my father: "*Why, drink the admiral in the streights of Bocca Cieca.*"

We have had a sort of debate in the House of Commons on the bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the judges: Charles Townshend says, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbers.*

Lord Weymouth is to be married on Tuesday, or, as he said himself, to be turned off. George Selwyn told him he wondered that he had not been turned off before, for he still sits up drinking all night and gaming.

Well! are you ready to be invaded? for it seems invasions from France are coming into fashion again. A descent on Ireland at least

is expected. There has been a great quarrel between Mr. Pitt and lord Anson, on the negligence of the latter. I suppose they will be reconciled by agreeing to hang some admiral, who will come too late to save Ireland, after it is impossible to save it.

Dr. Young has published a new book, on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story, that he has known these forty years. Mr. Addison sent for the young lord Warwick, as he was dying, to shew him in what peace a Christian could die — unluckily he died of brandy — nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath, where you are. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P. S. I forgot to tell you two good stories of the little prince Frederick. He was describing to lady Charlotte Edwin the eunuchs of the opera, but not easily finding proper words, he said, "I can't tell you, but I will show you how they make them," and began to unbutton. T'other day as he was with the prince of Wales, Kitty Fisher passed by, and the child named her; the prince, to try him, asked who that was? "Why a miss." A miss," said the prince of Wales, "Why, are not all girls misses?" "Oh! but a particular sort of miss — a miss that sells oranges." "Is there any harm in selling oranges?" "Oh! but

they are not such oranges as you buy; I believe they are a sort that my brother Edward buys."

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

June 2, 1759.

STRAWBERRY-HILL is grown a perfect Paphos; it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the duchesses of [1] Hamilton, and [2]Richmond, and lady Ailesbury dined there, the two latter staid all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell; a thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsomer the women of my time were than they will be then: "I shall say women alter now; I remember lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings." Yes-

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[1] Second daughter of John Gunning, esq.

[2] Lady Mary Bruce, duchess of Richmond, daughter of the countess of Ailesbury by her first marriage.

terday t'other more famous Gunning [3] dined there. She has made a friendship with my charming niece, to disguise her jealousy of the new countess's beauty: there were they two, their lords, lord Buckingham, and Charlotte. You will think that I did not choose men for my parties so well as women. I don't include lord Waldegrave in this bad election.

Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's, whose child the town calls *Pam—ela.* I proposed, that instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in a morning to Dr. Hunter's, the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening. I find poor Charles Montagu is dead: is it true, as the papers say, that his son comes into parliament? The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo, and the king demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it. The great pam of parliament, who made the motion, entered into a wonderful definition of the several sorts of fear; *from fear, that comes from*

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[3] Lady Coventry.

pusillanimity, up to fear from magnanimity. It put me in mind of that wise Pythian, my lady Londonderry, who, when her sister, lady Donnegal, was dying, pronounced, that if it were a *fever from a fever*, she would live; but if it were a *fever from death*, she would die.

Mr. Mason has published another drama, called Caractacus; there are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons, than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, *will cry and roar all night*[4] without the least provocation.

Adieu! I shall be glad to hear that your Strawberry tide is fixed.

Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, June 12, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

AFTER so kind a note as you left for me at your going out of town, you cannot wonder that

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[4] An expression of Mr. Montagu's.

I was determined to thank you the moment I knew you settled in Yorkshire. At least I am not ungrateful, if I deserve your goodness by no other title. I was willing to stay till I could amuse you; but I have not a battle big enough even to send in a letter. A war that reaches from Muscovy to Alsace, and from Madras to California, don't produce an article half so long as Mr. Johnson's riding three horses at once. The king of Prussia's campaign is still in its *papillotes;* prince Ferdinand is laid up like the rest of the pensioners on Ireland; Guadaloupe has taken a sleeping-draught; and our heroes in America seem to be planting suckers of laurels that will not make any figure these three years. All the war that is in fashion lies between those two ridiculous things, an invasion and the militia. Prince Edward is going to sea, to inquire after the invasion from France; and all the old pot-bellied country colonels are preparing to march and make it drunk when it comes. I don't know, as it is an event in Mr. Pitt's administration, whether the Jacobite corporations, who are converted by his eloquence which they never heard, do not propose to bestow their freedom on the first corps of French that shall land.

Adieu, my lord, and my lady! I hope you are all beauty and verdure. We are drowned with obtaining ours.

Yours most faithfully.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 23, 1759.

As you bid me fix a day about six weeks from the date of your last, it will suit me extremely to see you here the first of August. I don't mean to treat you with a rowing for a badge, but it will fall in very commodely between my parties. You tell me nothing of the old house you were to see near Blenheim: I have some suspicion that Greatworth is coming into play again. I made your speeches to Mr. Chute, and to Mr. Müntz, and to myself; your snuff-box is bespoke, your pictures not done, the print of lady Waldegrave not begun.

News there are none, unless you have a mind for a panic about the invasion. I was in town yesterday, and saw a thousand people from Kensington, with faces as loyally long as if it was the last accession of this family that they were ever to see. The French are coming with fifty thousand men, and we shall meet them with fifty addresses. Pray, if you know how, frighten your neighbours, and give them courage at the same time.

My lady Coventry, and my niece Waldegrave, have been mobbed in the park. I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women.

You will be diverted with what happened to Mr. Meynell lately. He was engaged to dine at a formal old lady's, but staid so late hunting, that he had not time to dress; but went, as he was, with forty apologies. The matron very affected, and meaning to say something very civil, cried, "Oh! sir, I assure you, I can see the gentleman through a pair of buckskin breeches, as well as if he was in silk or satin."

I am sure I can't tell you any thing better, so good night.

Yours ever.

P. S. I hope you have as gorgeous weather as we have; it is even hot enough for Mr. Bentley. I live upon the water.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 19, 1759.

Well, I begin to expect you; you must not forget the first of August. If we do but look as well, as we do at present, you will own Strawberry is still in its bloom. With English verdure, we have had an Italian summer, and

> Whatever sweets Sabæan springs disclose,
> Our Indian jasmin, and the Persian rose.

I am forced to talk of Strawberry, lest I should weary you with what every body wearies me, the French and the militia. They, I mean the latter only, not the former, passed just by us yesterday, and though it was my own *clan*, I had not the curiosity to go and see them. The crowds in Hyde-park, when the king reviewed them, were inimaginable. My lord Orford their colonel, I hear, looked gloriously martial and genteel, and I believe it; his person and air have a noble wildness in them; the regiments too are very becoming, scarlet faced with black, buff waistcoats, and gold buttons. How knights of shires, who have never shot any thing but woodcocks, like this warfare, I don't know: but the towns, through which they pass, adore them; every where they are treated and regaled. The prince of Wales followed them to Kingston, and gave fifty guineas among the private men.

I expect some anecdotes from you of the coronation at Oxford; I hear my lord Westmoreland's own retinue was all be-James'd with true-blue ribands; and that because sir William Calvert, who was a fellow of a college, and happened to be lord mayor, attended the duke of Newcastle at his inthronization, they dragged down the present lord mayor to Oxford, who is only a dry-salter.

I have your Butler's posthumous works; the poetry is most uncouth and incorrect, but with infinite wit — especially one thing on plagiaries is equal to any thing in Hudibras. Have you read

my lord Clarendon's? I am enchanted with it; 'tis very incorrect, but I think more entertaining than his history. It makes me quite out of humour with other memoirs. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, July 26, 1759.

I AM dying in a hot street, with my eyes full of dust, and my table full of letters to be answered —yet I must write you a line. I am sorry, your first of Augustness is disordered; I'll tell you why: I go to Ragley on the twelfth. There is to be a great party at loo for the duchess of Grafton,[1] and thence they adjourn to the Warwick races. I have been engaged so long to this, that I cannot put it off; and besides, I am under appointments at George Selwyn's, &c. afterwards? If you cannot come before all this to let me have enough of your company, I should wish you to postpone it to the first of September, when I shall be at leisure for ten or twelve days, and could go with you from Strawberry to the Vine; but I could like to know certainly, for as I never make any of my

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[1] Daughter of lord Ravensworth.

visits while Strawberry is in bloom, I am a little crowded with them at the end of the season.

I came this morning in all this torrent of heat from lord Waldegrave's at Navestock. It is a dull place, though it does not want prospect backwards. The garden is small, consisting of two French *alleés* of old limes, that are comfortable, two groves that are not so, and a green canal; there is besides a paddock. The house was built by his father, and ill finished, but an air seigneurial in the furniture; French glasses in quantities, handsome commodes, tables, screens, &c. goodish pictures in rich frames, and a deal of noblesse *à la St. Germain*—James the second, Charles the second, the duke of Berwick, her grace of Buckingham, the queen dowager in the dress she visited Madame Maintenon, her daughter the princess Louisa, a lady Gerard that died at Joppa returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and above all *La Godfrey*, and not at all ugly, though she does not shew her thighs. All this is leavened with the late king, the present king, and queen Caroline. I shall take care to sprinkle a little *unholy* water from our *well*.

I am very sorry you have been so ill; take care of yourself; there are wicked sore throats in vogue; poor lady Essex[2] and Mrs. Charles Yorke died of them in an instant.

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[2] Daughter of sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

Do let me have a line, and do fix a day; for instead of keeping me at home one by fixing it, you will keep me there five or six days by not fixing it. Adieu.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 9, 1759.

UNLESS your colonel Johnson is a man of no note, he is safe and well, for we have not lost one officer of any note—now will you conclude that we are beaten, and will be crying and roaring all night for Hanover. Lord! where do you live? If you had any ears, as I have none left with the noise, you would have heard the racket that was made from morning till night yesterday on the news of the total victory[1] gained by prince Ferdinand over the French. He has not left so many alive as there are at any periwig makers in London. This is all we know, the particulars are to come at their leisure, and with all the gravity due to their importance. If the king's heart were not *entirely English*, I believe he would be complimented with the title of Germanicus from the name of the

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[1] At the battle of Minden.

country, where this great event happened; for we don't at all know the precise spot, nor has the battle yet been christened—all that is certain is, that the poor duke[1] is neither father nor godfather.

I was sent for to town yesterday, as Mrs. Leneve was at the point of death; but she has had a surprising change, and may linger on still. I found the town distracted, and at night it was beautiful beyond description. As the weather was so hot, every window was open, and all the rails illuminated; every street had one or two bonfires, the moon was in all its glory, the very middle of the streets crowded with officers and people of fashion talking of the news. Every squib in town got drunk, and rioted about the streets till morning. Two of our regiments are said to have suffered much, of which Napier's most. Adieu! If you should be over English with this, there is a party of one thousand five hundred men stolen out of Dunkirk, that some weeks hence may bring you to your senses again, provided they are properly planted and watered in Scotland.

Yours ever.

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[1] Duke of Cumberland.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, Thursday, 3 o'clock, August 9, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

LORD Granby has entirely defeated the French! —The foreign gazettes, I suppose, will give this victory to prince Ferdinand; but the mob of London, whom I have this minute left, and who must know best assure me that it is all their own marquis's doing. Mr. Yorke[1] was the first to send this news, *to be laid with himself and all humility at his majesty's feet,*[2] about eleven o'clock yesterday morning. At five this morning came captain Ligonier, who was dispatched in such a hurry that he had not time to pack up any particulars in his portmanteau: those we are expecting with our own army, who we conclude are now at Paris, and will lie to-morrow night at Amiens. All we know is, that not one Englishman is killed, nor one Frenchman left alive. If you should chance to meet a bloody waggon-load of heads, you will be sure that it is the part of the spoils that came to Downe's share, and going to be hung up in the great hall at Cowick.[3]

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[1] The late lord Dover, then minister at the Hague.

[2] The words of his dispatch.

[3] Lord Downe's seat in Yorkshire.

We have a vast deal of other good news; but as not one word of it is true, I thought you would be content with this victory. His majesty is *in high spirits*, and is to make a triumphal entry into Hanover on Tuesday fortnight. I envy you the illuminations and rejoicings that will be made at Worksop on this occasion.

Four days ago we had a great victory over the Russians; but in the hurry of this triumph it has somehow or other been mislaid, and nobody can tell where to find it:—however, it is not given over for lost.

Adieu, my dear lord! As I have been so circumstantial in the account of this battle, I will not tire you with any thing else. My compliments to the lady of the menagerie.—I see your new offices rise[4] every day in a very respectable manner.

Yours most faithfully.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington-street, September 13, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

You are very good to say you would accept of my letters, though I should have no particular news to tell you; but at present, it would be

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[4] At lord Strafford's house at Twickenham.

treating heroes and conquerors with great superciliousness, if I made use of your indulgence and said nothing of them. We have taken more places and ships in a week than would have set up such pedant nations as Greece and Rome to all futurity. If we did but call sir William Johnson, Gulielmus Johnsonus Niagaricus; and Amherst, Galfridus Amhersta Ticonderogicus, we should be quoted a thousand years hence as the patterns of valour, virtue, and disinterestedness; for posterity always ascribes all manner of modesty and self-denial to those that take the most pains to perpetuate their own glory. Then admiral Boscawen has, in a very Roman style, made free with the coast of Portugal, and used it to make a bonfire of the French fleet. When Mr. Pitt was told of this infraction of a neutral territory, he replied, "It is very true, but they are burned." —In short, we want but a little more insolence and a worse cause to make us a very classic nation.

My lady T. who has not learning enough to copy a Spartan mother, has lost her youngest son. I saw her this morning—her affectation is on t'other side; she affects grief—but not so much for the son she has lost, as for t'other that she may lose.

Lord George[1] is come, has asked for a court-

[1] Lord George Sackville.

martial, was put off, and is turned out of every thing. Waldegrave has his regiment, for what he did; and lord Granby the ordnance — for what he would have done.

Lord Northampton is to be married[2] to-night in full *Comptonhood.*

I am indeed happy that Mr. Campbell[3] is a general; but how will his father like being the *dowager-general* Campbell?

You are very kind, my lord (but that is not new), in interesting yourself about Strawberry-hill. I have just finished a Holbein-chamber, that I flatter myself you will not dislike; and I have begun to build a new printing-house, that the old one may make room for the gallery and round tower. This noble summer is not yet over with us — it seems to have cut a colt's *week.* I never write without talking of it, and should be glad to know in how many letters *this summer* has been mentioned.

I have lately been at Wilton, and was astonished at the heaps of rubbish. The house is grand, and the place glorious; but I should shovel three parts of the marbles and pictures into the river. Adieu, my lord and lady!

Your faithful servant.

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[2] To lady Anne Somerset.

[3] Afterwards duke of Argyle.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday, October 11, 1759.

I DON'T desire any such conviction of your being ill as seeing you ill, nor can you wonder that I wish to persuade myself that what I should be very sorry for, never happens. Poor Fred. Montagu's gout seems more serious: I am concerned that he has so much of a judge in him already.

You are very good in thinking of me about the sofas; but you know the Holbein chamber is complete, and old matters are not flung away upon you yourself. Had not you rather have your sofa than lord Northampton's running footman? Two hundred years hence one might be amused with reading of so fantastic a dress, but they are horrid in one's own time. Mr. Bentley and I go to-morrow to Chaffont for two or three days. Mr. Chute is at the Vine already, but I believe will be in town this week.

I don't know whether it proceeds from the menaced invasion or the last comet, but we are all dying of heat. Every body has put out their fires, and, if it lasts, I suppose will next week make summer clothes. The mornings are too hot for walking: last night I heard of strawberries. I impute it to the hot weather that my head has been turned enough to contend with the bards of the newspapers. You have seen the French epi-

gram on madame Pompadour, and fifty vile translations of it. Here is mine —

O yes! here are flat bottom boats to be sold,
And soldiers to let — rather hungry than bold.
Here are ministers richly deserving to swing,
And commanders, whose recompense should be a string.
O France! still your fate you may lay at *_* * * *'s door;
You were saved by a maid and undone by a whore.

People again believe the invasion; and I don't wonder, considering how great a militia we have, with such a boy as you mention. I own, before I begin to be afraid, I have a little curiosity to see the militia tried. I think one shall at least laugh before one cries.

Adieu! what time have you fixed for looking southwards?

Yours ever.

P. S. Your pictures you may have when you please; I think you had better stay and take them with you, than risk the rubbing them by the waggon. Mr. Müntz has not been lately in town — that is, Hannah has drawn no bill on him lately — so he knows nothing of your snuff-box. This it is to trust to my vivacity, when it is past its bloom. Lord! I am a mere antiquarian, a mere painstaking mortal. Mr. Bentley says, that if all antiquarians were like me, there would be no such thing as an antiquarian, for I set down every

thing so circumstantially, that I leave them nothing to find out.

To the Hon. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 18, 1759.

I intended my visit to Park-place to show my lady Ailesbury that when I come thither it is not solely on your account, and yet I will not quarrel with my journey thither if I should find you there; but seriously I cannot help begging you to think whether you will go thither or not, just now. My first thought about you has ever been what was proper for you to do; and though you are the man in the world that think of that the most yourself, yet you know I have twenty scruples, which even you sometimes laugh at. I will tell them to you, and then you will judge, as you can best. Sir Edward Hawke and his fleet is dispersed, at least driven back to Plymouth: the French, if one may believe that they have broken a regiment for mutinying against embarking, were actually embarked at that instant. The most sensible people I know, always thought they would postpone their invasion, if ever they intended it, till our great ships could not keep the sea, or were eaten up by the scurvy. Their ports are now free; their situation is desperate: the

new account of our taking Quebec leaves them in the most deplorable condition; they will be less able than ever to raise money, we have got ours for next year; and this event would facilitate it, if we had not: they must try for a peace, they have nothing to go to market with but Minorca. In short, if they cannot strike some desperate blow in this island or Ireland, they are undone: the loss of 20,000 men to do us some mischief, would be cheap. I should even think madame Pompadour in danger of being torn to pieces, if they did not make some attempt. Madame Maintenon, not half so unpopular, mentions in one of her letters her unwillingness to trust her niece mademoiselle Aumale on the road, for fear of some such accident. You will smile perhaps at all this reasoning and pedantry; but it tends to this — If desperation should send the French somewhere, and the wind should force them to your coast, which I do not suppose their object, and you should be out of the way, you know what your enemies would say; and, strange as it is, even you have been proved to have enemies. My dear sir, think of this! Wolfe, as I am convinced, has fallen a sacrifice to his rash blame of you. If I understand any thing in the world, his letter that came on Sunday said this: "*Quebec is impregnable; it is flinging away the lives of brave men to attempt it. I am in the situation of Conway at Rochefort; but having blamed him, I must do what*

I now see he was in the right to see was wrong, and yet what he would have done; and as I am commander, which he was not, I have the melancholy power of doing what he was prevented doing." Poor man! his life has paid the price of his injustice; and as his death has purchased such benefit to his country, I lament him, as I am sure you, who have twenty times more courage and good nature than I have, do too. In short, I, who never did any thing right or prudent myself (not, I am afraid, for want of knowing what was so), am content with *your* being perfect, and with suggesting any thing to you that may tend to keeping you so:—and (what is not much to the present purpose) if such a pen as mine can effect it, the world hereafter shall know that you was so. In short, I have pulled down my lord Falkland, and I desire you will take care that I may speak truth when I erect you in his place; for remember, I love truth even better than I love you. I always confess my own faults, and I will not palliate yours.—But, laughing apart, if you think there is no weight in what I say, I shall gladly meet you at Park-place, whither I shall go on Monday, and stay as long as I can, unless I hear from you to the contrary. If you should think I have hinted any thing to you of consequence, would not it be handsome, if, after receiving leave, you should write to my lord Ligonier, that though you had been at home but one week in the whole summer, yet as

there might be occasion for your presence in the camp, you should decline the permission he had given you?—See what it is to have a wise relation, who preaches a thousand fine things to you which he would be the last man in the world to practise himself. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 21, 1759.

YOUR pictures shall be sent as soon as any of us go to London, but I think that will not be till the parliament meets. Can we easily leave the remains of such a year as this? It is still all gold. I have not dined or gone to bed by a fire till the day before yesterday. Instead of the glorious and ever-memorable year 1759, as the newspapers call it, I call it this ever-warm and victorious year. We have not had more conquest than fine weather: one would think we had plundered East and West Indies of sunshine. Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories. I believe it will require ten votes of the House of Commons before people will believe it is the duke of Newcastle that has done this and not Mr. Pitt. One thing is very fatiguing — all the world is made knights

or generals. Adieu! I don't know a word of news less than the conquest of America.

Adieu; yours ever.

P. S. You shall hear from me again if we take Mexico or China before Christmas.

2d P. S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open again, having forgot to tell you that Mr. Cowslade has the pictures of lord and lady Cutts, and is willing to sell them.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 30, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

IT would be very extraordinary indeed if I was not glad to see one whose friendship does me so much honour as your lordship's, and who always expresses so much kindness to me. I have an additional reason for thanking you now, when you are erecting a building after the design of the Strawberry-committee. It will look, I fear, very selfish, if I pay it a visit next year; and yet it answers so many selfish purposes that I certainly shall.

My ignorance of all the circumstances relating to Quebec is prodigious; I have contented myself

with the rays of glory that reached hither, without going to London to bask in them. I have not even seen the conqueror's mother,[1] though I hear she has covered herself with more laurel-leaves than were heaped on the children in the wood. Seriously it is very great; and as I am too inconsiderable to envy Mr. Pitt, I give him all the honour he deserves.

I passed all the last week at Park-place, where one of the bravest men in the world, who is not permitted to contribute to our conquests, was indulged in being the happiest by being with one of the most deserving women—for Campbell-goodness no more wears out than Campbell-beauty—all their good qualities are *huckaback*.[2] You see the duchess[3] has imbibed so much of their durableness, that she is good-humoured enough to dine at a tavern at seventy-six.

Sir William Stanhope wrote to Mrs. Ellis,[4] that he had pleased himself, having seen much of Mr.

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[1] Lady Townshend. On the death of general Wolfe, colonel Townshend received the surrender.

[2] Lady Ailesbury, and lady Strafford, both Campbells, preserved their beauty so long, that Mr. Walpole called them *huckaback beauties*, that never wear out.

[3] The duchess of Argyle, widow of John Campbell, duke of Argyle, and mother to lady Strafford.

[4] His daughter.

Nugent and lady Berkeley, this summer, and having been so charmed with the felicity of their menage, that he could not resist marrying again. His daughter replied, that it had always been her opinion, that people should please themselves, and that she was glad he had; but as to taking the precedent of my lady Berkeley, she hoped it would answer in nothing but in my lady Stanhope having three children the first year. You see, my lord, Mrs. Ellis has bottled up her words,[5] till they sparkle at last!

I long to have your approbation of my Holbein-chamber; it has a comely sobriety that I think answers very well to the tone it should have. My new printing-house is finished, in order to pull down the old one, and lay the foundations next summer of my round tower. Then follows the gallery and chapel-cabinet.—I hear your lordship has tapped your magnificent front too. Well, when all your magnificences and my *minimificences* are finished, then, we—won't sit down and drink, as Pyrrhus said,—no, I trust we shall never conclude our plans so filthily; then—I fear we shall begin others.—Indeed, I don't know what the countess may do: if she imitates her mother, she will go to a tavern at fourscore, and then she and

[5] She was very silent.

Pyrrhus may take a bottle together—I hope she will live to try at least whether she likes it. Adieu, both!

Yours most faithfully.

To the Right Hon. LADY HERVEY.

Poor Robin's Almanack.

Saturday, Nov. 3d. 1759. Thick fogs, and some wet. Go not out of town. Gouts and rheumatisms are abroad. Warm clothes, good fires, and a room full of pictures, glasses, and scarlet damask, are the best physic.

In short, for fear your ladyship should think of Strawberry on Saturday, I can't help telling you that I am to breakfast at Petersham that day with Mr. Fox and lady Caroline, lord and lady Waldegrave. How did you like the farce? George Selwyn says he wants to see High life below stairs, as he is weary of Low life above stairs.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Nov. 8, 1759.

YOUR pictures will set out on Saturday; I give you notice that you may inquire for them.

I did not intend to be here these three days, but my lord Bath taking the trouble to send a man and horse to ask me to dinner yesterday, I did not know how to refuse; and besides, as Mr. Bentley said to me, "You know he was an old friend of your father."

The town is empty, but is coming to dress itself for Saturday. My lady Coventry shewed George Selwyn her clothes; they are blue, with spots of silver, of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost—my lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them; he replied, "Why you will be change for a guinea."

I find nothing talked of but the French bankruptcy—sir Robert Brown I hear, and am glad to hear, will be a great sufferer. They put gravely into the article of bankrupts in the newspaper, Louis le petit of the city of Paris, peace-breaker, dealer, and chapman—it would have been still better, if they had said, Louis Bourbon of petty France. We don't know what is become of their monsieur Thurot, of whom we had still a little mind to be afraid. I should think he would do

like sir Thomas Hanmer, make a faint effort, beg pardon of the Scotch for their disappointment, and retire. Here are some pretty verses just arrived.

Pourquoi le baton à Soubise,
Puisque Chevert est le vainqueur?
C'st de la cour une meprise,
Ou bien le but de la faveur.
Je ne vois rien là qui m'etonne,
Repond aussitot un railleur;
C'est a l'aveugle qu'on le donne,
Et non pas au conducteur.

Lady Meadows has left nine thousand pounds in reversion after her husband to lord Sandwich's daughter.' *A propos* to my lady Meadows's maiden name,[1] a name I believe you have sometimes heard; I was diverted t'other day with a story of a lady of that name, and a lord, whose initial is no farther from hers than he himself is sometimes supposed to be. Her postilion, a lad of sixteen, said, "I am not such a child but I can guess something: whenever my lord L * * * *n comes to my lady, she orders the porter to let in nobody else, and then they call for a pen and ink, and say they are going to write history." Is not this *finesse* so like him? Do you know that I am persuaded now he is parted, that he will forget he is

[1] Montagu.

married, and propose himself in form to some woman or other?

When do you come? if it is not soon, you will find a new town. I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses: at first I concluded that all the grooms, that used to live there, had got estates and built palaces. One young gentleman, who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted, and to be transported; in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's. George Selwyn says, "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

I was still more surprised t'other day, than at seeing Piccadilly, by receiving a letter from the north of Ireland from a clergyman, with violent encomiums on my Catalogue of Noble Authors—and this, when I thought it quite forgot. It put me in mind of the queen that sunk at Charing-cross, and rose at Queenhithe.

Mr. Chute has got his commission to inquire about your Cutts, but he thinks the lady is not your grandmother. You are very ungenerous to hoard tales from me of your ancestry: what relation have I spared? If your grandfathers were knaves, will your bottling up their bad blood mend it? Do you only take a cup of it now and then by yourself, and then come down to your parson, and boast of it, as if it was pure old Metheglin? I sat last night with the Mater Grac-

chorum—oh! tis a Mater Jagorum—if her descendants taste any of her black blood, they surely will make as wry faces at it, as the servant in Don John does, when the ghost decants a corpse. Good night, I am just returning to Strawberry, to husband my two last days, and to avoid all the pomp of the birth day—Oh! I had forgot, there is a miss Wynne coming forth that is to be handsomer than my lady Coventry—but I have known one threatened with such every summer for these seven years, and they are always addled by winter!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Nov. 17, 1759.

I REJOICE over your brother's honours, though I certainly had no hand in them. He probably received his staff from the board of trade. If any part of the consequences could be placed to partiality for me, it would be the prevention of your coming to town, which I wished.

My lady Cutts is indubitably your own grandmother: the Trevors would once have had it, but by some misunderstanding, the old Cowslade refused it. Mr. Chute has twenty more corroborating circumstances, but this one is sufficient.

Fred. Montagu told me of the pedigree. I shall take care of all your commissions. Felicitate yourself on having got from me the two landscapes; that source is stopped. Not that Mr. Müntz is eloped to finish the conquest of America, nor promoted by Mr. Secretary's zeal for my friends, nor because the ghost of Mrs. Leneve has appeared to me, and ordered me to drive Hannah and Ishmael into the wilderness. A cause much more familiar to *me* has separated us—nothing but a tolerable quantity of ingratitude on his side, both to me and Mr. Bentley. The story is rather too long for a letter: the substance was most extreme impertinence to me, concluded by an abusive letter against Mr. Bentley, who sent him from starving on seven pictures for a guinea to one hundred pounds a year, my house, table, and utmost countenance. In short, I turned his head, and was forced to turn him out of doors. You shall see the documents, as it is the fashion to call proof papers. Poets and painters imagine *they* confer the honour when they are protected, and they set down impertinence to the article of their own virtue, when you dare to begin to think that an ode or a picture is not a patent for all manner of insolence.

My lord Temple, as vain as if he was descended from the stroller Pindar, or had made up card matches at the siege of Genoa, has resigned the privy seal, because he has not the garter. You

cannot imagine what an absolute prince I feel myself with knowing that nobody can force me to give the garter to Müntz.

My lady Carlisle is going to marry a sir Wm. Musgrave, who is but three-and-twenty; but in consideration of the match, and of her having years to spare, she has made him a present of ten, and calls them three-and-thirty. I have seen the new lady Stanhope. I assure you her face will introduce no plebeian charms into the faces of the Stanhopes. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Dec. 23, 1759.

How do you do? are you thawed again? how have you borne the country in this bitter weather? I have not been here these three weeks till to-day, and was delighted to find it so pleasant, and to meet a comfortable south-east wind, the fairest of all winds, in spite of the scandal that lies on the east; though it is the west that is the parent of all ugliness. The frost was succeeded by such fogs, that I could not find my way out of London.

Has your brother told you of the violences in Ireland? There wanted nothing but a Massa-

niello to overturn the government; and luckily for the government and for Rigby, he, who was made for Massaniello, happened to be first minister there. Tumults, and insurrections, and oppositions,

Like arts and sciences, have travelled west.

Pray make the general collect authentic accounts of those civil wars against he returns—you know where they will find their place, and that you are one of the very few that will profit of them. I will grind and dispense to you all the corn you bring to my mill.

We good-humoured souls vote eight millions with as few questions, as if the whole House of Commons was at the club at Arthur's; and we live upon distant news, as if London was York or Bristol. There is nothing domestic, but that lord George Lennox, being refused lord Anglesea's consent, set out for Edinburgh with lady Louisa Kerr, the day before yesterday; and lord Buckingham is going to be married to our miss Pitt, of Twickenham, daughter of that strange woman, who had a mind to be my wife, and who sent Mr. Raftor to know why I did not marry her. I replied, "Because I was not sure that the two husbands, that she had at once, were both dead." *A propos* to my wedding, prince Edward asked me at the opera, t'other night, when I was to

marry lady Mary Coke: I answered, as soon as I got a regiment; which, you know, is now the fashionable way.

The kingdom of beauty is in as great disorder as the kingdom of Ireland. My lady Pembroke looks like a ghost—poor lady Coventry is going to be one; and the duchess of Hamilton[1] is so altered I did not know her. Indeed, she is big with child, and so big, that, as my lady Northumberland says, it is plain she has a camel in her belly, and my lord Edgecumbe says, it is as true it did not go through the eye of a needle. That countess has been laid up with a hurt in her leg; lady Rebecca Paulett pushed her on the birth-night against a bench: the duchess of Grafton asked if it was true that lady Rebecca kicked her? "Kick me, madam! when did you ever hear of a Percy that took a kick?" I can tell you another anecdote of that house, that will not divert you less. Lord March making them a visit this summer at Alnwick-castle, my lord received him at the gate, and said, "I believe, my lord, this is the first time that ever a Douglas and a Percy met here in friendship." Think of this from a Smithson to a true Douglas.

I don't trouble my head about any connexion; any news into the country I know is welcome,

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[1] The duchess of Hamilton married the duke of Argyle.

though it comes out higlepigledy, just as it happens to be packed up. The cry in Ireland has been against lord Hilsborough, supposing him to mediate an union of the two islands; George Selwyn, seeing him set t'other night between my lady Harrington and lord Barrington, said, "Who can say that my lord Hilsborough is not an enemy to an union?"

I will tell you one more story, and then good night. Lord Lyttelton[2] was at Covent-garden; Beard came on: the former said, "How comes Beard here? what made him leave Drury-lane?" Mr. Shelley, who sat next him, replied, "Why, don't you know he has been such a fool as to go and marry a miss Rich? He has married Rich's daughter." My lord coloured; Shelley found out what he had said, and ran away.

I forgot to tell you, that you need be in no disturbance about Müntz's pictures; they were a present I made you. Good night.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, January 7, 1760.

You must not wonder I have not written to you a long time; a person of my consequence! I am

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[2] Lord Lyttleton married a daughter of sir Robert Rich.

now almost ready to say, *We*, instead of *I*. In short, I live amongst royalty — considering the plenty, that is no great wonder. All the world lives with them, and they with all the world. Princes and princesses open shops in every corner of the town, and the whole town deals with them. As I have gone to one, I chose to frequent all, that I might not be particular, and seem to have views; and yet it went so much against me, that I came to town on purpose a month ago for the duke's levee, and had engaged Brand to go with me—and then could not bring myself to it. At last, I went to him and princess Emily yesterday. It was well I had not flattered myself with being still in my bloom; I am grown so old since they saw me, that neither of them knew me. When they were told, he just spoke to me (I forgive him; he is not out of my debt, even with that): she was exceedingly gracious, and commended Strawberry to the skies. To-night, I was asked to their party at Norfolk house. These parties are wonderfully select and dignified: one might sooner be a knight of Malta than qualified for them; I don't know how the duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Fox, and I, were forgiven some of our ancestors. There were two tables at loo, two at whist, and a quadrille. I was commanded to the duke's loo; he was sat down: not to make him wait, I threw my hat upon the marble table, and broke four pieces off a great chrystal chandelier. I stick to my eti-

quette, and treat them with great respect; not as I do my friend, the duke of York. But don't let us talk any more of princes. My Lucan appears to-morrow; I must say it is a noble volume. Shall I send it you — or won't you come and fetch it?

There is nothing new of public, but the violent commotions in Ireland, whither the duke of Bedford still persists in going. Æolus to quell a storm!

I am in great concern for my old friend, poor lady Harry Beauclerc; her lord dropped down dead two nights ago, as he was sitting with her and all their children. Admiral Boscawen is dead by this time. Mrs. Osborn and I are not much afflicted: lady Jane Coke too is dead, exceedingly rich; I have not heard her will yet.

If you don't come to town soon, I give you warning, I will be a lord of the bedchamber, or a gentleman usher. If you will, I will be nothing but what I have been so many years — my own and

Yours ever.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Jan. 12, 1760.

I AM very sorry your ladyship could doubt a moment on the cause of my concern yesterday. I saw you much displeased at what I had said; and I felt so innocent of the least intention of offending you, that I could not help being struck at my own ill-fortune, and with the sensation raised by finding you mix great goodness with great severity.

I am naturally very impatient under praise; I have reflected enough on myself to know I don't deserve it; and with this consciousness you ought to forgive me, madam, if I dreaded that the person whose esteem I valued the most in the world, should think that I was fond of what I know is not my due. I meant to express this apprehension as respectfully as I could, but my words failed me—a misfortune not too common to me, who am apt to say too much, not too little! Perhaps it is that very quality which your ladyship calls wit, and I call tinsel, for which I dread being praised. I wish to recommend myself to you by more essential merits—and if I can only make you laugh, it will be very apt to make me as much concerned as I was yesterday. For people to whose approbation I am indifferent, I don't care whether they commend or condemn me for my wit; in

the former case they will not make me admire myself for it, in the latter they can't make me think but what I have thought already. But for the few whose friendship I wish, I would fain have them see, that under all the idleness of my spirits there are some very serious qualities, such as warmth, gratitude, and sincerity, which ill returns may render useless or may make me lock up in my breast, but which will remain there while I have a being.

Having drawn you this picture of myself, madam, a subject I have to say so much upon, will not your good nature apply it as it deserves, to what passed yesterday? Won't you believe that my concern flowed from being disappointed at having offended one whom I ought by so many ties to try to please, and whom, if I ever meant any thing, I had meaned to please? I intended you should see how much I despise wit, if I have any, and that you should know my heart was void of vanity and full of gratitude. They are very few I desire should know so much; but my passions act too promptly and too naturally, as you saw, when I am with those I really love, to be capable of any disguise. Forgive me, madam, this tedious detail; but of all people living I cannot bear that you should have a doubt about me.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Jan. 14, 1760.

How do you contrive to exist on your mountain in this rude season? Sure you must be become a snowball! As I was not in England in forty-one, I had no notion of such cold. The streets are abandoned; nothing appears in them: the Thames is almost as solid. Then think what a campaign must be in such a season! Our army was under arms for fourteen hours on the twenty-third, expecting the French; and several of the men were frozen when they should have dismounted. What milksops the Marlboroughs and Turennes, the Blakes and the Van Tromps appear now, who whipped into winter quarters and into port, the moment their noses looked blue. Sir Cloudesly Shovel said that an admiral would deserve to be broke, who kept great ships out after the end of September, and to be shot if after October. There is Hawke [1] in the bay weathering *this* winter, after conquering in a storm. For my part, I scarce venture to make a campaign in the Opera-house; for if I once begin to freeze, I

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[1] Sir Edward Hawke had defeated the French fleet, commanded by admiral Conflans, in the beginning of this winter.

shall be frozen through in a moment. I am amazed, with such weather, such ravages, and distress, that there is any thing left in Germany, but money; for thither half the treasure of Europe goes: England, France, Russia, and all the empress can squeeze from Italy and Hungary, all is sent thither, and yet the wretched people have not subsistence. A pound of bread sells at Dresden for eleven-pence. We are going to send many more troops thither; and it is so much the fashion to raise regiments, that I wish there were such a neutral kind of beings in England as abbés, that one might have an excuse for not growing military mad, when one has turned the heroic corner of one's age. I am ashamed of being a young rake, when my seniors are covering their grey toupees with helmets and feathers, and accoutering their pot-bellies with cuirasses and martial masquerade habits. Yet rake I am, and abominably so, for a person that begins to wrinkle reverendly. I have sat up twice this week till between two and three with the duchess of Grafton, at loo, who, by the way, has got a pam-child this morning; and on Saturday night I supped with prince Edward, at my lady Rochford's, and we stayed till half an hour past three. My favour with that highness continues, or rather increases. He makes every body make suppers for him to meet me, for I still hold out against going to court. In short, if he were twenty years older,

or I could make myself twenty years younger, I might carry him to Camden-house, and be as impertinent as ever my lady Churchill was; but, as I dread being ridiculous, I shall give my lord Bute no uneasiness. My lady Maynard, who divides the favour of this tiny court with me, supped with us. Did you know she sings French ballads very prettily? Lord Rochford played on the guitar, and the prince sung; there were my two nieces, and lord Waldegrave, lord Huntingdon, and Mr. Morrison the groom, and the evening was pleasant; but I had a much more agreeable supper last night at Mrs. Clive's, with Miss West, my niece Cholmondeley, and Murphy the writing actor, who is very good company, and two or three more. Mrs. Cholmondeley is very lively; you know how entertaining the Clive is, and Miss West is an absolute original.

There is nothing new, but a very dull pamphlet, written by lord Bath, and his chaplain Douglas, called a letter to two great men. It is a plan for the peace, and much adopted by the city, and much admired by all, who are too humble to judge for themselves.

I was much diverted the other morning with another volume on birds by Edwards, who has published four or five. The poor man, who is grown very old and devout, begs God to take from him the love of natural philosophy; and having observed some heterodox proceedings

among bantam cocks, he proposes that all schools of girls and boys should be promiscuous, lest, if separated, they should learn wayward passions. But what struck me most were his dedications, the last was to God; this is to lord Bute, as if he was determined to make his fortune in one world or the other.

Pray read Fontaine's fable of the lion grown old; don't it put you in mind of any thing? No! not when his shaggy majesty has borne the insults of the tiger and the horse, &c. and the ass comes last, kicks out his only remaining fang, and asks for a blue bridle? *à propos*, I will tell you the turn Charles Townshend gave to this fable. "My lord," said he, "has quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went, and at once asked for my *lord* Carlisle's garter—if he would have been contented to ask first for my *lady* C * * * * *'s garter, I don't doubt but he would have obtained it." Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Jan. 28, 1760.

I SHALL almost frighten you from coming to London, for whether you have the constitution of a

horse or a man, you will be equally in danger. All the horses in town are laid up with sore throats and colds, and are so hoarse, you cannot hear them speak. I, with all my immortality, have been half killed; that violent bitter weather was too much for me; I have had a nervous fever these six or seven weeks every night, and have taken bark enough to have made a rind for Daphne: nay, have even stayed at home two days; but I think my eternity begins to bud again. I am quite of Dr. Garth's mind, who, when any body commended a hard frost to him, used to reply, "yes, sir, 'fore Gad, very fine weather, sir, very wholesome weather, sir; kills trees, sir; very good for a man, sir." There has been cruel havoc among the ladies; my lady Granby [1] is dead; and the famous Polly, duchess of Bolton, and my lady Besborough.[2] I have no great reason to lament the last, and yet the circumstances of her death, and the horror of it to her family, make one shudder. It was the same sore throat and fever that carried off four of their children a few years ago. My lord now fell ill of it, very ill, and the eldest daughter slightly: my lady caught it, attending her husband, and concealed it as long as she could. When at last the phy-

[1] Eldest daughter of Charles, duke of Somerset.

[2] Daughter of William, duke of Devonshire.

sician insisted on her keeping her bed, she said, as she went into her room, "Then, Lord have mercy on me! I shall never come out of it again," and died in three days. Lord Besborough grew outrageously impatient at not seeing her, and would have forced into her room, when she had been dead about four days. They were obliged to tell him the truth; never was an answer, that expressed so much horror! he said; "And how many children have I left?" not knowing how far this calamity might have reached. Poor lady Coventry is near completing this black list.

You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of lord Ferrers murdering his steward in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderess queen Christina, carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain, was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour; he got drunk, and, at intervals, talked of it coolly; but did not attempt to escape, till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the jail at Leicester, and will soon be removed to the Tower, then to Westminster-hall, and I suppose to Tower-hill; unless, as lord Tal-

bot prophesied in the house of lords, "Not being thought mad enough to be shut up, till he had killed somebody, he will then be thought too mad to be executed;" but lord Talbot was no more honoured in his vocation, than other prophets are in their own country.

As you seem amused with my entertainments, I will tell you how I passed yesterday. A party was made to go to the Magdalen house. We met at Northumberland-house at five, and set out in four coaches. Prince Edward, colonel Brudenel his groom, lady Northumberland, lady Mary Coke, lady Carlisle, Miss Pelham, lady Hertford, lord Beauchamp, lord Huntingdon, old Bowman, and I. This new convent is beyond Goodman's-fields, and I assure you, would content any catholic alive. We were received by —— oh! first, a vast mob, for princes are not so common at that end of the town as at this. Lord Hertford, at the head of the governors with their white staves, met us at the door, and led the prince directly into the chapel, where, before the altar was an arm-chair for him, with a blue damask cushion, a *prie-Dieu*, and a footstool of black cloth with gold nails. We sat on forms near him. There were lord and lady Dartmouth in the odour of devotion, and many city ladies. The chapel is small and low, but neat, hung with Gothic paper, and tablets of benefactions. At the west end were enclosed the sisterhood, above an hundred and

thirty, all in greyish brown stuffs, broad handkerchiefs, and flat straw hats, with a blue riband, pulled quite over their faces. As soon as we entered the chapel, the organ played, and the Magdalen's sung a hymn in parts; you cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle, and there wanted nothing but a little incense to drive away the devil—or to invite him. Prayers then began, psalms and a sermon: the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd, who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls; so did my lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham, till I believe the city dames took them both for Jane Shores. The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to his royal highness, whom he called, most illustrious prince, beseeching his protection. In short, it was a very pleasing performance, and I got *the most illustrious* to desire it might be printed. We had another hymn, and then were conducted to the *parloir*, where the governors kissed the prince's hand, and then the lady abbess, or matron, brought us tea. From thence we went to the refectory, where all the nuns, without their hats, were ranged at long tables, ready for supper. A few were handsome, many who seemed to have no title to their profession, and two or three of

twelve years old: but all recovered, and looking healthy. I was struck and pleased with the modesty of two of them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at. We were then shewn their work, which is making linen, and bead-work; they earn ten pounds a week. One circumstance diverted me, but amidst all this decorum, I kept it to myself. The wands of the governors are white, but twisted at top with black and white, which put me in mind of Jacob's rods, that he placed before the cattle to make them breed. My lord Hertford would never have forgiven me, if I had joked on this; so I kept my countenance very demurely, nor even inquired, whether among the pensioners, there were any *novices* from Mrs. Naylor's.

The court-martial on lord George Sackville is appointed: general *Onslow* is to be *speaker* of it. Adieu! till I see you; I am glad it will be so soon.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 27, 1760.

I should have thought that you might have learnt by this time, that when a tradesman promises any

thing on Monday or Saturday, or any particular day of the week, he means any Monday or any Saturday of any week, as nurses quiet children and their own consciences by the refined salvo of *to-morrow is a new day*. When Mr. Smith's Saturday,' and the frame do arrive, I will pay the one, and send you the other.

Lord George's trial is not near being finished. By its draggling beyond the term of the old mutiny bill, they were forced to make out a new warrant: this lost two days, as all the depositions were forced to be read over again to, and re-sworn by, the witnesses; then there will be a contest, whether Sloper shall re-establish his own credit by pawning it farther. Lord Ferrers comes on the stage on the sixteenth of next month.

I breakfasted the day before yesterday at Ælia Lælia Chudleigh's. There was a concert for prince Edward's birth-day, and at three a vast cold collation, and all the town. The house is not fine, nor in good taste, but loaded with finery. Execrable varnished pictures, chests, cabinets, commodes, tables, stands, boxes, riding on one another's backs, and loaded with terreens, philigree, figures, and every thing upon earth. Every favour she has bestowed is registered by a bit of Dresden china. There is a glass-case full of enamels, eggs, ambers, lapis lazuli, cameos, tooth-pick cases, and all kinds of trinkets, things that she told me were her playthings; another cup-

board, full of the finest japan, and candlesticks and vases of rock crystal, ready to be thrown down, in every corner. But of all curiosities, are the conveniences in every bed chamber: great mahogany projections with brass handles, cocks, &c.—I could not help saying, it was the loosest family I ever saw! Adieu.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 19, 1760.

WELL, this big week is over! Lord George's sentence, after all the communications of how terrible it was, is ended in proclaiming him unfit for the king's service. Very moderate in comparison of what was intended and desired, and truly not very severe, considering what was proved. The other trial, lord Ferrers's, lasted three days. You have seen the pomp and awfulness of such doings, so I will not describe it to you. The judge and criminal were far inferior to those you have seen. For the lord high steward, he neither had any dignity, nor affected any; nay he held it all so cheap, that he said at his own table t'other day, "I will not send for Garrick and learn to act a part." At first I thought lord Ferrers shocked, but in general he behaved rationally and coolly;

though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying, by his own sense, to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the earl; one of them is a clergyman, suspended by the bishop of London for being a methodist; the other a wild vagabond, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous.* After lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which he said he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday-fortnight, and will then be hanged, I believe in the Tower; and, to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomized, conformably to the late act for murder. Many peers were absent; lord Foley and lord Jersey attended only the first day; and lord Huntingdon, and my nephew Orford, (in compliment to his mother) as related to the prisoner, withdrew without voting. But never was a criminal more literally tried by his *peers,* for the three persons, who interested themselves most in the examination, were at least as mad as he; lord Ravensworth, lord Talbot, and lord Fortescue. Indeed, the first was almost frantic. The seats of the peeresses were not near full; and most of the beauties absent; the duchess of Hamilton and my niece Waldegrave, you know, lie in; but, to the amazement of every body, lady Coventry was

there, and what surprised me much more, looked as well as ever. I sat next but one to her, and should not have asked if she had been ill—yet they are positive she has few weeks to live. She and lord Bolingbroke seemed to have different thoughts, and were acting over all the old comedy of eyes. I sat in lord Lincoln's gallery; *you* and *I* know the convenience of it; I thought it no great favour to ask, and he very obligingly sent me a ticket immediately, and ordered me to be placed in one of the best boxes. Lady Augusta was in the same gallery; the duke of York and his young brothers were in the prince of Wales's box, who was not there, no more than the princess, princess Emily, nor the duke. It was an agreeable humanity in my friend the duke of York; he would not take his seat in the house before the trial, that he might not vote in it. There are so many young peers, that the show was fine even in that respect; the duke of Richmond was the finest figure; the duke of Marlborough, with the best countenance in the world, looked clumsy in his robes; he had new ones, having given away his father's to the *valet de chambre*. There were others not at all so indifferent about the antiquity of theirs: lord Huntingdon's, lord Abergavenny's, and lord Castlehaven's scarcely hung on their backs; the two former they pretend were used at the trial of the queen of Scots. But all these honours were a

little defaced by seeing lord Temple, as lord privy seal, walk at the head of the peerage. Who, at the last trials, would have believed a prophecy, that the three first men at the next, should be Henley the lawyer, bishop Secker, and Dick Grenville.

The day before the trial, the duke of Bolton fought a duel at Marylebone with Stuart, who lately stood for Hampshire; the latter was wounded in the arm, and the former fell down. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May. 6, 1760.

THE extraordinary history of lord Ferrers is closed: he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character: it does not hinder people from forming a plan of conduct, and from even dying agreeably to it. You remember how the last Ratcliffe died with the utmost propriety; so did this horrid lunatic, coolly and sensibly. His own and his wife's relations had asserted that he would tremble at last. No such thing; he shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if

he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. He even talked on indifferent subjects in the passage; and if the sheriff and the chaplains had not thought that they had parts to act too, and had not consequently engaged him in most particular conversation, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk on the occasion; he went in his wedding-clothes, marking the only remaining impression on his mind. The ceremony he was in a hurry to have over: he was stopped at the gallows by the vast crowd, but got out of his coach as soon as he could, and was but seven minutes on the scaffold, which was hung with black, and prepared by the undertaker of his family at their expense. There was a new contrivance for sinking the stage under him, which did not play well; and he suffered a little by the delay, but was dead in four minutes. The mob was decent, and admired him, and almost pitied him; so they would lord George, whose execution they are so angry at missing. I suppose every highwayman will now preserve the blue handkerchief he has about his neck when he is married, that he may die like a lord. With all his madness he was not mad enough to be struck with his aunt Huntingdon's sermons. The methodists have nothing to brag of his conversion, though Whitfield prayed for him, and preached about him. Even Tyburn has been above their reach. I have not heard that lady Fanny dabbled with his soul; but I be-

lieve she is prudent enough to confine her missionary zeal to subjects where the body may be her perquisite.

When am I likely to see you? The delightful rain is come—we look and smell charmingly. Adieu.

Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, June 7, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN at my time of day one can think a ball worth going to London, for on purpose, you will not wonder that I am childish enough to write an account of it. I could give a better reason, your bidding me send you any news; but I scorn a good reason when I am idle enough to do any thing for a bad one.

You had heard, before you left London, of miss Chudleigh's intended loyalty on the prince's birthday. Poor thing, I fear she has thrown away above a quarter's salary! It was magnificent and well-understood—no crowd—and though a sultry night, one was not a moment incommoded. The court was illuminated on the whole summit of the wall with a battlement of lamps; smaller ones on every step, and a figure of lanthorns on the out-

side of the house. The virgin-mistress began the ball with the duke of York, who was dressed in a pale blue watered tabby, which, as I told him, if he danced much, would soon be *tabby all over*, like the man's advertisement[1]; but nobody did dance much. There was a new miss Bishop from sir Cecil's endless hoard of beauty daughters, who is still prettier than her sisters. The new Spanish embassy was there—alas! Sir Cecil Bishop has never been in Spain! Monsieur de Fuentes is a halfpenny print of my lord H * * * *. His wife homely, but seems good-humoured and civil. The son does not degenerate from such high-born ugliness—the daughter-in-law was sick, and they say is not ugly, and has as good a set of teeth as one can have, when one has but two and those black. They seem to have no curiosity, sit where they are placed, and ask no questions about so strange a country. Indeed the ambassadress could see nothing; for Doddington[2] stood before her the whole time, sweating Spanish at her, of which it was evident, by her civil nods without answers, she did not understand a word. She speaks bad French, danced a bad minuet, and went away —though there was a miraculous draught of fishes for their supper, as it was a fast—but being the

[1] A stay-maker of the time, who advertised in the newspapers making stays at such a price; "*tabby all over.*"

[2] Afterwards lord Melcombe. He had been minister in Spain.

octave of their *fête-dieu*, they dared not even fast plentifully. Miss Chudleigh desired the gamblers would go up into the garrets—"Nay, they are not garrets—it is only the roof of the house hollowed for upper servants—but I have no upper servants." Every body ran up: there is a low gallery with bookcases, and four chambers practised under the pent of the roof, each hung with the finest Indian pictures on different colours, and with Chinese chairs of the same colours. Vases of flowers in each for nosegays, and in one retired nook a most critical couch!

The lord of the festival[3] was there, and seemed neither ashamed nor vain of the expense of his pleasures. At supper she offered him Tokay, and told him she believed he would find it good. The supper was in two rooms and very fine, and on all the sideboards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries; you would have thought she was kept by Vertumnus. Last night my lady Northumberland lighted up her garden for the Spaniards: I was not there, having excused myself for a head-ache, which I had not, but *ought* to have caught the night before. Mr. Doddington entertained these Fuentes's at Hammersmith; and to the shame of our nation, while they were drinking tea in the

[3] The duke of Kingston.

summer-house, some gentlemen, aye, my lord, gentlemen, went into the river and showed the ambassadress and her daughter more than ever they expected to see of England.

I dare say you are sorry for poor lady Anson. She was exceedingly good-humoured, and did a thousand good-natured and generous actions. I tell you nothing of the rupture of lord Halifax's match, of which you must have heard so much; but you will like a *bon-mot* upon it—They say, the *hundreds of Drury* have got the better of the *thousands of Drury*[4].

The pretty countess[5] is still alive, was thought actually dying on Tuesday night, and I think will go off very soon.

I think there will soon be a peace: my only reason is, that every body seems so backward at making war. Adieu, my dear lord!

I am your most affectionate servant.

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[4] Lord Halifax kept an actress belonging to Drury-lane theatre. And the marriage broken off was with a daughter of sir Thomas Drury, an heiress.

[5] Of Coventry.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, June 28, 1760.

THE devil is in people for fidgeting about! They can neither be quiet in their own houses, nor let others be at peace in theirs! Have not they enough of one another in winter, but they must cuddle in summer too? For your part, you are a very priest: the moment one repents, you are for turning it to account. I wish you was in camp—never will I pity you again. How did you complain when you was in Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, and I don't know where, that you could never enjoy Park-place? Now you have a whole summer to yourself, and you are as *junkettaceous* as my lady Northumberland. Pray, what horse-race do you go to next? For my part, I can't afford to lead such a life: I have Conway-papers to sort; I have lives of the painters to write; I have my prints to paste, my house to build, and every thing in the world to tell posterity.—How am I to find time for all this? I am past forty, and may not have above as many more years to live; and here I am to go here and to go there——Well, I will meet you at Chaffont on Thursday; but I positively will stay but one night. I have settled with your brother that we will be at Oxford on the 13th of July, as lord Beauchamp is only loose

from the 12th to the 20th. I will be at Park-place on the 12th, and we will go together the next day. If this is too early for you, we may put it off to the 15th: determine by Thursday, and one of us will write to lord Hertford.

Well! Quebec is come to life again. Last night I went to see the Holdernesses, who by the way are in raptures with Park — in Sion-lane: as Cibber says of the Revolution, *I met the Raising of the Siege*; that is, I met my lady in a triumphal car, drawn by a Manks horse thirteen little fingers high, with lady Emily,—

et sibi Countess
Ne placeat, ma'amselle curru portatur eodem —

Mr. M * * * * was walking in ovation by himself after the car; and they were going to see the bonfire at the alehouse at the corner. The whole procession returned with me; and from the countess's dressing-room we saw a battery fired before the house, the mob crying, "God bless the good news!" — These are all the particulars I know of the siege: my lord would have shewed me the journal, but we amused ourselves much better in going to eat peaches from the new Dutch stoves.

The rain is come indeed, and my grass is as green as grass; but all my hay has been cut and soaking this week, and I am too much in the

fashion not to have given up gardening for farming; as next I suppose we shall farming, and turn graziers and hogdrivers.

I never heard of such a Semele as my lady Stormont brought to bed in flames. I hope miss Bacchus Murray will not carry the resemblance through, and love drinking like a Pole. My lady Lyttelton is at Mr. Garrick's, and they were to have breakfasted here this morning; but somehow or other they have changed their mind. Good night!

Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry-hill, July 4, 1760.

I AM this minute returned from Chaffont, where I have been these two days. Mr. Conway, lady Ailesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and Mrs. Shirley are there; and lady Mary is going to add to the number again. The house and grounds are still in the same dislocated condition; in short, they finish nothing but children; even Mr. Bentley's Gothic stable, which I call Houynhm castle, is not rough cast yet. We went to see More-park, but I was not much struck with it, after all the miracles I had heard Brown had performed there. He has

undulated the horizon in so many artificial mole-hills, that it is full as unnatural as if it was drawn with a rule and compasses. Nothing is done to the house; there are not even chairs in the great apartment. My lord Anson is more slatternly than the Churchills, and does not even finish children. I am going to write to lord Beauchamp, that I shall be at Oxford on the fifteenth, where I depend upon meeting you. I design to see Blenheim, and Rousham, (is not that the name of Dormer's?) and Althorp, and Drayton, before I return—but don't be frightened, I don't propose to drag you to all or any of these, if you don't like it.

Mr. Bentley has sketched a very pretty Gothic room for lord Holderness, and orders are gone to execute it directly in Yorkshire. The first draught was Mason's; but as he does not pretend to much skill, we were desired to correct it. I say *we*, for I chose the ornaments. Adieu.

Yours ever.

P.S. My lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you too. Gray is in their neighbourhood. My lady Carlisle says, *he is extremely like me in his manner.* They went a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day; lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, "Yes, my lady, I believe so."

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 19, 1760.

Mr. Conway, as I told you, was with me at Oxford, and I returned with him to Park-place, and to-day hither. I am sorry you could not come to us; we passed four days most agreeably, and I believe saw more antique holes and corners than Tom Hearne did in threescore years. You know my rage for Oxford; if King's-college would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither, and profess jacobitism, that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers. Though the weather has been so sultry, I ferretted from morning to night, fatigued that strong young lad lord Beauchamp, and harrassed his tutors till they were forced to relieve one another. With all this, I found nothing worth seeing, except the colleges themselves, painted glass, and a couple of croziers. Oh, yes; in an old buttery at Christ-church I discovered two of the most glorious portraits by Holbein in the world. They call them Dutch heads. I took them down, washed them myself, and fetched out a thousand beauties. We went to Blenheim and saw all Vanbrugh's quarries, all the acts of parliament and gazettes on the duke in inscriptions, and all the old flock chairs, wainscot tables, and gowns and petticoats of queen Anne, that old Sarah could crowd among blocks

of marble. It looks like the palace of an auctioneer, who has been chosen king of Poland, and furnished his apartments with obsolete trophies, rubbish that nobody bid for, and a dozen pictures, that he had stolen from the inventories of different families. The place is as ugly as the house, and the bridge, like the beggars at the old duchess's gate, begs for a drop of water, and is refused. We went to Ditchley, which is a good house, well furnished, has good portraits, a wretched saloon, and one handsome scene behind the house. There are portraits of the Litchfield hunt, in *true blue* frocks, with ermine capes. One of the colleges has exerted this loyal pun, and made their east window entirely of blue glass. But the greatest pleasure we had, was in seeing sir Charles Cotterel's at Rousham; it reinstated Kent with me; he has no where shewn so much taste. The house is old, and was bad; he has improved it, stuck as close as *he* could to Gothic, has made a delightful library, and the whole is comfortable. The garden is Daphne in little; the sweetest little groves, streams, glades, porticoes, cascades, and river, imaginable; all the scenes are perfectly classic. Well, if I had such a house, such a library, so pretty a place, and so pretty a wife, I think I should let king ***** send to Herenhausen for a master of the ceremonies.

Make many compliments to all your family for me; lord Beauchamp was much obliged by your

invitation. I shall certainly accept it, as I return from the north; in the mean time, find out how Drayton and Althorp lie according to your scale. Adieu.

Yours most sincerely.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 20, 1760.

I SHALL be very sorry if I don't see you at Oxford on Tuesday next; but what can I say if your Wetenhalls will break into my almanack, and take my very day, can I help it? I must own I shall be glad if their coach-horse is laid up with the fashionable sore throat and fever: can you recommend no coachman to them like Dr. Wilmot, who will dispatch it in three days? If I don't see you at Oxford, I don't think I shall at Greatworth till my return from the north, which will be about the 20th or 22d of August. Drayton, be it known to you, is lady Betty Germain's, is in your own county, was the old mansion of the Mordaunts, and is crammed with whatever sir John could get from them and the Norfolks. Adieu.

Yours ever.

To the EARL of STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, August 7, 1760.

My dear Lord,

You will laugh, but I am ready to cry, when I tell you that I have no notion when I shall be able to wait on you.—Such a calamity!—My tower is not fallen down, nor lady Fanny Shirley run away with another printer; nor has my lady D**** insisted on living with me as half way to Weybridge. Something more disgraceful than all these, and wofully mortifying for a young creature, who is at the same time in love with lady Mary Coke, and following the duchess of Grafton and Loo all over the kingdom. In short, my lord, I have got the gout—yes, the gout in earnest. I was seized on Monday morning, suffered dismally all night, am now wrapped in flannels like the picture of a Morocco ambassador, and am carried to bed by two servants. You see virtue and leanness are no preservatives. I write this now to your lordship, because I think it totally impossible that I should be able to set out the day after to-morrow, as I intended. The moment I can, I will; but this is a tyrant that will not let one name a day. All I know is, that it may abridge my other parties, but shall not my stay at Wentworth-castle. The duke of Devonshire was so good as to ask me to be at Chatsworth yesterday, but I did not know

it time enough. As it happens, I must have disappointed him. At present I look like Pam's father more than one of his subjects; only one of my legs appears:

The rest my parti-colour'd robe conceals.

Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours most faithfully.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, August 7, 1760.

I CAN give you but an unpleasant account of myself, I mean unpleasant for me; every body else I suppose it will make laugh. Come, laugh at once! I am laid up with the gout, am an absolute cripple, am carried up to bed by two men, and could walk to China as soon as cross the room. In short, here is my history: I have been out of order this fortnight, without knowing what was the matter with me; pains in my head, sicknesses at my stomach, dispiritedness, and a return of the nightly fever I had in the winter. I concluded a northern journey would take all this off—but, behold! on Monday morning I was seized as I thought with the cramp in my left foot; however, I walked about all day: towards evening it dis-

covered itself by its true name, and that night I suffered a great deal. However, on Tuesday I was again able to go about the house; but since Tuesday I have not been able to stir, and am wrapped in flannels and swathed like sir Paul Pliant on his wedding-night. I expect to hear that there is a bet at Arthur's, which runs fastest, Jack Harris[1] or I. Nobody would believe me six years ago when I said I had the gout. They would do leanness and temperance honours to which they have not the least claim.

I don't yet give up my expedition; as my foot is much swelled, I trust this alderman distemper is going: I shall set out the instant I am able; but I much question whether it will be soon enough for me to get to Ragley by the time the clock strikes Loo. I find I grow too old to make the circuit with the charming duchess[2].

I did not tell you about German skirmishes, for I knew nothing of them: when two vast armies only scratch one another's faces, it gives me no attention. My gazette never contains above one or two casualties of foreign politics:—overlaid,

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[1] John Harris, of Hayne in Devonshire, married to Mr. Conway's eldest sister.

[2] Anne Liddell, duchess of Grafton.

one king; dead of convulsions, an electorate; burnt to death, Dresden.

I wish you joy of all your purchases; why, you sound as rich as if you had had the gout these ten years. I beg their pardon; but just at present, I am very glad not to be near the vivacity of either Missy or Peter. I agree with you much about the Minor: there are certainly parts and wit in it. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, August 12, 1760.

In what part of the island you are just now, I don't know; flying about somewhere or other, I suppose. Well, it is charming to be so young! Here am I, lying upon a couch, wrapped up in flannels, with the gout in both feet—oh yes, gout in all the forms. Six years ago I had it, and nobody would believe me—now they may have proof. My legs are as big as your cousin Guildford's, and they don't use to be quite so large. I was seized yesterday se'nnight; have had little pain in the day, but most uncomfortable nights; however, I move about again a little with a stick. If either my father or mother had had it, I should not dislike it so much. I am herald enough to

approve it if descended genealogically; but it is an absolute upstart in me, and what is more provoking, I had trusted to my great abstinence for keeping me from it: but thus it is, if I had had any gentleman-like virtue, as patriotism or loyalty, I might have got something by them; I had nothing but that beggarly virtue temperance, and she had not interest enough to keep me from a fit of the gout. Another plague is, that every body that ever knew any body that had it, is so good as to come with advice, and direct me how to manage it; that is, how to contrive to have it for a great many years. I am very refractory; I say to the gout, as great personages do to the executioners, "Friend, do your work as quick as you can." They tell me of wine to keep it out of my stomach; but I will starve temperance itself; I will be virtuous indeed—that is, I will stick to virtue, though I find it is not its own reward.

This confinement has kept me from Yorkshire; I hope however to be at Ragley by the 20th, from whence I shall still go to lord Strafford's, and by this delay you may possibly be at Greatworth by my return, which will be about the beginning of September. Write me a line as soon as you receive this; direct it to Arlington-street, it will be sent after me. Adieu.

Yours ever.

P. S. My tower erects its battlements bravely;

my Anecdotes of Painting thrive exceedingly: thanks to the gout, that has pinned me to my chair: think of Ariel the sprite in a slit shoe!

To the COUNTESS of AILESBURY.[1]

Whichnovre, August 23, 1760.

Well, madam, if I had known whither I was coming, I would not have come alone! Mr. Conway and your ladyship should have come too. Do you know, this is the individual manor-house,[2] where married ladies may have a flitch of bacon upon the easiest terms in the world? I should have expected that the owners would be ruined in satisfying the conditions of the obligation, and that the park would be stocked with hogs instead of deer. — On the contrary, it is thirty years since the flitch was claimed, and Mr. Offley was never so *near* losing one as when you and Mr. Conway were at Ragley. He so little expects the demand, that the flitch is only hung in effigie over the hall chimney, carved in wood. Are not you ashamed, madam, never to have put in your claim? It is

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[1] Daughter of the duke of Argyle, first married to the earl of Ailesbury, and afterwards to the Hon. H. S. Conway.

[2] Of Whichnovre near Litchfield.

above a year and a day that you have been married, and I never once heard either of you mention a journey to Whichnovre. If you quarrelled at loo every night, you could not quit your pretensions with more indifference. I had a great mind to take my oath, as one of your witnesses, that you neither of you would, if you were at liberty, prefer any body else, *ne fairer ne fouler*, and I could easily get twenty persons to swear the same. Therefore, unless you will let the world be convinced, that all your apparent harmony is counterfeit, you must set out immediately for Mr. Offley's, or at least send me a letter of attorney to claim the flitch in your names; and I will send it up by the coach, to be left at the *Blue Boar*, or wherever you will have it delivered. But you had better come in person; you will see one of the prettiest spots in the world; it is a little paradise, and the more like the antique one, as, by all I have said, the married couple seems to be driven out of it. The house is very indifferent: behind is a pretty park; the situation, a brow of a hill, commanding sweet meadows, through which the Trent serpentizes in numberless windings and branches. The spires of the cathedral of Litchfield are in front at a distance, with variety of other steeples, seats, and farms, and the horizon bounded by rich hills covered with blue woods. If you love a prospect, or bacon, you will certainly come hither.

Wentworth-castle, Sunday night.

I HAD writ thus far yesterday, but had no opportunity of sending my letter. I arrived here last night, and found only the duke of Devonshire, who went to Hardwicke this morning: they were down at the menagerie, and there was a clean little pullet, with which I thought his grace looked as if he should be glad to eat a slice of Whichnovre bacon. We follow him to Chatsworth tomorrow, and make our entry to the public dinner, to the disagreeableness of which I fear even lady M*****'s company will not reconcile me.

My Gothic building, which my lord Strafford has executed in the menagerie, has a charming effect. There are two bridges built besides; but the new front is very little advanced. Adieu, madam!

Your most affectionate evidence.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, September 1, 1760.

I WAS disappointed at your not being at home as I returned from my expedition; and now I fear it must be another year before I see Greatworth, as I have two or three more engagements on my books for the residue of this season. I go next

week to lord Waldegrave, and afterwards to George Selwyn, and shall return by Bath, which I have never yet seen. Will not you and the general come to Strawberry in October?

Thank you for your lamentations on my gout, it was in proportion to my size, very slender—my feet are again as small as ever they were. When I had what I called *big shoes*, I could have danced a minuet on a silver penny.

My tour has been extremely agreeable. I set out with winning a good deal at loo at Ragley; the duke of Grafton was not so successful, and had some high words with Pam. I went from thence to Offley's at Whichnovre, the individual manor of the flitch of bacon, which has been growing rusty for these thirty years in his hall. I don't wonder; I have no notion that one could keep in good humour with one's wife for a year and a day, unless one was to live on the very spot, which is one of the sweetest scenes I ever saw. It is the brink of a high hill; the Trent wriggles through at the foot; Litchfield and twenty other churches and mansions decorate the view. Mr. Anson has bought an estate close by, whence my lord used to cast many a wishful eye, though without the least pretensions even to a bit of lard.

I saw Litchfield cathedral, which has been rich, but my friend lord Brook and his soldiery treated poor St. Chadd with so little ceremony, that it is

in a most naked condition. In a niche at the very summit they have crowded a statue of Charles the second, with a special pair of shoe-strings, big enough for a weathercock. As I went to lord Strafford's I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation; there are two-and-twenty thousand inhabitants making knives and scissors; they remit eleven thousand pounds a week to London. One man there has discovered the art of plating copper with silver; I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas that are quite pretty. Lord Strafford has erected the little Gothic building, which I got Mr. Bentley to draw; I took the idea from Chichester-cross. It stands on a high bank in the menagerie, between a pond and a vale, totally bowered over with oaks. I went with the Straffords to Chatsworth, and staid there four days; there were lady Mary Coke,[1] lord Besborough and his daughters, lord Thomond, Mr. Boufoy, the duke, the old duchess,[1] and two of his brothers. Would you believe that nothing was ever better humoured than the ancient grace? She staid every evening till it was dark in the skittle-ground, keeping the score; and one night, that the servants had a ball for

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[1] Daughter of John Hoskins, esq. and widow of William, the third duke of Devonshire.

lady Dorothy's[2] birth-day, we fetched the fiddler into the drawing-room, and the dowager herself danced with us! I never was more disappointed than at Chatsworth, which, ever since I was born, I have condemned. It is a glorious situation; the vale rich in corn and verdure, vast woods hang down the hills, which are green to the top, and the immense rocks only serve to dignify the prospect. The river runs before the door, and serpentizes more than you can conceive in the vale. The duke is widening it, and will make it the middle of his park; but I don't approve an idea they are going to execute, of a fine bridge with statues under a noble cliff. If they will have a bridge (which by the way will crowd the scene), it should be composed of rude fragments, such as the giant of the Peak would step upon, that he might not be wet-shod. The expense of the works now carrying on will amount to forty thousand pounds. A heavy quadrangle of stables is part of the plan, is very cumbrous, and standing higher than the house, is ready to overwhelm it. The principal front of the house is beautiful, and executed with the neatness of wrought-plate; the inside is most sumptuous, but did not please me; the heathen gods, goddesses, Christian virtues, and allegoric gentlefolks, are crowded into

[2] Afterwards duchess of Portland.

every room, as if Mrs. Holman had been in heaven and invited every body she saw. The great apartment is first; painted ceilings, inlaid floors, and unpainted wainscots make every room *sombre*. The tapestries are fine, but not fine enough, and there are few portraits. The chapel is charming. The great *jet d'eau* I like, nor would I remove it; whatever is magnificent of the kind in the time it was done, I would retain, else all gardens and houses wear a tiresome resemblance. I except that absurdity of a cascade tumbling down marble steps, which reduces the steps to be of no use at all. I saw Haddon, an abandoned old castle of the Rutlands, in a romantic situation, but which never could have composed a tolerable dwelling. The duke sent lord John with me to Hardwicke, where I was again disappointed; but I will not take relations from others; they either don't see for themselves, or can't see for me. How I had been promised that I should be charmed with Hardwicke, and told that the Devonshires ought to have established there! never was I less charmed in my life. The house is not Gothic, but of that betweenity, that intervened when Gothic declined and Palladian was creeping in—rather, this is totally naked of either. It has vast chambers—aye, vast, such as the nobility of that time delighted in, and did not know how to furnish. The great apartment is exactly what it was when the queen of Scots was kept there. Her council-

chamber, the council-chamber of a poor woman, who had only two secretaries, a gentleman-usher, an apothecary, a confessor, and three maids, is so outrageously spacious, that you would take it for king David's, who thought, contrary to all modern experience, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. At the upper end is the state, with a long table, covered with a sumptuous cloth, embroidered and embossed with gold, — at least what was gold; so are all the tables. Round the top of the chamber runs a monstrous frieze, ten or twelve feet deep, representing stag-hunting in miserable plastered relief. The next is her dressing-room, hung with patch-work on black velvet; then her state bed-chamber. The bed has been rich beyond description, and now hangs in costly golden tatters. The hangings, part of which they say her majesty worked, are composed of figures as large as life, sewed and embroidered on black velvet, white satin, &c. and represent the virtues that were necessary for her, or that she was forced to have, as patience and temperance, &c. The fire-screens are particular; pieces of yellow velvet, fringed with gold, hang on a cross-bar of wood, which is fixed on the top of a single stick, that rises from the foot. The only furniture which has any appearance of taste are the table and cabinets, which are all of oak, richly carved. There is a private chamber within, where she lay, her arms and style over the door; the

arras hangs over all the doors; the gallery is sixty yards long, covered with bad tapestry, and wretched pictures of Mary herself, Elizabeth in a gown of sea-monsters, lord Darnley, James the fifth and his queen, curious, and a whole history of kings of England, not worth sixpence a-piece. There is an original of old Bess [1] of Hardwicke herself, who built the house. Her estates were then reckoned at sixty thousand pounds a-year, and now let for two hundred thousand pounds. Lord John Cavendish told me, that the tradition in the family is, that it had been prophesied to her that she should never die as long as she was building; and that at last she died in a hard frost, when the labourers could not work. There is a fine bank of old oaks in the park over a lake; nothing else pleased me there. However, I was so diverted with this old beldam and her magnificence, that I made this epitaph for her:

Four times the nuptial bed she warm'd,
And every time so well perform'd,

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[1] She was daughter of John Hardwicke, of Hardwicke in Derbyshire. Her first husband was Robert Barley, esq. who settled his large estate on her and her heirs. She married, secondly, sir William Cavendish; her third husband was sir William St. Lo; and her fourth was George Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, whose daughter lady Grace married her son by sir William Cavendish.

That when death spoil'd each husband's billing,
He left the widow every shilling.
Fond was the dame, but not dejected;
Five stately mansions she erected
With more than royal pomp, to vary
The prison of her captive Mary.
When Hardwicke's towers shall bow their head.
Nor mass be more in Worksop said;
When Bolsover's fair fame shall tend
Like Olcotes, to its mouldering end;
When Chatsworth tastes no Can'dish bounties,
Let fame forget this costly countess.

As I returned, I saw Newstead and Althorpe: I like both. The former is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on it; a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned; the present lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds of which have been cut near the house. In recompense he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for the damage done to the navy, and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in old family liveries for a public day. In the hall is a very good collection of pictures, all animals; the refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining, but the windows have new dresses

making for them by a Venetian tailor. Althorpe has several very fine pictures by the best Italian hands, and a gallery of all one's acquaintance by Vandyke and Lely. I wonder you never saw it; it is but six miles from Northampton. Well, good night; I have writ you such a volume, that you see I am forced to page to it. The duke has had a stroke of the palsy, but is quite recovered, except in some letters, which he cannot pronounce; and it is still visible in the contraction of one side of his mouth. My compliments to your family.

Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, September 4, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

You ordered me to tell you how I liked Hardwicke. To say the truth, not exceedingly. The bank of oaks over the ponds is fine, and the vast lawn behind the house: I saw nothing else that is superior to the common run of parks. For the house, it did not please me at all; there is no grace, no ornament, no Gothic in it. I was glad to see the style of furniture of that age; and my imagination helped me to like the apartment of the queen of Scots. Had it been the chateau

of a duchess of Brunswick, on which they had exhausted the revenues of some centuries, I don't think I should have admired it at all. In short, Hardwicke disappointed me as much as Chatsworth surpassed my expectation. There is a richness and vivacity of prospect in the latter; in the former, nothing but triste grandeur.

Newstead delighted me. There is grace and Gothic indeed — good chambers and a comfortable house. The monks formerly were the only sensible people that had really good mansions. I saw Althorpe too, and liked it very well: the pictures are fine. In the gallery I found myself quite at home; and surprised the housekeeper by my familiarity with the portraits.

I hope you have read prince Ferdinand's Thanksgiving, where he has made out a victory by the excess of his praises. I supped at Mr. Conway's t'other night with miss West[1], and we diverted ourselves with the encomiums on her colonel Johnston[2]. Lady Ailesbury told her, that to be sure next winter she would burn nothing but laurel-faggots. Don't you like prince Ferdinand's being so tired with thanking, that at last he is forced to turn God over to be thanked by the officers?

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[1] Eldest daughter of John (afterwards) earl of De la Warre.

[2] The late general James Johnston.

In London there is a more cruel campaign than that waged by the Russians: the streets are a very picture of the murder of the innocents — one drives over nothing but poor dead dogs! The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible creatures! Christ! how can any body hurt them? Nobody could but those Cherokees the English, who desire no better than to be halloo'd to blood: — one day admiral Byng, the next lord George Sackville, and to-day the poor dogs!

I cannot help telling your lordship how I was diverted the night I returned hither. I was sitting with Mrs. Clive, her sister and brother, in the bench near the road at the end of her long walk. We heard a violent scolding; and looking out, saw a pretty woman standing by a high chaise, in which was a young fellow, and a coachman riding by. The damsel had lost her hat, her cap, her cloak, her temper, and her senses; and was more drunk and more angry than you can conceive. Whatever the young man had or had not done to her, she would not ride in the chaise with him, but stood cursing and swearing in the most outrageous style: and when she had vented all the oaths she could think of, she at last wished *Perfidion* might seize him. You may imagine how we laughed. — The fair intoxicate turned round, and cried, "I am laughed at! — Who is it? — What, Mrs. Clive? Kitty Clive? — No: Kitty Clive would never behave so!" — I wish you could

have seen my neighbour's confusion. — She certainly did not grow paler than ordinary. — I laugh now while I repeat it to you.

I have told Mr. Bentley the great honour you have done him, my lord. He is happy the Temple succeeds to please you.

I am your lordship's most faithful friend and servant.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, September 19, 1760.

THANK you for your notice, though I should certainly have contrived to see you without it. Your brother promised he would come and dine here one day with you and lord Beauchamp. I go to Navestock on Monday, for two or three days; but that will not exhaust your waiting[1]. I shall be in town on Sunday; but as that is a court-day, I will not, so don't propose it — dine with you at Kensington; but I will be with my lady Hertford about six, where your brother and you will find me if you please. I cannot come to Kensington in the evening, for I have but one pair of horses in

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[1] Mr. Conway, as groom of the bed-chamber to the king, was then in waiting at Kensington.

the world, and they will have to carry me to town in the morning.

I wonder the king expects a battle; when prince Ferdinand can do as well without fighting, why should he fight? Can't he make the hereditary prince gallop into a mob of Frenchmen, and get a scratch on the nose; and Johnson straddle cross a river and come back with six heads of hussars in his fob, and then can't he thank all the world, and assure them he shall never forget the victory they have not gained? These thanks are sent over: the gazette swears that this no success was chiefly owing to general Mostyn; and the chronicle protests, that it was achieved by my lord Granby's losing his hat, which he never wears; and then his lordship sends over for three hundred thousand pints of porter to drink his own health; and then Mr. Pitt determines to carry on the war for another year; and then the duke of Newcastle hopes that we shall be beat, that he may lay the blame on Mr. Pitt, and that then he shall be minister for thirty years longer; and then we shall be the greatest nation in the universe. Amen! — My dear Harry, you see how easy it is to be a hero. If you had but taken Impudence and Oatlands in your way to Rochfort, it would not have signified whether you had taken Rochfort or not. Adieu! I don't know who lady A.'s Mr. Alexander is. — If she curls like a vine with any Mr. Alexander

but you, I hope my lady Coventry will recover and be your Roxana.

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

You are good for nothing; you have no engagement, you have no principles; and all this I am not afraid to tell you, as you have left your sword behind you. If you take it ill, I have given my nephew, who brings your sword, a letter of attorney to fight you for me; I shall certainly not see you: my lady Waldegrave goes to town on Friday, but I remain here[1]. You lose lady Anne Connolly[2] and her forty daughters, who all dine here to-day upon a few loaves and three small fishes. I should have been glad if you would have breakfasted here on Friday on your way; but as I lie in bed rather longer than the lark, I fear our hours would not suit one another. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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[1] At Strawberry-hill. [2] Sister of William, earl of Strafford.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 2, 1760.

I ANNOUNCE my lady Huntingtower[1] to you. I hope you will approve the match, a little more than I suppose my lord Dysart will, as he does not yet know, though they have been married these two hours, that, at ten o'clock this morning, his son espoused my niece Charlotte at St. James's church. The moment my lord Dysart is dead, I will carry you to see Ham-house; it is pleasant to call cousins with a charming prospect over against one. Now you want to know the detail: there was none. It is not the style of our court to have long negotiations; we don't fatigue the town with exhibiting the betrothed for six months together in public places. *Vidit, venit, vicit;*— the young lord has liked her some time; on Saturday se'nnight he came to my brother, and made his demand. The princess did not know him by sight, and did not dislike him, when she did; she consented, and they were to be married this morning. My lord Dysart is such a —— that nobody will pity him; he has kept his son till six

[1] Daughter of sir Edward Walpole, and sister to lady Waldegrave and to Mrs. Keppel.

and twenty, and would never make the least settlement on him: "Sure," said the young man, "if he will do nothing for me, I may please myself; he cannot hinder me of ten thousand pounds a-year, and sixty thousand that are in the funds, all entailed on me"—a reversion one does not wonder the bride did not refuse, as there is present possession too of a very handsome person; the only thing his father has ever given him. His grandfather, lord Granville, has always told him to choose a gentlewoman, and please himself; yet I should think the ladies Townshend and Cooper would cackle a little.

I wish you could have come here this October for more reasons than one. The Teddingtonian history is grown woefully bad. Mark Antony, though no boy, persists in losing the world two or three times over for every gipsy that he takes for a Cleopatra. I have laughed, been scolded, represented, begged, and at last spoken very roundly—all with equal success; at present we do not meet. I must convince him of ill usage, before I can make good usage of any service. All I have done is forgot, because I will not be enamoured of Hannah Cleopatra too. You shall know the whole history when I see you; you may trust me for still being kind to him; but that he must not as yet suspect; they are bent on going to London, that she may visit

and be visited, while he puts on his red velvet and ermine, and goes about begging in robes.

Poor Mr. Chute has had another very severe fit of the gout; I left him in bed, but by not hearing he is worse, trust on Saturday to find him mended. Adieu.

Yours ever.

P. S. I have kept a copy of my last memorial, which you, who know all the circumstances, will not think a whit too harsh.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1760.

If you should see in the newspapers, that I have offered to raise a regiment at Twickenham, am going with the expedition, and have actually kissed hands, don't believe it; though I own, the two first would not be more surprising than the last. I will tell you how the calamity befel me, though you will laugh instead of pitying me. Last Friday morning, I was very tranquilly writing my Anecdotes of Painting — I heard the bell at the gate ring — I called out, as usual, "Not at home;" but Harry, who thought it would be treason to

tell a lie, when he saw red liveries, owned I was, and came running up: "Sir, the prince of Wales is at the door, and says he is come on purpose to make you a visit!" There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help, *insanum vatem aspiciet* — and down I went to receive him. Him was the duke of York. Behold my breeding of the old court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down, and kissed his hand. I beg your uncle Algernon Sidney's pardon, but I could not let the second prince of the blood kiss my hand first. He was, as he always is, extremely good humoured; and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful. He staid two hours, nobody with him but Morrison; I shewed him all my castle, the pictures of the pretender's sons, and that type of the reformation, Harry the eighth's ———, moulded into a weight to the clock he gave Anne Boleyn. But observe my luck; he would have the sanctum sanctorum in the library opened; about a month ago I removed the MSS. in another place. All this is very well; but now for the consequences; what was I to do next? I have not been in a court these ten years, consequently have never kissed hands in the next reign. Could I let a duke of York visit me, and never go to thank him? I know, if I was a great poet, I might be so brutal, and tell the world in rhyme that rude-

ness is virtue; or, if I was a patriot, I might, after laughing at kings and princes for twenty years, catch at the first opening of favour and beg a place. In truth I can do neither; yet I could not be shocking; I determined to go to Leicester-house, and comforted myself that it was not much less meritorious to go there for nothing, than to stay quite away; yet I believe I must make a pilgrimage to saint Liberty of Geneva, before I am perfectly purified, especially as I am dipped even at St. James's. Lord Hertford, at my request, begged my lady Yarmouth to get an order for my lady Henry to go through the park, and the countess said so many civil things about me and my suit, and granted it so expeditiously, that I shall be forced to visit her, even before she lives here next door to my lady Suffolk. My servants are transported; Harry expects to see me first minister, like my father, and reckons upon a place in the Custom-house. Louis, who drinks like a German, thinks himself qualified for a page of the back stairs — but these are not all my troubles. As I never dress in summer, I had nothing upon earth but a frock, unless I went in black, like a poet, and pretended that a cousin was dead, one of the muses. Then I was in panics lest I should call my lord Bute, your royal highness. I was not indeed in much pain at the conjectures the duke of Newcastle would make on such an appa-

rition, even if he should suspect that a new opposition was on foot, and that I was to write some letters to the Whigs.

Well, but after all, do you know that my calamity has not befallen me yet? I could not determine to bounce over head and ears into the drawing-room at once, without one soul knowing why I came thither. I went to London on Saturday night, and lord Hertford was to carry me the next morning; in the mean time I wrote to Morrison, explaining my gratitude to one brother, and my unacquaintance with t'other, and how afraid I was that it would be thought officious and forward, if I was presented now, and begging he would advise me what to do; and all this upon my bended knee, as if Schutz had stood over me and dictated every syllable. The answer was by order from the duke of York, that he smiled at my distress, wished to put me to no inconvenience, but desired, that as the acquaintance had begun without restraint, it might continue without ceremony. Now I was in more perplexity than ever! I could not go directly, and yet it was not fit it should be said I thought it an *inconvenience* to wait on the prince of Wales. At present it is decided by a jury of court matrons, that is, courtiers, that I must write to my lord Bute and explain the whole and why I desire to come now—don't fear; I will take care they shall understand how little I come for. In the mean time, you see

it is my fault if I am not a favourite, but, alas! I am not heavy enough to be tossed in a blanket, like Doddington; I should never come down again; I cannot be driven in a royal curricle to wells and waters; I can't make love now to my cotemporary Charlotte Dives; I cannot quit Mufti and my parroquet for sir William Irby, and the prattle of a drawing-room, nor Mrs. Clive for Ælia Lælia Chudleigh; in short, I could give up nothing but an earldom of Eglington, and yet I foresee, that this phantom of the reversion of a reversion will make me plagued; I shall have lord Egmont whisper me again; and every tall woman and strong man, that comes to town, will make interest with me to get the duke of York to come and see them. Oh! dreadful, dreadful! It is plain I never was a patriot, for I don't find my virtue a bit staggered by this first glimpse of court sunshine.

Mr. Conway has pressed to command the new Quixotism on foot, and has been refused; I sing a very comfortable *Te Deum* for it. Kingsley, Craufurd, and Keppel, are the generals, and commodore Keppel the admiral. The mob are sure of being pleased; they will get a conquest, or a court-martial. A very unpleasant thing has happened to the Keppels; the youngest brother, who had run in debt at Gibraltar, and was fetched away to be sent to Germany, gave them the slip at the first port they touched at in Spain, sur-

rendered himself to the Spanish governor, has changed his religion, and sent for a ——, that had been taken from him at Gibraltar; *naturam expellas furcâ.* There's the true blood of Charles the second sacrificing every thing for popery and a bunter.

Lord Bolingbroke, on hearing the name of lady Coventry at Newmarket, affected to burst into tears, and left the room, not to hide his crying, but his not crying.

Draper has handsomely offered to go on the expedition, and goes. Ned Finch, t'other day, on the conquest of Montreal, wished the king joy of having lost no subjects, but those that perished in the *rabbits.* Fitzroy asked him if he thought they crossed the great American lakes in such little boats as one goes in to Vauxhall? he replied, "Yes, Mr. Pitt said the *rabbits*"—it was in the falls, the *rapids.*

I like lord John almost as well as Fred. Montagu; and I like your letter better than lord John; the application of Miss Falkener was charming. Good night.

Yours ever.

P. S. If I had been told in June, that I should have the gout, and kiss hands before November, I don't think I should have given much credit to the prophet.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, October 25, 1760.
I tell a lie, I am at Mr. Chute's.

Was ever so agreeable a man as king George the second, to die the very day it was necessary to save me from a ridicule? I was to have kissed hands to-morrow—but you will not care a farthing about that now; so I must tell you all I know of departed majesty. He went to bed well last night, rose at six this morning as usual, looked, I suppose, if all his money was in his purse, and called for his chocolate. A little after seven, he went into the water-closet; the German *valet de chambre* heard a noise, listened, heard something like a groan, ran in, and found the hero of Oudenarde and Dettingen on the floor, with a gash on his right temple, by falling against the corner of a bureau. He tried to speak, could not, and expired. Princess Emily was called, found him dead, and wrote to the prince. I know not a syllable, but am come to see and hear as much as I can. I fear you will *cry and roar all night*, but one could not keep it from you. For my part, like a new courtier, I comfort myself, considering what a gracious prince comes next. Behold my luck. I wrote to lord Bute, thrust in all the *unexpecteds*, *want of ambition*, *disinteresteds*, &c. that I could amass, gilded with as much duty, affection, zeal,

&c. as possible. I received a very gracious and sensible answer, and was to have been presented to-morrow, and the talk of the few people, that are in town, for a week. Now I shall be lost in the crowd, shall be as well there as I desire to be, have done what was right, they know I want nothing, may be civil to me very cheaply, and I can go and see the puppet-show for this next month at my ease: but perhaps, you will think all this a piece of art; to be sure, I have timed my court, as luckily as possible, and contrived to be the last person in England that made interest with the successor. You see virtue and philosophy always prone to know the world and their own interest. However, I am not so abandoned a patriot yet, as to desert my friends immediately; you shall hear now and then the events of this new reign—if I am not made secretary of state—if I am, I shall certainly take care to let you know it.

I had really begun to think that the lawyers for once talked sense, when they said the *king never dies*. He probably got his death, as he liked to have done two years ago, by viewing the troops for the expedition from the wall of Kensington-garden. My lady Suffolk told me about a month ago that he had often told her, speaking of the dampness of Kensington, that he would never die there. For my part, my man Harry will always be a favourite; he tells me all the amusing news;

he first told me of the late prince of Wales's death, and to-day of the king's.

Thank you, Mr. Chute is as well as can be expected — *in this national affliction.* Sir Robert Brown has left every thing to my lady — aye, every thing, I believe his very avarice.

Lord Huntingtower wrote to offer his father eight thousand pounds of Charlotte's fortune, if he would give them one thousand a year in present, and settle a jointure on her. The earl returned this truly laconic, for being so unnatural, an answer. "Lord Huntingtower, I answer your letter as soon as I receive it; I wish you joy; I hear your wife is very accomplished. Yours, Dysart." I believe my lady Huntingtower must contrive to make it convenient for *me,* that my lord Dysart should die—and then he will. I expect to be a very respectable personage in time, and to have my tomb set forth like the lady Margaret Douglas, that I had four earls to my nephews, though I never was one myself. Adieu! I must go govern the nation.

Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington-street, October 26, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I BEG your pardon for so long a silence in the late reign; I knew nothing worth telling you; and the great event of this morning you will certainly hear before it comes to you by so sober and regular a personage as the postman. The few circumstances known yet are, that the king went well to-bed last night; rose well at six this morning; went to the water-closet a little after seven; had a fit, fell against a bureau, and gashed his right temple: the *valet-de-chambre* heard a noise and a groan, and ran in: the king tried to speak, but died instantly. I should hope this would draw you southward: such scenes are worth looking at, even by people who regard them with such indifference as your lordship or I. I say no more, for what will mix in a letter with the death of a king!

I am my lady's and your lordship's
most faithful servant.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington-street, Tuesday, October 28.

THE new reign dates with great propriety and decency; the civilest letter to princess Emily; the greatest kindness to the duke; the utmost respect to the dead body. No changes to be made but those absolutely necessary, as the household, &c. —and what some will think the most unnecessary, in the representative of power. There are but two new cabinet counsellers named; the duke of York, and lord Bute, so it must be one of them. The princess does not remove to St. James's, so I don't believe it will be she. To-day England kissed hands, so did I, and it is more comfortable to kiss hands with all England, than to have all England ask why one kisses hands. Well! my virtue is safe; I had a gracious reception, and yet I am almost as impatient to return to Strawberry, as I was to leave it on the news. There is great dignity and grace in the king's manner. I don't say this, like my dear Madame de Sevigné, because he was civil to me, but the part is well acted. If they do as well behind the scenes, as upon the stage, it will be a very complete reign. Hollinshed, or Baker, would think it begins well, that is, begins ill; it has rained without intermission, and yesterday there came a cargo of bad news, all which, you know, are similar omens to

a man, who writes history upon the information of the clouds. Berlin is taken by the Prussians, the hereditary prince beaten by the French. Poor lord Downe has had three wounds. He and your brother's Billy Pitt are prisoners. Johnny Waldegrave was shot through the hat and through the coat; and would have been shot through the body, if he had had any. Irish Johnson is wounded in the hand; Ned Harvey somewhere; and prince Ferdinand mortally in his reputation for sending this wild detachment. Mr. Pitt has another reign to set to rights. The duke of Cumberland has taken lord Sandwich's, in Pall-mall; lord Chesterfield has offered his house to princess Emily; and if they live at Hampton-court, as I suppose his court will, I may as well offer Strawberry for a royal nursery; for at best it will become a cake-house; 'tis such a convenient airing for the maids of honour. If I was not forced in conscience to own to you, that my own curiosity is exhausted, I would ask you, if you would not come and look at this new world; but a new world only re-acted by old players is not much worth seeing; I shall return on Saturday. The parliament is prorogued till the day it was to have met; the will is not opened; what can I tell you more? Would it be news that all is hopes and fears, and that great lords look as if they dreaded wanting bread? would this be news? believe me, it all grows stale soon. I had not seen such a sight these three and

thirty years: I came eagerly to town; I laughed for three days: I am tired already. Good night!

Yours ever.

P. S. I smiled to myself last night. Out of excess of attention, which costs me nothing, when I mean it should cost nobody else any thing, I went last night to Kensington to inquire after princess Emily and lady Yarmouth: nobody knew me, they asked my name. When they heard it, they did not seem ever to have heard it before, even in that house. I waited half an hour in a lodge with a footman of lady Yarmouth's; I would not have waited so long in her room a week ago; now it only diverted me. Even moralizing is entertaining, when one laughs at the same time; but I pity those who don't moralize till they cry.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, October 31, 1760.

When you have changed the cypher of George the second into that of George the third, and have read the addresses, and have shifted a few lords and grooms of the bed-chamber, you are master of the history of the new reign, which is indeed but a new lease of the old one. The *Favourite* took it up in a high style; but having, like

my lord Granville, forgot to ensure either house of parliament, or the mob, the third house of parliament, he drove all the rest to unite. They have united, and have notified their resolution of governing as before: not but the duke of Newcastle cried for his old master, desponded for himself, protested he would retire, consulted every body whose interest it was to advise him to stay, and has accepted to-day, thrusting the dregs of his ridiculous life into a young court, which will at least be saved from the imputation of childishness, by being governed by folly of seventy years growth.

The young king has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity and extreme good-nature, which breaks out on all occasions. Even the household is not settled yet. The greatest difficulty is the master of the horse. Lord Huntingdon is so by all precedent; lord Gower, I believe, will be so. Poor lord Rochford is undone: nobody is unreasonable to save him. The duke of Cumberland has taken Schomberg-house in Pall-mall; princess Emily is dealing for sir Richard Lyttleton's in Cavendish-square. People imagined the duke of Devonshire had lent her Burlington-house; I don't know why, unless they supposed she was to succeed my lady Burlington in every thing.

A week has finished my curiosity fully; I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and I fear go next week

to Houghton, to make an appearance of civility to Lynn, whose favour I never asked, nor care if I have or not; but I don't know how to refuse this attention to lord Orford, who begs it.

I trust you will have approved my behaviour at court, that is, my mixing extreme politeness with extreme indifference. Our predecessors, the philosophers of ancient days, knew not how to be disinterested without brutality; I pique myself on founding a new sect. My followers are to tell kings, with excess of attention, that they don't want them, and to despise favour with more good breeding than others practise in suing for it. We are a thousand times a greater nation than the Grecians; why are we to imitate them? Our sense is as great, our follies greater; sure we have all the pretensions to superiority! Adieu.

Yours ever.

P. S. As to the fair widow B—n, I assure you the devil never sowed two hundred thousand pounds in a more fruitful soil: every guinea has taken root already. I saw her yesterday; it shall be some time before I see her again.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, November 4, 1760.

I AM not gone to Houghton, you see; my lord Orford is come to town, and I have persuaded him to stay and perform decencies.

King George the second is dead richer than sir Robert Brown, though perhaps not so rich as my lord Hardwicke. He has left fifty thousand pounds between the duke, Emily, and Mary; the duke has given up his share. To lady Yarmouth a cabinet, with the contents; they call it eleven thousand pounds. By a German deed he gives the duke to the value of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, placed on mortgages, not imdiately recoverable. He had once given him twice as much more, then revoked it, and at last excused the revocation, on the pretence of the expenses of the war; but owns he was the best son that ever lived, and had never offended him; a pretty strong comment on the affair of Closterseven! He gives him, besides, all his jewels in England; but had removed all the best to Hanover, which he makes crown jewels, and his successor residuary legatee. The duke too has some uncounted cabinets. My lady Suffolk has given me a particular of his jewels, which plainly amount to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It happened oddly to my lady Suffolk. Two days before he

died, she went to make a visit at Kensington, not knowing of the review; she found herself hemmed in by coaches, and was close to him, whom she had not seen for so many years, and to my lady Yarmouth; but they did not know her; it struck her, and has made her very sensible to his death.

The changes hang back. Nothing material has been altered yet. Ned Finch, the only thing my lady Yarmouth told the new king she had to ask for, is made surveyor of the roads, in the room of sir Harry Erskine, who is to have an old regiment. He excuses himself from seeing company, as favourite of the favourite. Arthur is removed from being clerk of the wine-cellar, a sacrifice to morality! The archbishop has such hopes of the young king, that he is never out of the circle. He trod upon the duke's foot on Sunday, in the haste of his zeal; the duke said to him, "My lord, if your grace is in such a hurry to make your court, that is the way." Bon-mots come thicker than changes. Charles Townshend, receiving an account of the impression the king's death had made, was told Miss Chudleigh cried. "What," said he, "Oysters?" And last night Mr. Dauncey, asking George Selwyn if princess Amelia would have a guard? he replied, "Now and then one, I suppose."

An extraordinary event has happened to-day; George Townshend sent a challenge to lord Albemarle, desiring him to be with a second in the

fields. Lord Albemarle took colonel Crawford, and went to Mary-bone; George Townshend bespoke lord Buckingham, who loves a secret too well not to tell it: he communicated it to Stanley, who went to St. James's, and acquainted Mr. Caswall, the captain on guard. The latter took a hackney-coach, drove to Mary-bone, and saw one pair. After waiting ten minutes, the others came; Townshend made an apology to lord Albemarle for making him wait—"Oh!" said he, "Men of spirit don't want apologies; come, let us begin what we came for." At that instant, out steps Caswall from his coach, and begs their pardon, as his superior officers, but told them they were his prisoners; he desired Mr. Townshend and lord Buckingham to return to their coach, he would carry back lord Albemarle and Crawford in his. He did, and went to acquaint the king, who has commissioned some of the matrons of the army to examine the affair, and make it up. All this while, I don't know what the quarrel was, but they hated one another so much on the duke's account, that a slight word would easily make their aversions boil over.

Don't you, nor even your general, come to town on this occasion? Good night.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, November 13, 1760.

Even the honey-moon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; lord Gower yields the mastership of the horse to lord Huntingdon, and removes to the great wardrobe, from whence sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis's place, but he is saved. The city however have a mind to be out of humour; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words—"No petticoat government, no Scotch minister, no lord George Sackville;" two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less; it is left at Leicester-house; lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and, except lady Susan Stuart and sir Harry Erskine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the king himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy every body; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne,

where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well; it was the Cambridge address, carried by the duke of Newcastle in his doctor's gown, and looking like the *medecin malgrè lui.* He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should out-number him. Lord Litchfield and several other jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, "They go to St. James's, because now there are so many *Stuarts* there."

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns, — all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich

robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiara scuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chaunted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paraly-

tic stroke, which has affected too one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bed-chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the king's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The king of Prussia has totally defeated marshal Daun. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing today; it only takes its turn among the questions, "Who is to be groom of the bed-chamber? what

is sir T. Robinson to have?" I have been to Leicester-fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Thursday, 1760.

As a codicil to my letter, I send you the bedchamber. There are to be eighteen lords, and thirteen grooms; all the late king's remain, but your cousin Manchester, lord Falconberg, lord Essex, and lord Hyndford, replaced by the duke of Richmond, lord Weymouth, lord March, and lord Eglinton; the last at the request of the duke of York. Instead of Clavering, Nassau, and general Campbell, who is promised something else, lord Northampton's brother and commodore Keppel are grooms. When it was offered to the duke of Richmond, he said he could not accept it, unless something was done for colonel Keppel, for whom he has interested himself; that it would look like sacrificing Keppel to his own views. This is handsome; Keppel is to be equerry.

Princess Amelia goes every where, as she calls it; she was on Monday at lady Holderness's, and next Monday is to be at Bedford-house; but

there is only the late king's set, and the court of Bedford; so she makes the houses of other people as triste as St. James's was. Good night.

Not a word more of the king of Prussia: did you ever know a victory mind the wind so?——

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Monday, November 24, 1760.

Unless I were to send you journals, lists, catalogues, computations of the bodies, tides, swarms of people that go to court to present addresses, or to be presented, I can tell you nothing new. The day the king went to the house, I was three quarters of an hour getting through Whitehall: there were subjects enough to set up half a dozen petty kings: the pretender would be proud to reign over the footmen only; and, indeed, unless he acquires some of them, he will have no subjects left; all their masters flock to St. James's. The palace is so thronged, that I will stay till some people are discontented. The first night the king went to the play, which was civilly on a Friday, not on the opera night, as he used to do, the whole audience sung God save the King in chorus. For the first act, the press was so great at the door, that no ladies could go to the boxes, and only the servants appeared there, who kept places:

at the end of the second act, the whole mob broke in, and seated themselves; yet all this zeal is not likely to last, though he so well deserves it. Seditious papers are again stuck up: one t'other day in Westminster-hall declared against a Saxe-Gothan princess. The archbishop, who is never out of the drawing-room, has great hopes from the king's goodness, that he shall make something of him, that is something bad of him. On the address, Pitt and his zany Beckford quarrelled, on the latter's calling the campaign languid. What is become of our magnanimous ally and his victory, I know not. In eleven days, no courier has arrived from him; but I have been these two days perfectly indifferent about his magnanimity. I am come to put my Anecdotes of Painting into the press. You are one of the few that I expect will be entertained with it. It has warmed Gray's coldness so much, that he is violent about it; in truth, there is an infinite quantity of new and curious things about it; but as it is quite foreign from all popular topics, I don't suppose it will be much attended to. There is not a word of methodism in it, it says nothing of the disturbances in Ireland, it does not propose to keep all Canada, it neither flattered the king of Prussia nor prince Ferdinand, it does not say that the city of London are the wisest men in the world, it is silent about George Townshend, and does not abuse my lord George Sackville; how should it please? I want

you to help me in a little affair, that regards it. I have found in a MS. that in the church of Beckley, or Becksley, in Sussex, there are portraits on glass in a window of Henry the Third and his queen. I have looked in the map, and find the first name between Bodiham and Rye, but I am not sure it is the place. I will be much obliged to you if you will write directly to your sir Whistler, and beg him to inform himself very exactly if there is any such thing in such a church near Bodiham. Pray state it minutely; because if there is, I will have them drawn for the frontispiece to my work.

Did I tell you that the archbishop tried to hinder the Minor from being played at Drury-lane? for once the duke of Devonshire was firm, and would only let him correct some passages, and even of those the duke has restored some. One that the prelate effaced was, "You snub-nosed son of a bitch." Foote says, he will take out a licence to preach Tam. Cant, against Tom. Cant.

The first volume of Voltaire's Peter the Great is arrived. I weep over it. It is as languid as the campaign; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the czarina's order—but, alas! he need not be proud of them. They only serve to show how much worse he writes history with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that

when he sent the work to Petersburgh for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric. I wish he had acted like a very inferior author. Knyphausen once hinted to me, that I might have some authentic papers, if I was disposed to write the life of his master; but I did not care for what would lay me under such restrictions. It is not fair to use weapons against the persons that lend them; and I do not admire his master enough to commend any thing in him, but his military actions. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 11, 1760.

I THANK you for the inquiries about the painted glass, and shall be glad if I prove to be in the right.

There is not much of news to tell you; and yet there is much dissatisfaction. The duke of Newcastle has threatened to resign on the appointment of lord Oxford and lord Bruce without his knowledge. His court rave about Tories, which you know comes with a singular grace from them, as the duke never preferred any. Murray, lord Gower, sir John Cotton, Jack Pitt, &c. &c. &c. were all firm Whigs. But it is unpardonable to

put an end to all faction, when it is not for factious purposes. Lord Fitzmaurice, made *aid-de-camp* to the king, has disgusted the army. The duke of Richmond, whose brother has no more been put over others than the duke of Newcastle has preferred Tories, has presented a warm memorial in a warm manner, and has resigned the bedchamber, not his regiment—another propriety.

Propriety is so much in fashion, that Miss Chudleigh has called for the council books of the subscription concert, and has struck off the name of Mrs. Naylor. *I* have some thoughts of remonstrating, that general Waldegrave is too *lean* for to be a groom of the bedchamber. Mr. Chute has sold his house to Miss Speed for three thousand pounds, and has taken one for a year in Berkeley-square.

This is a very brief letter; I fear this reign will soon furnish longer. When the last king could be beloved, a young man with a good heart has little chance of being so. Moreover, I have a maxim, that *the extinction of party is the origin of faction.* Good night.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Jan. 22, 1761.

I AM glad you are coming, and now the time is over, that you are coming so late, as I like to have you here in the spring. You will find no great novelty in the new reign. Lord Denbigh is made master of the harriers with two thousand a year. Lord Temple asked it, and Newcastle and Hardwicke gave into it for fear of Denbigh's brutality in the house of lords. Does this differ from the style of George the second.

The king designs to have a new motto; he will not have a French one, so the pretender may enjoy *Dieu et mon droit* in quiet.

Princess Amelia is already sick of being familiar; she has been at Northumberland-house, but goes to nobody more. That party was larger, but still more formal than the rest, though the duke of York had invited himself and his commerce-table. I played with madam * * * *, and we were mighty well together; so well, that two nights afterwards she commended me to Mr. Conway and Mr. Fox, but calling me *that Mr. Walpole*, they did not guess who she meant. For my part, I thought it very well, that when I played with her, she did not call me *that gentleman*. As she went away, *she thanked* my lady Northumberland, *like a parson's wife, for all her civilities.*

I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland-house, acted by children; not all children, for lady Sarah Lenox and lady Susan Strangways played the women: It was Jane Shore; Mr. Price, lord Barrington's nephew, was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox, Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour; lord Ofaly, lord Ashbroke, and other boys, did the rest: but the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour, and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women, than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Corregio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed too with seeing Mr. Fox's little boy of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the bishop of Ely, drest in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him,

which he could hardly speak plainly. Francis had given them a pretty prologue.

You give me no account from Mr. Whistler of the painted glass; do press him for an answer. Adieu;

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 7, 1761.

I HAVE not written to you lately, expecting your arrival. As you are not come yet, you need not come these ten days, if you please, for I go next week into Norfolk, that my subjects of Lynn may at least once in their lives see me. 'Tis a horrible thing to dine with a mayor! I shall profane king John's cup, and taste nothing but water out of it, as if it were St. John Baptist's.

Prepare yourself for crowds, multitudes. In this reign all the world lives in one room. The capital is as vulgar as a country town in the season of horse-races. There were no fewer than four of these throngs on Tuesday last, at the duke of Cumberland's, princess Emily's, the opera, and lady Northumberland's; for even operas, Tuesday's operas, are crowded now. There is nothing else new. Last week there was a magnificent ball

at Carleton-house: the two royal dukes and princess Emily were there. He of York danced; the other and his sister had each their table at loo. I played at hers, and am grown a favourite; nay, have been at her private party, and was asked again last Wednesday, but took the liberty to excuse myself, and yet am again summoned for Tuesday. It is triste enough: nobody sits till the game begins, and then she and the company are all on stools. At Norfolk-house were two arm-chairs placed for her and the duke of Cumberland, the duke of York being supposed a dancer, but they would not use them. Lord Huntingdon arrived in a frock, pretending he was just come out of the country; unluckily he had been at court, full-dressed, in the morning. No foreigners were there but the son and daughter-in-law of Monsieur de Fuentes: the duchess told the duchess of Bedford that she had not invited the ambassadress, because her rank is disputed here. You remember the Bedford took place of Madame de Mirepoix; but Madame de Mora danced first, the duchess of Norfolk saying she supposed that was of no consequence.

Have you heard what immense riches old Wortley has left? One million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is all to centre in my lady Bute; her husband is one of fortune's prodigies. They talk of a print, in which her mistress

is reprimanding Miss Chudleigh, the latter curtsies and replies, "*Madame, chacun a son but.*"

Have you seen a scandalous letter in print, from Miss F**** to lord Jersey, with the history of a boar's head? George Selwyn calls him Meleager. Adieu! this is positively my last.

Yours ever.

To the Hon. H. S. CONWAY.

Monday, five o'clock, Feb. 1761.

I am a little peevish with you — I told you on Thursday night that I had a mind to go to Strawberry on Friday without staying for the qualification-bill. You said it did not signify — No! What if *you* intended to speak on it? Am I indifferent to hearing you? More — Am I indifferent about acting with you? Would not I follow you in any thing in the world? — This is saying no profligate thing. Is there any thing I might not follow you in? You even did not tell me yesterday that you had spoken. Yet I will tell you all I have heard; though if there was a point in the world in which I could not wish you to succeed where you wish yourself, perhaps it would be in having you employed. I cannot be cool about your danger; yet I cannot know any thing that concerns you, and

keep it from you. Charles Townshend called here just after I came to town to-day. Among other discourse he told me of your speaking on Friday, and that your speech was reckoned hostile to the duke of Newcastle. Then talking of regiments going abroad, he said, * * * *

With regard to your reserve to me, I can easily believe that your natural modesty made you unwilling to talk of yourself to me. I don't suspect you of any reserve to me: I only mention it now for an occasion of telling you that I don't like to have any body think that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no consequence: but at least it would give me some, to act invariably with you; and that I shall most certainly be ever ready to do. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 7, 1761.

I REJOICE, you know, in whatever rejoices you, and though I am not certain what your situation[1] is to be, I am glad you go as you like it. I

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[1] Mr. Montagu was appointed usher of the black rod in Ireland.

am told it is black rod. Lady Anne Jekyll[2] said, she had written to you on Saturday night. I asked when her brother was to go, if before August; she answered: "Yes, if possible." Long before October you may depend upon it; in the quietest times no lord lieutenant ever went so late as that. Shall not you come to town first? You cannot pack up yourself, and all you will want, at Greatworth.

We are in the utmost hopes of a peace; a congress is agreed upon at Augsbourg, but yesterday's mail brought bad news. Prince Ferdinand has been obliged to raise the siege of Cassel, and to retire to Paderborn; the hereditary prince having been again defeated, with the loss of two generals, and to the value of five thousand men, in prisoners and exchanged. If this defers the peace it will be grievous news to me, now Mr. Conway is gone to the army.

The town talks of nothing but an immediate queen, yet I am certain the ministers know not of it. Her picture is come, and lists of her family given about; but the latter I do not send you, as I believe it apocryphal. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P. S. Have you seen the advertisement of a new

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[2] Sister of the earl of Halifax.

noble author? A Treatise of Horsemanship, by Henry earl of Pembroke! As George Selwyn said of Mr. Greville; "so far from being a writer, I thought he was scarce a courteous reader."

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 17, 1761.

If my last letter raised your wonder, this will not allay it. Lord Talbot is lord steward! The stone, which the builders refused, is become the head-stone of the corner. My lady Talbot, I suppose, would have found no charms in cardinal Mazarin. As the duke of Leeds was forced to give way to Jemmy Grenville, the duke of Rutland has been obliged to make room for this new earl. Lord Huntingdon is groom of the stole, and the last duke I have named, master of the horse; the red liveries cost lord Huntingdon a pang. Lord Holderness has the reversion of the Cinque-ports for life, and I think may pardon his expulsion.

If you propose a fashionable assembly, you must send cards to lord Spenser, lord Grosvenor, lord Melcomb, lord Grantham, lord Boston, lord Scarsdale, lady Mountstuart, the earl of Tyrconnell, and lord Wintertown. The two last you will meet in Ireland. No joy ever exceeded your

cousin's or Doddington's: the former came last night to lady Hilsborough's to display his triumph; the latter too was there, and advanced to me. I said, "I was coming to wish you joy."—"I concluded so," replied he, "and came to receive it." He left a good card yesterday at lady Petersham, a very young lord to wait on lady Petersham, to make her ladyship the first offer of himself. I believe she will be content with the exchequer: Mrs. Grey has a pension of eight hundred pounds a year.

Mrs. Clive is at her villa for Passion week; I have written to her for the box, but I don't doubt of its being gone; but, considering her alliance, why does not Miss Price bespeak the play and have the stage box.

I shall smile if Mr. Bentley, and Müntz, and their two Hannahs meet at St. James's; so I see neither of them, I care not where they are.

Lady Hinchinbrook and lady Mansel are at the point of death; lord Hardwicke is to be poet-laureate; and, according to modern usage, I suppose it will be made a cabinet-counsellor's place. Good night.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 19, 1761.

I CAN now tell you, with great pleasure, that your cousin[1] is certainly named lord-lieutenant. I wish *you* joy. You will not be sorry too to hear that your lord North is much talked of for succeeding him at the board of trade. I tell you this with great composure, though to-day has been a day of amazement. All the world is staring, whispering, and questioning. Lord Holderness has resigned the seals, and they are given to lord Bute. Which of the two secretaries of state is first minister? the latter or Mr. Pitt? Lord Holderness received the command but yesterday, at two o'clock, till that moment thinking himself extremely well at court; but it seems the king said he was tired of having two secretaries, of which one would do nothing, and t'other could do nothing; he would have a secretary who both could act and would. Pitt had as short notice of this resolution as the sufferer, and was little better pleased. He is something softened for the present by the offer of cofferer for Jemmy Grenville, which is to be ceded by the duke of Leeds, who returns to his old post of justice in Eyre, from whence lord Sandys is to

[1] The earl of Halifax.

be removed, some say to the head of the board of trade. Newcastle, who enjoys this fall of Holderness's, who had deserted him for Pitt, laments over the former, but seems to have made his terms with the new favourite: if the Bedfords have done so too, will it surprise you? It will me, if Pitt submits to this humiliation; if he does not, I take for granted the duke of Bedford will have the other seals. The temper with which the new reign has hitherto proceeded, seems a little impeached by this sudden act, and the earl now stands in the direct light of a minister, if the house of commons should cavil at him. Lord Delawar kissed hands to-day for his earldom, the other new peers are to follow on Monday.

There are horrid disturbances about the militia in Northumberland, where the mob have killed an officer and three of the Yorkshire militia, who, in return, fired and shot twenty-one.

Adieu! I shall be impatient to hear some consequence of my first paragraph.

Yours ever.

P. S. Saturday. — I forgot to tell you that lord Hardwicke has written some verses to lord Lyttelton, upon those the latter made on lady Egremont. If I had been told that he had put on a bag, and was gone off with Kitty Fisher, I should not have been more astonished.

Poor lady Gower[2] is dead this morning of a fever in her lying-in. I believe the Bedfords are very sorry, for there is a new opera this evening.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

March 21, 1761.

Of the enclosed, as you perceive, I tore off the seal, but it has not been opened.

I grieve at the loss of your suit, and for the injustice done you, but what can one expect but injury, when forced to have recourse to law? Lord Abercorn asked me this evening if it was true that you are going to Ireland? I gave a vague answer, and did not resolve him how much I knew of it. I am impatient for the reply to your compliment.

There is not a word of newer news than what I sent you last. The speaker has taken leave, and received the highest compliments, and substantial ones too; he did not over-act, and it was really a handsome scene. I go to my election on Tuesday, and, if I do not tumble out of the chair and break my neck, you shall hear from me at my re-

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[2] Daughter of Scroope, duke of Bridgewater.

turn. I got the box for Miss Rice; lady Hinchinbrook is dead.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Houghton, March 25, 1761.

HERE I am at Houghton! and alone! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years! Think, what a crowd of reflections! No, Gray, and forty church-yards, could not furnish so many; nay, I know one must feel them with greater indifference than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time: every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church — that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it! There too lies he, who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled; there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, Newcastle

and Bath, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets.

The surprise the pictures gave me is again renewed; accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them seems poor; but shall I tell you truly, the majesty of Italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of Flemish colouring. Alas! don't I grow old? My young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas; must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Does great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect I am very young, I cannot satiate myself with looking: an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding dresses, and they rode post through the apartments. I could not hurry before them fast enough; they were not so long in seeing for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers;* they come, ask what such a room is called, in which sir Robert lay, write it down, admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed. How different my sensations! not a picture here

but recalls a history; not one, but I remember in Downing-street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though seeing them as little as these travellers!

When I had drank tea, I strolled into the garden; they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground.* What a dissonant idea of pleasure! those groves, those *allées,* where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown — many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clew in my memory: I met two gamekeepers, and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was tuned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude; yet I loved this garden, as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton; Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for lord Bute! how I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to; I have long considered, how every Balbec must wait for the chance of a Mr. Wood. The servants wanted to lay me in the great apartment — what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper to be a duchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing-room, and am now by his scrutoire, where, in the height of his

fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself or us, with the thoughts of his economy. How wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over. If lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now. Poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant! You will find all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy. Pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass, before it is purified —

" ——— how often must it weep, how often burn!"

My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr. Conway yesterday morning; moral reflections or common places are the livery one likes to wear, when one has just had a real misfortune. He is going to Germany: I was glad to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts, at least images of very different complexion. I go to Lynn, and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket. I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

Epping, Monday night, thirty-first.—No, I have not seen him; he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob,—who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate, have been to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Rubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and post-chaises, which, if they have abridged the king's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects. Well, how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my parroquet, to play at loo, and not be obliged to talk seriously! The Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed on finishing it to sign himself your old friend,

DEMOCRITUS.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me; not from any affection, but curiosity. The first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, "Child, you have done a thing to-day, that your father never did in all his life; you sat as they carried you, he always stood the whole time." "Madam," said I, "when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it; besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones." I am sure she proposes to tell her remarks to my uncle Horace's ghost, the instant they meet.

To the Hon. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, April 10, 1761.

If Prince Ferdinand had studied how to please me, I don't know any method he could have lighted upon so likely to gain my heart, as being beaten out of the field before you joined him. I delight in a hero that is driven so far that nobody can follow him. He is as well at Paderborn, as where I have long wished the king of Prussia, the other world. You may frown if you please at my imprudence, you who are gone with all the disposition in the world to be well with your com-

mander; the peace is in a manner made, and the anger of generals will not be worth sixpence these ten years. We peaceable folks are now to govern the world, and you warriors must in your turn tremble at our subjects the mob, as we have done before your hussars and court-martials.

I am glad you had so pleasant a passage.[1] My lord Lyttelton would say, that lady M * * * *, C * * * *, like Venus, smiled over the waves, *et mare præstabat eunti.* In truth, when she could tame me, she must have had little trouble with the ocean. Tell me how many burgomasters she has subdued, or how many would have fallen in love with her if they had not fallen asleep? Come, has she saved two-pence by her charms? Have they abated a farthing of their impositions for her being handsomer than any thing in the seven provinces? Does she know how political her journey is thought? Nay, my lady Ailesbury, you are not out of the scrape; you are both reckoned *des marechales de Guebriant,*[2] going to fetch, and *consequently* govern the young queen. There are more jealousies about your voyage, than the duke

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1 From Harwich to Helvoetsluys.

2 The marechale de Guebriant was sent to the king of Poland with the character of ambassadress by Louis XIII. to accompany the princess Marie de Gonzague, who had been married by proxy to the king of Poland at Paris.

of Newcastle would feel if Dr. Shaw had prescribed a little ipecacuanha to my lord Bute.

I am sorry I must adjourn my mirth, to give lady Ailesbury a pang; poor sir Harry Bellendine[3] is dead; he made a great dinner at Almac's for the house of Drummond, drank very hard, caught a violent fever, and died in a very few days. Perhaps you will have heard this before; I shall wish so; I do not like, even innocently, to be the cause of sorrow.

I do not at all lament lord Granby's leaving the army, and your immediate succession. There are persons in the world who would gladly ease you of this burden. As you are only to take the vice-royalty of a coop, and that for a few weeks, I shall but smile if you are terribly distressed. Don't let lady Ailesbury proceed to Brunswick: you might have had a wife who would not have thought it so terrible to fall into the hands [*arms*] of hussars; but as I don't take *that* to be your countess's turn, leave her with the Dutch, who are not so boisterous as Cossacks or chancellors of the exchequer.

My love, my duty, my jealousy, to lady M***, if she is not sailed before you receive this — if she is, I shall deliver them myself. Good night; I

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[3] Uncle to the countess of Ailesbury.

write immediately on the receipt of your letter, but you see I have nothing yet new to tell you.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 16, 1761.

You are a very mule; one offers you a handsome stall and manger in Berkeley-square, and you will not accept it. I have chosen your coat, a claret colour, to suit the complexion of the country you are going to visit; but I have fixed nothing about the lace. Barrett had none of gauze, but what were as broad as the Irish Channel. Your tailor found a very reputable one at another place, but I would not determine rashly; it will be two or three and twenty shillings the yard; you might have a very substantial real lace, which would wear like your buffet, for twenty. The second order of gauzes are frippery, none above twelve shillings, and those tarnished, for the species is out of fashion. You will have time to sit in judgment upon these important points; for Hamilton your secretary told me at the opera two nights ago, that he had taken a house near Bushy, and hoped to be in my neighbourhood for four months.

I was last night at your plump countess's, who is so shrunk, that she does not seem to be com-

posed of above a dozen hassocs. Lord Guildford rejoiced mightily over your preferment. The duchess of Argyle was playing there, not knowing that the great Pam was just dead, to wit, her brother-in-law. He was abroad in the morning, was seized with a palpitation after dinner, and was dead before the surgeon could arrive. There's the crown of Scotland too fallen upon my lord Bute's head! Poor lord Edgecumbe is still alive, and may be so for some days; the physicians, who no longer ago than Friday se'nnight persisted that he had no dropsy, in order to prevent his having Ward, on Monday last proposed that Ward should be called in, and at length they owned they thought the mortification begun. It is not clear it is yet; at times he is in his senses, and entirely so, composed, clear, and most rational; talks of his death, and but yesterday, after such a conversation with his brother, asked for a pencil to amuse himself with drawing. What parts, genius, and agreeableness thrown away at a hazard table, and not permitted the chance of being saved by the villany of physicians!

You will be pleased with the Anacreontic, written by lord Middlesex upon sir Harry Bellendine: I have not seen any thing so antique for ages; it has all the fire, poetry, and simplicity of Horace.

Ye sons of Bacchus, come and join
In solemn dirge, while tapers shine

Around the grape-embossed shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux's wine,
Mix'd with your falling tears of brine,
In full libation o'er the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,
While you push round the sparkling wine,
And let your table be the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

He died in his vocation, of a high fever, after the celebration of some orgies. Though but six hours in his senses, he gave a proof of his usual good humour, making it his last request to the sister Tuftons to be reconciled, which they are. His pretty villa, in my neighbourhood, I fancy he has left to the new lord Lorn. I must tell you an admirable bon-mot of George Selwyn, though not a new one; when there was a malicious report that the eldest Tufton was to marry Dr. Duncan, Selwyn said, "How often will she repeat that line of Shakspeare,

'Wake Duncan with this knocking—would thou couldst!'"

I enclose the receipt from your lawyer. Adieu.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 28, 1761.

I AM glad you will relish June for Strawberry; by that time I hope the weather will have recovered its temper. At present it is horridly cross and uncomfortable: I fear we shall have a cold season; we cannot eat our summer and have our summer.

There has been a terrible fire in the little traverse street, at the upper end of Sackville-street. Last Friday night, between eleven and twelve, I was sitting with lord Digby in the coffee-room at Arthur's; they told us there was a great fire somewhere about Burlington-gardens. I, who am as constant at a fire as George Selwyn at an execution, proposed to lord Digby to go and see where it was. We found it within two doors of that pretty-house of Fairfax, now general Waldegrave's. I sent for the latter, who was at Arthur's, and for the guard, from St. James's. Four houses were in flames before they could find a drop of water; eight were burnt. I went to my lady Suffolk, in Saville-row, and passed the whole night, till three in the morning, between her little hot bedchamber and the spot, up to my ancles in water, without catching cold. As the wind, which had sat towards Swallow-street, changed in the middle of the conflagration, I concluded the greatest part of Saville-row would be consumed.

I persuaded her to prepare to transport her most valuable effects—*portantur avari Pygmalionis opes miseræ.* She behaved with great composure, and observed to me herself how much worse her deafness grew with the alarm. Half the people of fashion in town were in the streets all night, as it happened in such a quarter of distinction. In the crowd, looking on with great tranquillity, I saw a Mr. Jackson, an Irish gentleman, with whom I had dined this winter at lord Hertford's. He seemed rather grave; I said, "Sir, I hope you do not live hereabouts."—"Yes, sir," said he, "I lodged in that house that is just burnt."

Last night there was a mighty ball at Bedford-house; the royal dukes and princess Emily were there; your lord-lieutenant, the great lawyer, lords, and old Newcastle, whose teeth are tumbled out, and his mouth tumbled in; hazard very deep; loo, beauties, and the Wilton-bridge in sugar, almost as big as the life. I am glad all these joys are near going out of town. The Graftons go abroad for the duchess's health; another climate may mend that — I will not answer for more.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 5, 1761.

We have lost a young genius, sir William Williams; an express from Belleisle arrived this morning, brings nothing but his death. He was shot very unnecessarily, riding too near a battery; in sum, he is a sacrifice to his own rashness, and to ours. For what are we taking Belleisle? I rejoiced at the little loss we had on landing; for the glory, I leave it to the common council. I am very willing to leave London to them too, and do pass half the week at Strawberry, where my two passions, lilacs, and nightingales, are in full bloom. I spent Sunday as if it were Apollo's birth-day; Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning. Gray has translated two noble incantations from the lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the lord knows when. They are to be enchased in a history of English bards, which Mason and he are writing, but of which the former has not written a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual foot-pace, will finish the first page two years hence.

But the true frantic Œstus resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as

he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—"Why now," said he, "you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?" This *truth* was uttered in the face of his own Sigismonda, which is exactly a maudlin w——, tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's-pluck in St. James's market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, "Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you." I sat down, and said, I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it, to correct; I should be very sorry to have you expose yourself to censure; we painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture, that I would not hang in my cellar; and indeed, to say truth, I have generally found, that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it; but what I particularly wished to say to you was about sir James Thornhill (you

know he married sir James's daughter): I would not have you say any thing against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year one thousand seven hundred, and I really have not considered whether sir J. Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it; besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry we should clash. W. I believe it is not much known what my work is, very few persons have seen it. H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it? W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England; I bought Mr. Vertue's MSS. and, I believe, the work will not give much offence; besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish any thing, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. H. Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash; mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it is owing to the good sense of the English, that they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him. If I had staid, there remained nothing but for him to

bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal, and, perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters; you never met with any thing so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit), in my preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he is not mad. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, May 14, 1761.

As I am here, and know nothing of our poor heroes at Belleisle, who are combating rocks, mines, famine, and Mr. Pitt's obstinacy, I will send you the victory of a heroine, but must preface it with an apology, as it was gained over a sort of relation of yours. Jemmy Lumley last week had a party of whist at his own house; the combatants, Lucy Southwell, that curtseys like a bear, Mrs. Prijean, and a Mrs. Mackenzy. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pounds. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated, and refused to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises: on the contrary, a day or two after-

wards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister. As he went to the rendezvous his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. Mackenzy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her. "No, indeed I shan't, I shan't; your servant, your servant."—"Shan't you?" said the fair virago; and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the empress queen would upon the king of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead. Jemmy cried out murder; his servants rushed in, rescued him from the jaws of the lioness, and carried him off in his chaise to town. The Southwells, who were already arrived, and descended on the noise of the fray, finding nobody to pay for the dinner, and fearing they must, set out for London too without it, though I suppose they had prepared tin pockets to carry off all that should be left. Mrs. Mackenzy is immortal, and in the crown office.

The other battle in my military journal happened between the duchess of Argyle and lord Vere. The duchess, who always talks of puss and pug, and who having lost her memory, forgets how often she tells the same story, had tired the company at Dorset house with the repetition of

the same story; when the duke's spaniel reached up into her lap, and placed his nose most critically: "See," said she, "see, how fond all creatures are of me." Lord Vere, who was at cards, and could not attend to them for her gossiping, said peevishly, without turning round or seeing where the dog was, "I suppose he smells puss." "What!" said the duchess of Argyle, in a passion, "Do you think my puss stinks?" I believe you have not two better stories in Northamptonshire.

Don't imagine that my gallery will be *prance-about-in-able*, as you expect, by the beginning of June; I do not propose to finish it till next year, but you will see some glimpse of it, and for the rest of Strawberry, it never was more beautiful. You must now begin to fix your motions: I go to lord Dacre's the end of this month, and to lord Ilchester's the end of the next; between those periods I expect you.

Saturday morning, Arlington-street.

I CAME to town yesterday for a party at Bedford-house, made for princess Amelia; the garden was open with French horns and clarionets, and would have been charming with one single zephyr, that had not come from the north-east; however, the young ladies found it delightful. There was limited lop for the princess, unlimited for the duchess of Grafton, to whom I belonged, a table of quinze, and another of quadrille. The princess

had heard of our having cold meat upon the loo table, and would have some. A table was brought in, she was served so, others rose by turns and went to the cold meat; in the outward room were four little tables for the rest of the company. Think if king George the Second could have risen and seen his daughter supping pell-mell with men, as it were in a booth! The tables were removed, the young people began to dance to a tabor and pipe; the princess sat down again, but to unlimited loo; we played till three, and I won enough to help on the gallery. I am going back to it to give my nieces and their lords a dinner.

We were told there was a great victory come from Pondicherry, but it came from too far to divert us from liking our party better. Poor George Monson has lost his leg there. You know that sir W. Williams has made Fred. Montague heir to his debts. Adieu;

Yours ever.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBURY.

Strawberry-hill, June 13, 1761.

I NEVER ate such good snuff, nor smelt such delightful bonbons, as your ladyship has sent me. Every time you rob the duke's dessert, does it cost you a pretty snuff-box? Do the pastors at

the Hague[1] enjoin such expensive retributions? If a man steals a kiss there, I suppose he does penance in a sheet of Brussels lace. The comical part is, that you own the theft, and send it me, but say nothing of the vehicle of your repentance. In short, madam, the box is the prettiest thing I ever saw, and I give you a thousand thanks for it.

When you comfort yourself about the operas, you don't know what you have lost; nay, nor I neither; for I was here, concluding that a serenata for a birth-day would be as dull and as vulgar as those festivities generally are: but I hear of nothing but the enchantment of it. There was a second orchestra in the footman's gallery, disguised by clouds, and filled with the music of the king's chapel. The choristers behaved like angels, and the harmony between the two bands was in the most exact time. Elisi piqued himself, and beat both heaven and earth. The joys of the year do not end there. The under-actors open at Drury-lane to-night with a new comedy by Murphy, called All in the Wrong. At Ranelagh all is fireworks and sky-rockets. The birth-day exceeded the splendour of Haroun Alraschid, and the Arabian Nights, when people had nothing to

[1] Lady Ailesbury remained at the Hague while Mr. Conway was with the army during the campaign of 1761.

do but to scour a lantern, and send a genie for a hamper of diamonds and rubies. Do you remember one of those stories, where a prince has eight statues of diamonds, which he overlooks, because he fancies he wants a ninth; and to his great surprise the ninth proves to be pure flesh and blood, which he never thought of? Some how or other, lady * * * is the ninth statue; and, you will allow, has better white and red than if she was made of pearls and rubies. Oh! I forgot, I was telling you of the birth-day: my lord P * * * had drunk the king's health so often at dinner, that at the ball he took Mrs. * * * * for a beautiful woman, and, as she says, *made an improper use of his hands.* The proper use of hers, she thought, was to give him a box on the ear, though within the verge of the court. He returned it by a push, and she tumbled off the end of the bench; which his majesty has accepted as sufficient punishment, and she is not to lose her right hand.[2]

I enclose the list your ladyship desired: you will see that the *Plurality of Worlds* are Moore's, and of some I do not know the authors. There is a late edition with these names to them.

My duchess was to set out this morning. I saw her for the last time the day before yesterday at

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[2] The old punishment for giving a blow in the king's presence.

lady Kildare's: never was a journey less a party of pleasure. She was so melancholy, that all miss * * * * 's oddness and my spirits could scarce make her smile. Towards the end of the night, and that was three in the morning, I did divert her a little. I slipped Pam into her lap, and then taxed her with having it there. She was quite confounded; but, taking it up, saw he had a telescope in his hand, which I had drawn, and that the card, which was split, and just waxed together, contained these lines:

Ye simple astronomers, lay by your glasses;
The transit of Venus has proved you all asses:
Your telescopes signify nothing to scan it;
'Tis not meant in the clouds, 'tis not meant of a planet:
The seer who foretold it mistook or deceives us,
For Venus's transit is when Grafton leaves us.

I don't send your ladyship these verses as good, but to show you that all gallantry does not centre at the Hague.

I wish I could tell you that Stanley and Bussy, by crossing over and figuring in, had forwarded the peace. It is no more made than Belleisle is taken. However, I flatter myself that you will not stay abroad till you return for the coronation, which is ordered for the beginning of October. I don't care to tell you how lovely the season is; how my acacias are powdered with flowers, and my hay just in its picturesque moment. Do they ever

make any other hay in Holland than bullrushes in ditches? My new buildings rise so swiftly, that I shall not have a shilling left, so far from giving commissions on Amsterdam. When I have made my house so big that I don't know what to do with it, and am entirely undone, I propose, like king Pyrrhus, who took such a roundabout way to a bowl of punch, to sit down and enjoy myself; but with this difference, that it is better to ruin one's self than all the world. I am sure you would think as I do, though Pyrrhus were king of Prussia. I long to have you bring back the only hero that ever I could endure. Adieu, madam! I sent you just such another piece of tittle-tattle as this by general Waldegrave: you are very partial to me, or very fond of knowing every thing that passes in your own country, if you can be amused so. If you can, 'tis surely my duty to divert you, though at the expence of my character; for I own I am ashamed when I look back and see four sides of paper scribbled over with nothings.

Your ladyship's most faithful servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 18, 1761.

I AM glad you will come on Monday, and hope you will arrive in a rainbow and pair, to signify that we are not to be totally drowned. It has rained incessantly, and floated all my new works; I seem rather to be building a pond than a gallery. My farm too is all under water, and what is vexatious, if Sunday had not thrust itself between, I could have got in my hay on Monday. As the parsons will let nobody else make hay on Sundays, I think they ought to make it on that day themselves.

By the papers I see Mrs. Trevor Hampden is dead of the small pox. Will he be much concerned? If you will stay with me a fortnight or three weeks, perhaps I may be able to carry you to a play of Mr. Bentley's—you stare, but I am in earnest: nay, and *de par le roy*. In short here is the history of it. You know the passion he always had for the Italian comedy; about two years ago he wrote one, intending to get it offered to Rich, but without his name. He would have died to be supposed an author, and writing for gain. I kept this an inviolable secret. Judge then of my surprise, when about a fortnight or three weeks ago, I found my lord Melcomb reading this very Bentleiad in a circle at my lady

Hervey's. Cumberland had carried it to him with a recommendatory copy of verses, containing more incense to the king, and my lord Bute, than the magi brought in their portmanteaus to Jerusalem. The idols were propitious, and to do them justice, there is a great deal of wit in the piece, which is called the Wishes, or Harlequin's Mouth Opened. A bank note of two hundred pounds was sent from the treasury to the author, and the play ordered to be performed by the summer company. Foote was summoned to lord Melcomb's, where Parnassus was composed of the peer himself, who, like Apollo, as I am going to tell you, was dozing, the two chief justices and lord B. Bubo read the play himself, *with handkerchief and orange by his side.* But the curious part is a prologue, which I never saw. It represents the god of verse fast asleep by the side of Helicon: the race of modern bards try to wake him, but the more they repeat their works, the louder he snores. At last *Ruin seize thee ruthless king* is heard, and the god starts from his trance. This is a good thought, but will offend the bards so much, that I think Dr. Bentley's son will be abused at least as much as his father was. The prologue concludes with young Augustus, and how much he excels the ancient one by the choice of his friend. Foote refused to act this prologue, and said it was too strong. "Indeed," said Augustus's friend, "I think it is." They have softened

it a little, and I suppose it will be performed. You may depend upon the truth of all this; but what is much more credible is, that the *comely young* author appears every night in the Mall in a milk white coat with a blue cape, disclaims any benefit, and says he has done with the play now it is out of his own hands, and that Mrs. Hannah Clio, alias Bentley, writ the best scenes in it. He is going to write a tragedy, and she, I suppose, is going —— to court.

You will smile when I tell you that t'other day a party went to Westminster-abbey, and among the rest saw the ragged regiment. They inquired the names of the figures. "I don't know them," said the man, "but if Mr. Walpole was here he could tell you every one." Adieu; I expect Mr. John and you with impatience.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 5, 1761.

You are a pretty sort of a person to come to one's house and get sick, only to leave an excuse for not returning to it. Your departure is so abrupt, that I don't know but I may expect to find that Mrs. *Jane* Truebridge, whom you commend so much, and call Mrs. *Mary*, will prove Mrs. Han-

nah. Mrs. Clive is still more disappointed; she had proposed to play at quadrille with you from dinner till supper, and to sing old Purcell to you from supper to breakfast next morning. If you cannot trust yourself from Greatworth for a whole fortnight, how will you do in Ireland for six months? Remember all my preachments, and never be in spirits at supper. Seriously I am sorry you are out of order, but am alarmed for you at Dublin, and though all the bench of bishops should quaver Purcell's hymns, don't let them warble you into a pint of wine. I wish you were going among catholic prelates, who would deny you the cup. Think of me and resist temptation. Adieu;

Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, July 5, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT live at Twickenham and not think of you: I have long wanted to write, and had nothing to tell you. My lady D. seems to have lost her sting; she has neither blown up a house nor a quarrel since you departed. Her wall, contiguous to you, is built, but so precipitate and slanting, that it seems hurrying to take water. I hear she

grows sick of her undertakings. We have been ruined by deluges; all the country was under water. Lord Holderness's new *fossé*[1] was beaten in for several yards: this tempest was a little beyond the dew of Hermon, that fell on the *hill of Sion*. I have been in still more danger by water: my parroquet was on my shoulder as I was feeding my gold-fish, and flew into the middle of the pond: I was very near being the Nouvelle Eloise, and tumbling in after him; but with much ado I ferried him out with my hat.

Lord E*** has had a fit of apoplexy; your brother Charles[2] a bad return of his old complaint; and lord Melcombe has tumbled down the kitchen stairs, and—waked himself.

London is a desert; no soul in it but the king. Bussy has taken a temporary house. The World talks of peace—would I could believe it! every newspaper frightens me: Mr. Conway would be very angry if he knew how I dread the very name of the prince de Soubise.

We begin to perceive the tower of Kew[3] from Montpellier-row; in a fortnight you will see it in Yorkshire.

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[1] At Sion-hill, near Brentford.

[2] Charles Townshend, married to lady Greenwich, eldest sister to lady Strafford.

[3] The pagoda in the royal garden at Kew.

The apostle Whitfield is come to some shame: he went to lady Huntingdon lately, and asked for forty pounds for some distressed saint or other. She said she had not so much money in the house, but would give it him the first time she had. He was very pressing, but in vain. At last he said, "There's your watch and trinkets, you don't want such vanities; I will have that." She would have put him off; but he persisting, she said, "Well, if you must have it, you must." About a fortnight afterwards, going to his house, and being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter the countess found her own offering. This has made a terrible schism: she tells the story herself—I had not it from Saint Frances,[4] but I hope it is true.

Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours ever.

P. S. My gallery sends its humble duty to your new front, and all my creatures beg their respects to my lady.

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[4] Lady Frances Shirley.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, July 14, 1761.

MY dearest Harry, how could you write me such a cold letter as I have just received from you, and beginning *Dear sir!* Can you be angry with me, for can I be in fault to you? Blameable in ten thousand other respects, may not I almost say, I am perfect with regard to you? Since I was fifteen have not I loved you unalterably? Since I was capable of knowing your merit, has not my admiration been veneration? For what could so much affection and esteem change? Have not your honour, your interest, your safety been ever my first objects? Oh, Harry! if you knew what I have felt and am feeling about you, would you charge me with neglect? If I have seen a person since you went, to whom my first question has not been, "What do you hear of the peace?" you would have reason to blame me. You say I write very seldom: I will tell you what, I should almost be sorry to have you see the anxiety I have expressed about you in letters to every body else. No; I must except lady Ailesbury, and there is not another on earth who loves you so well and is so attentive to whatever relates to you.

With regard to writing this is exactly the case: I had nothing to tell you; nothing has happened;

and where you are, I was cautious of writing. Having neither hopes nor fears, I always write the thoughts of the moment, and even laugh to divert the person I am writing to, without any ill will on the subjects I mention. But in your situation that frankness might be prejudicial to you: and to write grave unmeaning letters, I trusted you was too secure of me either to like them or desire them. I knew no news, nor could I: I have lived quite alone at Strawberry; am connected with no court, ministers, or party; consequently heard nothing, and events there have been none. I have not even for this month heard my lady T * * * * 's extempore gazette. All the morning I play with my workmen or animals, go regularly every evening to the meadows with Mrs. Clive, or sit with my lady Suffolk, [1] and at night scribble my painters — What a journal to send you! I write more trifling letters than any man living; am ashamed of them, and yet they are expected of me. You, my lady Ailesbury, your brother, sir Horace Mann, George Montagu, lord Strafford — all expect I should write — Of what? I live less and less in the world, care for it less and less, and yet am thus obliged to inquire what it is doing. Do make these allow-

[1] Henrietta Hobart, countess of Suffolk, then living at Marble-hill.

ances for me, and remember half your letters go to my lady Ailesbury. I writ to her of the king's marriage, concluding she would send it to you: tiresome as it would be, I will copy my own letters, if you expect it; for I will do any thing rather than disoblige you. I will send you a diary of the duke of York's balls and Ranelaghs, inform you of how many children my lady B* * * * is with child, and how many races my nephew goes to. No; I will not, you do not want *such* proofs of my friendship.

The papers tell us you are retiring, and I was glad. You seem to expect an action — Can this give me spirits? Can I write to you joyfully, and fear? Or is it fit prince Ferdinand should know you have a friend that is as great a coward about you as your wife? The only reason for my silence, that can *not* be true, is, that I forget you. When I am prudent or cautious, it is no symptom of my being indifferent. Indifference does not happen in friendships, as it does in passions; and if I was young enough or feeble enough to cease to love you, I would not for my own sake let it be known. Your virtues are my greatest pride; I have done myself so much honour by them, that I will not let it be known you have been peevish with me unreasonably. Pray God we may have peace, that I may scold you for it!

The king's marriage was kept the profoundest secret till last Wednesday, when the privy coun-

cil was extraordinarily summoned, and it was notified to them. Since that, the new queen's mother is dead, and will delay it a few days; but lord Harcourt is to sail on the 27th, and the coronation will certainly be on the 22d of September. All that I know fixed, is, lord Harcourt master of the horse, the duke of Manchester chamberlain, and Mr. Stone treasurer. Lists there are in abundance; I don't know the authentic: those most talked of, are, lady Bute groom of the stole, the duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster, lady Northumberland, Bolingbroke, Weymouth, Scarborough, Abergavenny, Effingham, for ladies; you may choose any six of them you please; the four first are most probable. Misses, Henry Beauclerc, M. Howe, Meadows, Wrottesley, Bishop, &c. &c. &c. Choose your maids too. Bedchamber women, Mrs. Bloodworth, Robert Brudenel, Charlotte Dives, lady Erskine; in short, I repeat a mere newspaper.

We expect the final answer of France this week. Bussy[2] was in great pain on the fireworks for Quebec, lest he should be obliged to illuminate his house: you see I ransack my memory for something to tell you.

Adieu! I have more reason to be angry than

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[2] The abbé de Bussy sent here with overtures of peace. Mr. Stanley was at the same time sent to Paris.

you had; but I am not so hasty: you are of a *violent, impetuous, jealous* temper—I, *cool, sedate, reasonable.* I believe I must subscribe my name, or you will not know me by this description.

Yours unalterably.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Friday night, July 16, 1761.

I DID not notify the king's marriage to you yesterday, because I knew you would learn as much by the evening post, as I could tell you. The solemn manner of summoning the council was very extraordinary: people little imagined, that the urgent and important business in the rescript was to acquaint them that his majesty was going to * * * * * * * * * * *. All I can tell you of truth is, that lord Harcourt goes to fetch the princess, and comes back her master of the horse. She is to be here in August, and the coronation certainly on the 22d of September. Think of the joy the women feel; there is not a Scotch peer in the fleet, that might not marry the greatest fortune in England between this and the 22d of September. However, the ceremony will lose its two brightest luminaries, my niece Waldegrave for beauty, and the duchess of Grafton for figure. The first will be lying-in, the latter at Geneva;

but I think she will come, if she walks to it, as well as at it. I cannot recollect but lady Kildare and lady Pembroke of great beauties. Mrs. Bloodworth and Mrs. Robert Brudenel, bedchamber women, Miss Wrottesley and Miss Meadows, maids of honour, go to receive the princess at Helvoet; what lady I do not hear. Your cousin's grace of Manchester, they say, is to be chamberlain, and Mr. Stone, treasurer; the duchess of Ancaster and lady Bolingbroke of her bedchamber: these I do not know are certain, but hitherto all seems well chosen. Miss Molly Howe, one of the pretty Bishops, and a daughter of lady Harry Beauclerc, are talked of for maids of honour. The great apartment at St. James's is enlarging, and to be furnished with the pictures from Kensington: this does not portend a new palace.

In the midst of all this novelty and hurry, my mind is very differently employed. They expect every minute the news of a battle between Soubise and the hereditary prince. Mr. Conway, I believe, is in the latter army; judge if I can be thinking much of espousals and coronations! It is terrible to be forced to sit still, expecting such an event; in one's own room one is not obliged to be a hero; consequently, I tremble for one that is really a hero.

Mr. your secretary has been to see me to-day; I am quite ashamed not to have prevented him. I will go to-morrow with all the speeches I can muster.

I am sorry neither you nor your brother are quite well, but shall be content if my Pythagorean sermons have any weight with you. You go to Ireland to make the rest of your life happy; don't go to fling the rest of it away. Good night!

Yours most faithfully.

Mr. Chute is gone to his Chutehood.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBURY.

Strawberry-hill, July 20, 1761.

I BLUSH, dear madam, on observing that half my letters to your ladyship are prefaced with thanks for presents: — don't mistake; I am not ashamed of thanking you, but of having so many occasions for it. Monsieur Hop has sent me the piece of china: I admire it as much as possible, and intend to like him as much as ever I can; but hitherto I have not seen him, not having been in town since he arrived.

Could I have believed that the Hague would so easily compensate for England? nay, for Park-place! Adieu, all our agreeable suppers! Instead of lady Cecilia's[1] French songs, we shall have

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[1] Lady Cecilia West, daughter of John earl of Delawar, afterwards married to general James Johnston.

madame Welderen quavering a confusion of d's and t's, b's and p's — *Bourquoi sçais du blaire*[2]? — Worse than that, I expect to meet all my —— relations at your house, and sir Samson Gideon instead of Charles Townshend. You will laugh like Mrs. Tipkin[3] when a Dutch Jew tells you that he bought at two and a half per cent. and sold at four. Come back, if you have any taste left: you had better be here talking robes, ermine and tissue, jewels and tresses, as all the world does, than own you are so corrupted. Did you receive my notification of the new queen? Her mother is dead, and she will not be here before the end of August.

My mind is much more at peace about Mr. Conway than it was. Nobody thinks there will be a battle, as the French did not attack them when both armies shifted camps; and since that, Soubise has entrenched himself up to the whiskers:— whiskers I think he has, I have been so afraid of him! Yet our hopes of meeting are still very distant: the peace does not advance; and if Europe has a *stiver* left in its pockets, the war will continue; though happily all parties have been so scratched, that they only sit and look anger at

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[2] The first words of a favourite French air, with madame Welderen's confusion of p's, t's, &c.

[3] A character in the Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools.

one another, like a dog and cat that don't care to begin again.

We are in danger of losing our sociable box at the opera. The new queen is very musical, and, if Mr. deputy Hodges and the city don't exert their veto, will probably go to the Haymarket. * * * * * G * * * P * * *, in imitation of the Adonises in Tanzai's retinue, has asked to be her majesty's grand harper. *Dieu sçait quelle raclerie il y aura!* All the guitars are untuned; and if miss Conway has a mind to be in fashion at her return, she must take some David or other to teach her the new twing twang, twing twing twang. As I am still desirous of being in fashion with your ladyship, and am, over and above, very grateful, I keep no company but my lady Denbigh and lady Blandford, and learn every evening, for two hours, to mash my English. Already I am tolerably fluent in saying *she* for *he*.[4]

Good night, madam! I have no news to send you: one cannot announce a royal wedding and a coronation every post.

Your most faithful and obliged servant.

P. S. Pray, madam, do the gnats bite your legs? Mine are swelled as big as *one*, which is saying a deal for me.

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[4] A mistake which these ladies, who were both Dutch women, constantly made.

July 22.

I HAD writ this, and was not time enough for the mail, when I receive your charming note, and this magnificent victory![5] Oh! my dear madam, how I thank you, how I congratulate you, how I feel for you, how I have felt for you and for myself!—But I bought it by two terrible hours today—I heard of the battle two hours before I could learn a word of Mr. Conway—I sent all round the world, and went half round it myself. I have cried and laughed, trembled and danced, as you bid me. If you had sent me as much old china as king Augustus gave two regiments for, I should not be half so much obliged to you as for your note. How could you think of me, when you had so much reason to think of nothing but yourself?—And then they say virtue is not rewarded in this world. I will preach at Paul's Cross, and quote you and Mr. Conway; no two persons were ever so good and so happy. In short, I am serious in the height of all my joy. God is very good to you, my dear madam; I thank him for you; I thank him for myself: it is very unalloyed pleasure we taste at this moment!—Good night! My heart is so expanded, I could write to the last scrap of my paper; but I won't.

Yours most entirely.

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[5] Of Kirckdenckirck.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, July 22, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I LOVE to be able to contribute to your satisfaction, and I think few things would make you happier than to hear that we have totally defeated the French combined armies, and that Mr. Conway is safe. The account came this morning: I had a short note from poor lady Ailesbury, who was waked with the good news, before she had heard there had been a battle. I don't pretend to send you circumstances, no more than I do of the wedding and coronation, because you have relations and friends in town nearer and better informed. Indeed, only the blossom of victory is come yet.—Fitzroy is expected, and another fuller courier after him. Lord Granby, to the mob's heart's content, has the chief honour of the day—rather, of the two days. The French behaved to the mob's content too, that is, shamefully. And all this glory cheaply bought on our side. Lieutenant-colonel Keith killed; and colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend wounded. If it produces a peace, I shall be happy for mankind—if not, shall content myself with the single but pure joy of Mr. Conway's being safe.

Well! my lord, when do you come? You don't like the question, but kings will be married and

must be crowned—and if people will be earls, they must now and then give up castles and new fronts, for processions and ermine. By the way, the number of peeresses that propose to excuse themselves makes great noise; especially as so many are breeding, or trying to breed, by commoners, that they cannot walk. I hear that my lord D* * * *, concluding all women would not dislike the ceremony, is negotiating his peerage in the city, and trying if any great fortune will give fifty thousand pounds for one day, as they often do for one night. I saw miss * * * * this evening at my lady Suffolk's, and fancy she does not think my lord * * * * quite so ugly as she did two months ago.

Adieu, my lord! This is a splendid year!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 22, 1761.

For my part, I believe Mademoiselle Scuderi drew the plan of this year. It is all royal marriages, coronations, and victories; they come tumbling so over one another from distant parts of the globe, that it looks just like the handywork of a lady romance writer, whom it costs nothing but a

little false geography to make the great Mogul in love with a princess of * * * * *, and defeat two marshals of France as he rides post on an elephant to his nuptials. I don't know where I am. I had scarce found Mecklenburgh Strelitz with a magnifying glass, before I am whisked to Pondicherri—well, I take it, and raze it. I begin to grow acquainted with colonel Coote, and to figure him packing up chests of diamonds, and sending them to his wife against the king's wedding—thunder go the Tower guns, and behold, Broglio and Soubise are totally defeated; if the mob have not much stronger heads and quicker conceptions than I have, they will conclude my lord Granby is become nabob. How the deuce in two days can one digest all this? Why is not Pondicherri in Westphalia? I don't know how the Romans did, but I cannot support two victories every week. Well, but you will want to know the particulars. Broglio and Soubise united, attacked our army on the fifteenth, but were repulsed; the next day, the prince Mahomet Alli Cawn—no, no, I mean prince Ferdinand, returned the attack, and the French threw down their arms, and fled, run over my lord Harcourt, who was going to fetch the new queen; in short, I don't know how it was, but Mr. Conway is safe, and I am as happy as Mr. Pitt himself. We have only lost a lieutenant-colonel Keith; colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend are wounded.

I could beat myself for not having a flag ready to display on my round tower, and guns mounted on all my battlements. Instead of that, I have been foolishly trying on my new pictures upon my gallery. However, the oratory of our lady of Strawberry shall be dedicated next year on the anniversary of Mr. Conway's safety. Think with his intrepidity, and delicacy of honour wounded, what I had to apprehend; you shall absolutely be here on the sixteenth of next July. Mr. Hamilton tells me your king does not set out for his new dominions till the day after the coronation; if you will come to it, I can give you a very good place for the procession; where, is a profound secret, because, if known, I should be teazed to death, and none but my first friends shall be admitted. I dined with your secretary yesterday; there were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days. I like Hamilton's little Marly; we walked in the great *allée*, and drank tea in the arbour of treillage; they talked of Shakspeare and Booth, of Swift and my lord Bath, and I was thinking of Madame Sevigné. Good night—I have a dozen other letters to write; I must tell my friends

how happy I am—not as an Englishman, but as a cousin.

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY

Strawberry-hill, July 23, 1761.

WELL, *mon beau cousin!* you may be as cross as you please now: when you beat two marshals of France and cut their armies to pieces, I don't mind your pouting; but in good truth, it was a little vexatious to have you quarrelling with me, when I was in greater pain about you than I can express. I will say no more; make a peace, under the walls of Paris if you please, and I will forgive you all—but no more battles: consider, as Dr. Hay said, it is cowardly to beat the French now.

Don't look upon yourselves as the only conquerors in the world. Pondicherri is ours, as well as the field of Kirk Denckirk. The park guns never have time to cool; we ruin ourselves in gunpowder and sky-rockets. If you have a mind to do the gallantest thing in the world after the greatest, you must escort the princess of Mecklenburgh[1] through France. You see what a bully

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1 Her late majesty.

I am; the moment the French run away, I am sending you on expeditions. I forgot to tell you that the king has got the isle of Dominique and the chicken-pox, two trifles that don't count in the midst of all these festivities. No more does your letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday: it is the one that is to come after the 16th, that I shall receive graciously.

Friday, 24th.

Not satisfied with the rays of glory that reached Twickenham, I came to town to bask in your success; but am most disagreeably disappointed to find you must beat the French once more, who seem to love to treat the English mob with subjects for bonfires. I had got over such an alarm, that I foolishly ran into the other extreme, and concluded there was not a French battalion left entire upon the face of Germany. Do write to me; don't be out of humour, but tell me every motion you make: I assure you I have deserved you should. Would you were out of the question, if it were only that I might feel a little humanity! There is not a blacksmith or linkboy in London that exults more than I do, upon any good news, since you went abroad. What have I to do to hate people I never saw, and to rejoice in their calamities? Heaven send us peace, and you home! Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, July 28, 1761.

No, I shall never cease being a dupe, till I have been undeceived round by every thing that calls itself a virtue. I came to town yesterday, through clouds of dust, to see *The Wishes*, and went actually feeling for Mr. Bentley, and full of the emotions he must be suffering. What do you think, in a house crowded, was the first thing I saw? Mr. and Madame Bentley, perched up in the front boxes, and acting audience at his own play! No, all the impudence of false patriotism never came up to it. Did one ever hear of an author that had courage to see his own first night in public? I don't believe Fielding or Foote himself ever did, and this was the modest, bashful Mr. Bentley, that died at the thought of being known for an author even by his own acquaintance. In the stage-box was lady Bute, lord Halifax, and lord Melcombe. I must say, the two last entertained the house as much as the play; your king was prompter, and called out to the actor every minute to speak louder. The other went backwards and forwards behind the scenes, fetched the actors into the box, and was busier than harlequin. The *curious* prologue was not spoken, the whole very ill acted. It turned out just what I remembered it; the good parts ex-

tremely good, the rest very flat and vulgar; the genteel dialogue, I believe, might be written by Mrs. Hannah. The audience were extremely fair: the first act they bore with patience, though it promised very ill; the second is admirable, and was much applauded; so was the third; the fourth woeful; the beginning of the fifth it seemed expiring, but was revived by a delightful burlesque of the ancient chorus, which was followed by two dismal scenes, at which people yawned, but were awakened on a sudden by Harlequin's being drawn up to a gibbet, nobody knew why or wherefore: this raised a prodigious and continued hiss, Harlequin all the while suspended in the air—at last they were suffered to finish the play, but nobody attended to the conclusion. Modesty and his lady all the while sat with the utmost indifference; I suppose lord Melcombe had fallen asleep before he came to this scene, and had never read it. The epilogue was about the king and new queen, and ended with a personal satire on Garrick: not very kind on his own stage. To add to the judgment of this conduct, Cumberland two days ago published a pamphlet to abuse him. It was given out for to-night with more claps than hisses, but I think will not do unless they reduce it to three acts.

I am sorry you will not come to the coronation. The place I offered, I am not sure I can get for any body else; I cannot explain it to you, because

I am engaged to secresy; if I can get it for your brother John I will, but don't tell him of it, because it is not sure. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill.

THIS is the 5th of August, and I just receive your letter of the 17th of last month by Fitzroy.[1] I heard he had lost his pocket-book with all his dispatches, but had found it again. He was a long time finding the letter for me.

You do nothing but reproach me; I declare I will bear it no longer, though you should beat forty more marshals of France. I have already writ you two letters that would fully justify me if you receive them; if you do not, it is not I that am in fault for not writing, but the post-offices for reading my letters, content if they would forward them when they have done with them. They seem to think, like you, that I know more news than any body. What is to be known in the dead of summer, when all the world is dispersed? Would you know who won the sweepstakes at

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[1] George Fitzroy, afterwards created lord Southampton.

Huntingdon? what parties are at Woburn? what officers upon guard in Betty's fruit-shop? whether the peeresses are to wear long or short tresses at the coronation? how many jewels lady * * * * * borrows of actresses? All this is your light summer wear for conversation; and if my memory were as much stuffed with it as my ears, I might have sent you volumes last week. My nieces, lady Waldegrave and Mrs. Keppel, were here five days, and discussed the claim or disappointment of every miss in the kingdom for maid of honour. Unfortunately this new generation is not at all my affair. I cannot attend to what concerns them—Not that their trifles are less important than those of one's own time, but my mould has taken all its impressions, and can receive no more. I must grow old upon the stock I have. I, that was so impatient at all their chat, the moment they were gone, flew to my lady Suffolk, and heard her talk with great satisfaction of the late queen's coronation-petticoat. The preceding age always appears respectable to us (I mean as one advances in years), one's own age interesting, the coming age neither one nor t'other.

You may judge by this account that I have writ *all* my letters, or ought to have written them; and yet, for occasion to blame me, you draw a very pretty picture of my situation: all which tends to prove that I ought to write to you every day, whether I have any thing to say or not. I

am writing, I am building—both *works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes!* Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead; if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed. I will give you one instance that will sum up the vanity of great men, learned men, and buildings altogether. I heard lately, that Dr. Pearce, a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *hight* Aylmer was a knight templar, a very wicked set of people, as his lordship had heard, though he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus. I own I thought this a made story, and wrote to his lordship, expressing my concern that one of the finest and most ancient monuments in the abbey should be removed, and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the story under his own hand. He said, that at first they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a knight templar's. Observe, that not only the man who shows the tombs names

it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's Westminster; that upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set it up within ten feet of where it stands at present. His lordship concluded with congratulating me on publishing learned authors at my press. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan a *learned* author, should mistake a tomb in his own cathedral. If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reason; as, having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's tomb, that the chapter of Westminster sell their church over and over again; the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head through their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral; and they erect new waxen dolls of queen Elizabeth, &c. to draw visits and money from the mob. I hope all this history is applicable to some part or other of my letter; but letters you will have, and so I send you one, very like your own stories that you tell your daughter: There was a king, and he had three daughters, and they all went to see the tombs; and the youngest, who was in love with Aylmer de Valence, &c.

Thank you for your account of the battle; thank prince Ferdinand for giving you a very honourable post, which, in spite of his teeth and yours, proved a very safe one; and above all,

thank prince Soubise, whom I love better than all the German princes in the universe. Peace, I think, we must have at last, if you beat the French, or at least hinder them from beating you, and afterwards starve them. Bussy's last *last* courier is expected; but as he may have a last last *last* courier, I trust no more to this than to all the others. He was complaining t'other day to Mr. Pitt of our haughtiness, and said it would drive the French to some desperate effort; "Thirty thousand men," continued he, "would embarrass you a little, I believe!" "Yes, truly," replied Pitt, "for I am so embarrassed with those we have already, I don't what to do with them."

Adieu! Don't fancy that the more you scold, the more I will write: it has answered three times, but the next cross word you give me shall put an end to our correspondence. Sir Horace Mann's father used to say, "Talk, Horace, you have been abroad:" — You cry, "Write, Horace, you are at home." No, sir, you can beat an hundred and twenty thousand French, but you cannot get the better of me. I will not write such foolish letters as this every day, when I have nothing to say.

Yours as you behave.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 20, 1761.

A FEW lines before you go; your resolutions are good, and give me great pleasure; bring them back unbroken; I have no mind to lose you; we have been acquainted these thirty years, and to give the devil his due, in all that time I never knew a bad, a false, a mean or ill-natured thing in the devil—but don't tell him I say so, especially as I cannot say the same of myself. I am now doing a dirty thing, flattering you to preface a commission. Dickey Bateman has picked up a whole cloister full of old chairs in Herefordshire. He bought them one by one, here and there in farm-houses, for three-and-sixpence, and a crown a piece. They are of wood, the seats triangular, the backs, arms, and legs loaded with turnery. A thousand to one but there are plenty up and down Cheshire too. If Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, as they ride or drive out, would now and then pick up such a chair, it would oblige me greatly. Take notice, no two need be of the same pattern.

Keep it as the secret of your life; but if your brother John addresses himself to me a day or two before the coronation, I can place him well to see the procession: when it is over, I will give you a particular reason why this must be such a mystery. I was extremely diverted t'other day

with my mother's and my old milliner; she said she had a petition to me — "What is it, Mrs. Burton?" "It is in behalf of two poor orphans." I began to feel for my purse. "What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?" "Only if your honour would be so compassionate as to get them tickets for the coronation." I could not keep my countenance, and these distressed *orphans* are two and three and twenty! Did you ever hear a more melancholy case?

The queen is expected on Monday. I go to town on Sunday. Would these shows and your Irish journey were over, and neither of us a day the poorer!

I am expecting Mr. Chute to hold a chapter on the cabinet. A barge load of niches, window-frames, and ribs, is arrived. The cloister is paving, the privy garden making, painted glass adjusting to the windows on the back stairs: with so many irons in the fire, you may imagine I have not much time to write. I wish you a safe and pleasant voyage.

Yours faithfully.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington-street, Tuesday morning.

MY DEAR LORD,

NOTHING was ever equal to the bustle and uncertainty of the town for these three days. The queen was seen off the coast of Sussex on Saturday last, and is not arrived yet — nay, last night at ten o'clock it was neither certain when she landed, nor when she would be in town. I forgive history for knowing nothing, when so public an event as the arrival of a new queen is a mystery even at the very moment in St. James's-street. The messenger that brought the letter yesterday morning, said, she *arrived* at half an hour after four at Harwich. This was immediately translated into *landing*, and notified in those words to the ministers. Six hours afterwards it proved no such thing, and that she was only in Harwich-road; and they recollected that *half an hour after four* happens twice in twenty-four hours, and the letter did not specify which of the *twices* it was. Well! the bridemaids whipped on their virginity; the new road and the parks were thronged; the guns were choaking with impatience to go off; and sir James Lowther, who was to pledge his majesty, was actually married to lady Mary Stuart. Five, six, seven, eight o'clock came, and no queen — She lay at Witham at lord Abercorn's, who was most tranquilly in

town; and it is not certain even whether she will be composed enough to be in town to-night. She has been sick but half an hour; sung and played on the harpsichord all the voyage, and been cheerful the whole time. The coronation will now certainly not be put off—so I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on the 15th. The weather is close and sultry; and if the wedding is to-night, we shall all die.

They have made an admirable speech for the Tripoline ambassador—that he said he heard the king had sent his *first eunuch* to fetch the princess. I should think he meaned lord * * *.

You will find the town over head and ears in disputes about rank, precedence, processions, *entrées*, &c. One point, that of the Irish peers, has been excellently liquidated: lord Halifax has stuck up a paper in the coffee-room at Arthur's, importing, "That his majesty, not having leisure to determine a point of such great consequence, permits for this time such Irish peers as shall be at the marriage to walk in the procession." Every body concludes those personages will understand this order, as it is drawn up in their *own* language; otherwise it is not very clear how they are to walk *to* the marriage, if they are *at* it before they come *to* it.

Strawberry returns its duty and thanks for all your lordship's goodness to it, and though it has not got its wedding-clothes yet, will be happy to

see you. Lady Betty Mackenzie is the individual woman she was — she seems to have been gone three years, like the sultan in the Persian Tales, who popped his head into a tub of water, pulled it up again, and fancied he had been a dozen years in bondage in the interim. She is not altered in a tittle. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your most faithful servant.

Twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, not in the middle of the night.

MADAME Charlotte is this instant arrived. The noise of coaches, chaises, horsemen, mob, that have been to see her pass through the parks, is so prodigious that I cannot distinguish the guns. I am going to be dressed, and before seven shall launch into the crowd. Pray for me!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, Sept. 9, 1761.

THE date of my promise is now arrived, and I fulfil it—fulfil it with great satisfaction, for the queen is come; I have seen her, have been presented to her — and may go back to Strawberry. For this fortnight I have lived upon the road between Twickenham and London: I came, grew

impatient, returned; came again, still to no purpose. The yachts made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, on Sunday entered the road of Harwich, and on Monday morning the king's chief eunuch, as the Tripoline ambassador calls lord A * * *, landed the princess. She lay that night at lord Abercorn's at Witham, the palace of silence; and yesterday at a quarter after three arrived at St. James's. In half an hour one heard of nothing but proclamations of her beauty: every body was content, every body pleased. At seven one went to court. The night was sultry. About ten the procession began to move towards the chapel, and at eleven they all came up into the drawing-room. She looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel. Her tiara of diamonds was very pretty, her stomacher sumptuous; her violet-velvet mantle and ermine so heavy, that the spectators knew as much of her upper half as the king himself. You will have no doubts of her sense by what I shall tell you. On the road they wanted her to curl her toupet: she said she thought it looked as well as that of any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the king bid her, she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. When she caught the first glimpse of the palace, she grew frightened and turned pale; the duchess of Hamilton smiled — the princess said, "My dear duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me."

Her lips trembled as the coach stopped, but she jumped out with spirit, and has done nothing but with good humour and cheerfulness. She talks a great deal — is easy, civil, and not disconcerted. At first, when the bride-maids and the court were introduced to her, she said, "*Mon Dieu, il y en a tant, il y en a tant!*" She was pleased when she was to kiss the peeresses; but lady Augusta was forced to take her hand and give it to those that were to kiss it, which was prettily humble and good-natured. While they waited for supper, she sat down, sung, and played. Her French is tolerable, she exchanged much both of that and German, with the king, the duke, and the duke of York. They did not get to bed till two. To-day was a drawing-room: every body was presented to her; but she spoke to nobody, as she could not know a soul. The crowd was much less than at a birth-day, the magnificence very little more. The king looked very handsome, and talked to her continually with great good-humour. It does not promise as if they two would be the two most unhappy persons in England, from this event. The bride-maids, especially lady Caroline Russel, lady Sarah Lenox, and lady Elizabeth Keppel, were beautiful figures. With neither features nor air, lady Sarah was by far the chief angel. The duchess of Hamilton was almost in possession of her former beauty to-day; and your

other duchess,[1] your daughter, was much better dressed than ever I saw her. Except a pretty lady Sutherland, and a most perfect beauty, an Irish miss Smith,[2] I don't think the queen saw much else to discourage her: my niece,[3] lady Kildare, Mrs. Fitzroy, were none of them there. There is a ball to-night, and two more drawing-rooms; but I have done with them. The duchess of Queensbury and lady Westmoreland were in the procession, and did credit to the ancient nobility.

You don't presume to suppose, I hope, that we are thinking of you, and wars, and misfortunes, and distresses, in these festival times. Mr. Pitt himself would be mobbed if he talked of any thing but clothes, and diamonds, and bride-maids. Oh! yes, we have wars, civil wars; there is a campaign opened in the bed-chamber. Every body is excluded but the ministers; even the lords of the bed-chamber, cabinet counsellors, and foreign ministers: but it has given such offence that I don't know whether lord Huntingdon must not be the scape-goat. Adieu! I am going to transcribe most of this letter to your countess.

Yours ever.

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1 The duchess of Richmond.

2 Afterwards married to lord Llandaff.

3 The countess of Waldegrave.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Sept. 24, 1761.

I AM glad you arrived safe in Dublin, and hitherto like it so well; but your trial is not begun yet. When your king comes, the ploughshares will be put into the fire. Bless your stars that your king is not to be married or crowned. All the vines of Bourdeaux, and all the fumes of Irish brains cannot make a town so drunk as a regal wedding and coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture into it again this fortnight. Oh! the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! Nay, people are so little come to their senses, that though the coronation was but the day before yesterday, the duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring tickets for a ball, that they fancied was to be at court last night. People had set up a night and a day, and yet wanted to see a dance. If I was to entitle ages, I would call this the *century of crowds*. For the coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace-yard the liveliest spectacle in the world: the hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be; and yet for the king's

sake and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The king complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned, the earl marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that the *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great; some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig, and a stick—"Pho," said he, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." She told this every where, thinking the reflection was on my lady Portsmouth. Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty; the duchess of Richmond as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her; lady Spencer, lady Sutherland, and lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party: lady West-

moreland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all; the duchess of Queensbury looked well, though her locks milk white; lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in lady Holderness, lady Rochford, and lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my lord Hertford's dress; for you know, no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. Don't imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side: old Exeter, who told the king he was the handsomest man she ever saw; old Effingham and a lady Say and Seale, with her hair powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B * * * * put on rouge upon his wife and the duchess of Bedford in the painted chamber; the duchess of Queensbury told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely; it required all the beauty of the dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the high-constable of Scotland, lord Errol; as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the giants in Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the

energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, lord E * * * *, lord Talbot, and the duke of Bedford, were woeful; lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the hall, and not turning its rump towards the king, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards: and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew-fair doings. He had twenty *demelés*, and came out of none creditably. He had taken away the table of the knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the court of requests. Sir Wm. Stanhope said, "We are ill-treated, for *some of us* are gentlemen." Beckford told the earl, it was hard to refuse a table to the city of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the king, and that his lordship would repent it, if they had not a table in the hall; they had. To the barons of the Cinque-ports, who made the same complaint, he said, "If you come to me as lord-steward, I tell you, it is impossible; if, as lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you;" and then he said to lord Bute, "If I were a minister, thus I would talk to France, to Spain, to the

Dutch — none of your half measures." This has brought me to a melancholy topic. Bussy goes to-morrow, a Spanish war is hanging in the air, destruction is taking a new lease of mankind — of the remnant of mankind. I have no prospect of seeing Mr. Conway. Adieu; I will not disturb you with my forebodings. You I shall see again in spite of war, and I trust in spite of Ireland.

Yours ever.

I was much disappointed at not seeing your brother John: I kept a place for him to the last minute, but have heard nothing of him.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, Sept. 25, 1761.

THIS is the most unhappy day I have known of years: Bussy goes away! Mankind is again given up to the sword! Peace and you are far from England!

Strawberry-hill.

I WAS interrupted this morning, just as I had begun my letter, by lord Waldegrave; and then the duke of Devonshire sent for me to Burlington-house to meet the duchess of Bedford, and see the old pictures from Hardwicke. If my letter

reaches you three days later, at least you are saved from a lamentation. Bussy has put off his journey to Monday (to be sure, you know this is Friday): he says this is a strange country, he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a Sunday. I am glad a Spanish war waits for a conveyance, and that a waggoner's *veto* is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can stop Mr. Pitt on his career to Mexico. He was going post to conquer it—and Beckford, I suppose, would have had a contract for remitting all the gold, of which Mr. Pitt never thinks, unless to serve a city friend. It is serious that we have discussions with Spain, who says France is humbled enough, but must not be ruined: Spanish gold is actually coining in frontier towns of France; and the privilege which Biscay and two other provinces have of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland, has been demanded for all Spain. It was refused peremptorily; and Mr. secretary Cortez[1] insisted yesterday se'nnight on recalling lord Bristol[2]. The rest of the council, who are content with the world they have to govern, without conquering others, prevailed to defer this impetuosity. However, if France or Spain are the least untractable, a war is inevitable: nay, if they don't submit by the first day of

[1] Mr. Pitt, then secretary of state.

[2] The English ambassador at the court of Madrid.

the session, I have no doubt but Mr. Pitt will declare it himself on the address. I have no opinion of Spain intending it: they give France money to protract a war, from which they reap such advantages in their peaceful capacity; and I should think would not give their money if they were on the point of having occasion for it themselves. In spite of you, and all the old barons our ancestors, I pray that we may have done with glory, and would willingly burn every Roman and Greek historian who have done nothing but transmit precedents for cutting throats.

The coronation is over: 'tis even a more gorgeous sight than I imagined. I saw the procession and the hall; but the return was in the dark. In the morning they had forgot the sword of state, the chairs for king and queen, and their canopies. They used the lord mayor's for the first, and made the last in the hall: so they did not set forth till noon; and then, by a childish compliment to the king, reserved the illumination of the hall till his entry, by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the knights of the Bath, which seemed the hearse. Lady Kildare, the duchess of Richmond, and lady Pembroke, were the capital beauties. Lady Harrington, the finest figure at a distance; old Westmoreland, the most majestic. Lady Hertford could not walk, and indeed I think is in a way to give us great anxiety. She is going

to Ragley to ride. Lord Beauchamp was one of the king's train-bearers. Of all the incidents of the day, the most diverting was, what happened to the queen. She had a retiring-chamber, with *all* conveniences, prepared behind the altar. She went thither—in the *most convenient*, what found she but—the duke of Newcastle! Lady Hardwicke died three days before the ceremony, which kept away the whole house of Yorke. Some of the peeresses were dressed over night, slept in arm-chairs, and were waked if they tumbled their heads. Your sister Harris's maid, lady Peterborough, was a comely figure. My lady Cowper refused, but was forced to walk with lady M * * *. Lady Falmouth was not there; on which George Selwyn said, "That those peeresses who were most used to *walk*, did not." I carried my lady Townshend, lady Hertford, lady Anne Connolly, my lady Hervey, and Mrs. Clive, to my deputy's house at the gate of Westminster-hall. My lady Townshend said she should be very glad to see a coronation, as she never had seen one. "Why," said I, "madam, you walked at the last?" "Yes, child," said she, "but I saw nothing of it: I only looked to see who looked at me." The duchess of Queensbury walked! her affectation that day was to do nothing preposterous. The queen has been at the opera, and says she will go once a week. This is a fresh disaster to our box, where we have lived so harmoniously for three

years. We can get no alternative but that over miss Chudleigh's; and lord Strafford and lady Mary Coke will not subscribe, unless we can. The duke of Devonshire and I are negotiating with all our art to keep our party together. The crowds at the opera and play when the king and queen go, are a little greater than what I remember. The late royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked, if he had been at the other house? "Yes," said he, "but there was nobody but the king and queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away."

Thank you for your journals: the best route you can send me would be of your journey homewards. Adieu!

Yours most sincerely.

P. S. If you ever hear from, or write to, such a person as lady Ailesbury, pray tell her she is worse to me in point of correspondence than ever you said I was to you, and that she sends me every thing but letters.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBURY.

Strawberry-hill, September 27, 1761.

You are a mean mercenary woman. If you did not want histories of weddings and coronations, and had not jobs to be executed about muslins and a bit of china and counterband goods, one should never hear of you. When you don't want a body, you can frisk about with Greffiers and Burgomasters, and be as merry in a dyke as my lady Frog herself. The moment your curiosity is agog, or your cambric seized, you recollect a good cousin in England, and, as folks said two hundred years ago, begin to write *upon the knees of your heart.* Well! I am a sweet-tempered creature, I forgive you. I have already writ to a little friend in the custom-house, and will try what can be done; though, by Mr. Amyand's report to the duchess of Richmond, I fear your case is desperate.—For the genealogies, I have turned over all my books to no purpose; I can meet with no lady Howard that married a Carey, nor a lady Seymour that married a Caufield. Lettice Caufield, who married Francis Staunton, was daughter of Dr. James (not George) Caufield, younger brother of the first lord Charlemont. This is all I can ascertain. For the other pedigree; I can inform your friend that there was a sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who married an Anne Carew,

daughter of sir Nicholas Carew, knight of the garter, not Carey — But this sir Nicholas Carew married Joan Courtney — not a Howard: and besides, the Careys and Throckmortons you wot of were just the reverse: your Carey was the cock, and Throckmorton the hen — mine are *vice versâ*: — otherwise, let me tell your friend, Carews and Courtneys are worth Howards any day of the week, and of ancienter blood; — so, if descent is all he wants, I advise him to take up with the pedigree as I have refitted it. However, I will cast a figure once more, and try if I can conjure up the dames Howard and Seymour that he wants.

My heraldry was much more offended at the coronation with the ladies that did walk, than with those that walked out of their place; yet I was not so *perilously* angry as my lady Cowper, who refused to set a foot with my lady M * * * *; and when she was at last obliged to associate with her, set out on a round trot, as if she designed to prove the antiquity of her family by marching as lustily as a maid of honour of queen Gwiniver. It was in truth a brave sight. The sea of heads in Palace-yard, the guards horse and foot, the scaffolds, balconies, and procession, exceeded imagination. The hall, when once illuminated, was noble; but they suffered the whole parade to return into it in the dark, that his majesty might be surprised with the quickness with which the sconces catched fire. The champion acted well;

the other Paladins had neither the grace nor alertness of Rinaldo. Lord Effingham and the duke of Bedford were but untoward knights errant; and lord Talbot had not much more dignity than the figure of general Monk in the abbey. The habit of the peers is unbecoming to the last degree; but the peeresses made amends for all defects. Your daughter Richmond, lady Kildare, and lady Pembroke were as handsome as the Graces. Lady Rochford, lady Holderness, and lady Lyttelton looked exceedingly well in that their day; and for those of the day before, the duchess of Queensbury, lady Westmoreland, and lady Albemarle were surprising. Lady Harrington was noble at a distance, and so covered with diamonds, that you would have thought she had bid somebody or other, like Falstaff, *rob me the exchequer*. Lady Northampton was very magnificent too, and looked prettier than I have seen her of late. Lady Spencer and lady Bolingbroke were not the worst figures there. The duchess of Ancaster marched alone after the queen with much majesty; and there were two new Scotch peeresses that pleased every body, lady Sutherland and lady Dunmore. *Per contra*, were lady P* * *, who had put a wig on, and old E * * *, who had scratched hers off; lady S * * *, the dowager E * * *, and a lady S * * * with her tresses coal black, and her hair coal white. Well! it was all delightful, but not half so charming as its being

over — The gabble one heard about it for six weeks before, and the fatigue of the day, could not well be compensated by a mere puppet-show; for puppet-show it was, though it cost a million. The queen is so gay that we shall not want sights; she has been at the Opera, the Beggar's Opera and the Rehearsal, and two nights ago carried the king to Ranelagh. In short, I am so miserable with losing my duchess[1], and you and Mr. Conway, that I believe, if you should be another six weeks without writing to me, I should come to the Hague and scold you in person — for, alas! my dear lady, I have no hopes of seeing you here. Stanley is recalled, is expected every hour — Bussy goes to-morrow; and Mr. Pitt is so impatient to conquer Mexico, that I don't believe he will stay till my lord Bristol can be ordered to leave Madrid. I tremble lest Mr. Conway should not get leave to come — nay, are we sure he would like to ask it? He was so impatient to get to the army, that I should not be surprised if he staid there till every suttler and woman that follows the camp was come away. You ask me if we are not in admiration of prince Ferdinand — In truth, we have thought very little of him. He may outwit Broglio ten times, and not be half so much talked of as lord Talbot's backing his horse

[1] The duchess of Grafton, who was abroad.

down Westminster-hall. The generality are not struck with any thing under a complete victory. If you have a mind to be well with the mob of England, you must be knocked on the head like Wolfe, or bring home as many diamonds as Clive. We live in a country where so many follies or novelties start forth every day, that we have not time to try a general's capacity by the rules of Polybius.

I have hardly left room for my obligations — to your ladyship, for my commissions at Amsterdam; to Mrs. Sally [2], for her tea-pots, which are likely to stay so long at the Hague, that I fear they will have begot a whole set of china; and to miss Conway and lady George, for thinking of me. Pray assure them of my *re-thinking*. Adieu, dear madam! Don't you think we had better write oftener and shorter?

Yours most faithfully.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Oct. 8, 1761.

I CANNOT swear I wrote to you again to offer your brother the place for the coronation; but I was

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[2] Lady Ailesbury's woman.

confident I did, nay, I think so still: my proofs are, the place remained vacant, and I sent to old Richard to inquire if Mr. John was not arrived. He had no great loss, as the procession returned in the dark.

Your king[1] will have heard that Mr. Pitt resigned last Monday. Greater pains have been taken to recover him than were used to drive him out. He is inflexible, but mighty peaceable. Lord Egremont is to have the seals to-morrow. It is a most unhappy event — France and Spain will soon let us know we ought to think so. For your part, you will be invaded; a blacker rod than you will be sent to Ireland. Would you believe that the town is a desert? The wedding filled it, the coronation crammed it; Mr. Pitt's resignation has not brought six people to London. As they could not hire a window and crowd one another to death to see him give up the seals, it seems a matter of perfect indifference. If he will accuse a single man of checking our career of glory, all the world will come to see him hanged; but what signifies the ruin of a nation, if no particular man ruins it?

The duchess of Marlborough died the night before last. Thank you for your descriptions;

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[1] The earl of Halifax, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

pray continue them. Mrs. Delany I know a little, lord Charlemont's villa is in Chambers's book.

I have nothing new to tell you; but the grain of mustard seed sown on Monday will soon produce as large a tree as you can find in any prophecy. Adieu.

Yours ever.

P. S. Lady Mary Wortley is arrrived.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

Pray sir, how does virtue sell in Ireland now? 'I think for a province they have now and then given large prices. Have you a mind to know what the biggest virtue in the world is worth? If Cicero had been a drawcansir instead of a coward, and had carried the glory of Rome to as lofty a height as he did their eloquence, for how much do you think he would have sold all that reputation? Oh! sold it! you will cry, vanity was his predominant passion; he would have trampled on sesterces like dirt, and provided the tribes did but erect statues enough for him, he was content with a bit of Sabine mutton; he would have preferred his little Tusculan villa, or the flattery of Caius At-

ticus at Baiæ, to the wealth of Crœsus, or to the luxurious banquets of Lucullus. Take care, there is not a Tory gentleman, if there is one left, who would not have laid the same wager twenty years ago on the disinterestedness of my lord Bath. Come, you tremble, you are so incorrupt yourself you would give the world Mr. Pitt was so too. You adore him for what he has done for us; you bless him for placing England at the head of Europe, and you don't hate him for infusing as much spirit into us, as if a Montague, earl of Salisbury, was still at the head of our enemies. Nothing could be more just. We owe the recovery of our affairs to him, the splendour of our country, the conquest of Canada, Louisbourg, Guadaloupe, Africa, and the east. Nothing is too much for such services; accordingly, I hope you will not think the barony of Chatham, and three thousand pounds a year for three lives too much for my lady Esther. She has this pittance: good night.

Yours ever.

P. S. I told you falsely in my last that lady Mary Wortley was arrived — I cannot help it if my lady Denbigh cannot read English in all these years, but mistakes Wrottesley for Wortley.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBURY.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

I DON'T know what business I had, madam, to be an economist: it was out of character. I wished for a thousand more drawings in that sale at Amsterdam, but concluded they would be very dear; and not having seen them, I thought it too rash to trouble your ladyship with a large commission.

I wish I could give you as good an account of your commission; but it is absolutely impracticable. I employed one of the most sensible and experienced men in the custom-house; and all the result was, he could only recommend me to Mr. Amyand as the newest, and consequently the most polite of the commissioners — but the duchess of Richmond had tried him before — to no purpose. There is no way of recovering any of your goods, but purchasing them again at the sale.

What am I doing, to be talking to you of drawings and chintzes, when the world is all turned topsy turvy? Peace, as the poets would say, is not only returned to heaven, but has carried her sister Virtue along with her! — Oh! no, Peace will keep no such company — Virtue is an errant strumpet, and loves diamonds as well as my lady * * * *, and is as fond of a coronet as my lord Melcombe. Worse! worse! She will set men to

cutting throats, and pick their pockets at the same time. I am in such a passion, I cannot tell you what I am angry about—Why, about Virtue and Mr. Pitt; two errant cheats, gipsies! I believe he was a comrade of Elizabeth Canning, when he lived at Enfield-wash. In short, the council were for making peace;

> But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
> Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
> Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
> And in conclusion—nonsuits my mediators.

He insisted on a war with Spain, was resisted, and last Monday resigned. The city breathed vengeance on his opposers, the council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened; but yesterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was stalking to seize the Tower of London, he stumbled over a silver penny, picked it up, carried it home to lady Esther, and they are now as quiet, good sort of people, as my lord and lady Bath who lived in the vinegar-bottle. In fact, madam, this immaculate man has accepted the barony of Chatham for his wife, with a pension of three thousand pounds a-year for three lives; and though he has not quitted the House of Commons, I think my lord A**** would now be as formidable there. The pension he has left *us*, is a war for three thousand lives! perhaps, for twenty times three thousand lives!——But—

> Does this become a soldier? *this* become
> Whom armies follow'd, and a people loved?

What! to sneak out of the scrape, prevent peace, and avoid the war! blast one's character, and all for the comfort of a paltry annuity, a long-necked peeress, and a couple of Grenvilles! The city looks mighty foolish, I believe, and possibly even Beckford may blush. Lord Temple resigned yesterday: I suppose his virtue pants for a dukedom. Lord Egremont has the seals; lord Hardwicke, I fancy, the privy seal; and George Grenville, no longer speaker, is to be the cabinet minister in the House of Commons. Oh! madam, I am glad you are inconstant to Mr. Conway, though it is only with a Barbette! If you piqued yourself on your virtue, I should expect you would sell it to the master of a Trechscoot.

I told you a lie about the king's going to Ranelagh——No matter; there is no such thing as truth. Garrick exhibits the coronation, and, opening the end of the stage, discovers a real bonfire and real mob: the houses in Drury-lane let their windows at three-pence a head. Rich is going to produce a finer coronation, nay, than the real one; for there is to be a dinner for the knights of the Bath and the barons of the Cinque Ports, which lord Talbot refused them.

I put your Caufields and Stauntons into the hands of one of the first heralds upon earth, and

who has the entire pedigree of the Careys; but he cannot find a drop of Howard or Seymour blood in the least artery about them. Good night, madam!

Yours most faithfully.

To the Hon. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, October 12, 1761.

It is very lucky that you did not succeed in the expedition to Rochfort. Perhaps you might have been made a peer; and as *Chatham* is a naval title, it might have fallen to your share. But it was reserved to crown greater glory: and lest it should not be substantial pay enough, three thousand pounds a year for three lives go along with it. Not to Mr. Pitt—you can't suppose it. Why truly, not the title, but the annuity does, and lady Hesther is the baroness; that, if he should please, he may earn an earldom himself. Don't believe me, if you have not a mind. I know I did not believe those who told it me. But ask the gazette that swears it—ask the king, who has kissed lady Hesther—ask the city of London, who are ready to tear Mr. Pitt to pieces—ask forty people I can name, who are overjoyed at it—and then ask me again, who am mortified, and who have been the dupe of his disinterestedness. Oh,

my dear Harry! I beg you on my knees, keep your virtue: do let me think there is still one man upon earth who despises money. I wrote you an account last week of his resignation. Could you have believed that in four days he would have tumbled from the conquest of Spain to receiving a quarter's pension from Mr. West?[1] To-day he has advertised his seven coach-horses to be sold—Three thousand a year for three lives, and fifty thousand pounds of his own, will not keep a coach and six. I protest I believe he is mad, and lord Temple thinks so too; for he resigned the same morning that Pitt accepted the pension. George Grenville is minister in the house of commons. I don't know who will be speaker. They talk of Prowse, Hussey, Bacon, and even of old sir John Rushout. Delaval has said an admirable thing: he blames Pitt—not as you and I do; but calls him fool; and says, if he had gone into the city, told them he had a poor wife and children unprovided for, and had opened a subscription, he would have got five hundred thousand pounds, instead of three thousand pounds a year. In the mean time the good man has saddled us with a war which we can neither carry on nor carry off. 'Tis pitiful! 'tis wondrous pitiful! Is the communication stopped, that we never hear from you? I

[1] Secretary to the treasury.

own 'tis an Irish question. I am out of humour: my visions are dispelled, and you are still abroad. As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death, at least I have buried him: here is his epitaph:

Admire his eloquence—It mounted higher
Than Attic purity, or Roman fire:
Adore his services—our Lions view
Ranging, where Roman eagles never flew:
Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere;
—But oh! beware three thousand pounds a year!

October 18.

JEMMY Grenville resigned yesterday. Lord Temple is all hostility; and goes to the drawing-room to tell every body how angry he is with the court ——but what is sir Joseph Wittol, when Nol Bluff is pacific? They talk of erecting a tavern in the city, called The Salutation: the sign to represent lord Bath and Mr. Pitt embracing. These are shameful times. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 24, 1761.

I HAVE got two letters from you, and am sensibly pleased with your satisfaction. I love your cousin for his behaviour to you; he will never place his

friendship better. His parts and dignity, I did not doubt, would bear him out. I fear nothing but your spirits and the frank openness of your heart; keep them within bounds, and you will return in health, and with the serenity I wish you long to enjoy.

You have heard our politics; they do not mend, sick of glory, without being tired of war, and surfeited with unanimity before it had finished its work, we are running into all kinds of confusion. The city have bethought themselves, and have voted that they will still admire Mr. Pitt; consequently, he, without the check of seeming virtue, may do what he pleases. An address of thanks to him has been carried by one hundred and nine against fifteen, and the city are to instruct their members; that is, because we are disappointed of a Spanish war, we must have one at home. Merciful! how old I am grown! Here am I, not liking a civil war! Do you know me? I am no longer that Gracchus, who, when Mr. Bentley told him something or other, I don't know what, would make a sect, answered quickly, "will it make a party?" In short, I think I am always to be in contradiction; now I am loving my country.

Worksop is burnt down; I don't know the circumstances; the duke and duchess are at Bath; it has not been finished a month; the last furniture was brought in for the duke of York: I have

some comfort that I had seen it, and, except the bare chambers, in which the queen of Scots lodged, nothing remained of ancient time.

I am much obliged to Mr. Hamilton's civilities; but I don't take too much to myself; yet it is no drawback to think that he sees and compliments your friendship for me. I shall use his permission of sending you any thing that I think will bear the sea; but how must I send it? by what conveyance to the sea, and where deliver it? Pamphlets swarm already; none very good, and chiefly grave; you would not have them. Mr. Glover has published his long-hoarded Medea, as an introduction to the House of Commons; it had been more proper to usher him from school to the university. There are a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of iambics, and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopped at Temple-bar, I suppose he will take it for the straits of Thermopylæ, and be delivered of his first speech before its time.

The catalogue of the duke of Devonshire's collection is only in the six volumes of the Description of London. I did print about a dozen, and gave them all away so totally, that on searching, I had not reserved one for myself. When we are at leisure, I will reprint a few more, and you shall have one for your speaker. I don't know who is to be ours: Prowse, they say, has refused;

sir J. Cust was the last I heard named: but I am here and know nothing; sorry that I shall hear any thing on Tuesday se'nnight.

Pray pick me up any prints of lord-lieutenants, Irish bishops, ladies—nay, or patriots; but I will not trouble you for a snuff-box or toothpick-case, made of a bit of the Giant's Causeway.

My Anecdotes of Painting will scarcely appear before Christmas. My gallery and cabinet are at a full stop till spring, but I shall be sorry to leave it all in ten days; October, that scarce ever deceived one before, has exhibited a deluge; but it has recovered, and promised to behave well as long as it lives, like a dying sinner. Good night.

Yours ever.

P. S. My niece lost the coronation for only a daughter.

It makes me smile, when I reflect that you are come into the world again, and that I have above half left it.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, October 26, 1761.

How strange it seems! You are talking to me of the king's wedding, while we are thinking of a civil war. Why, the king's wedding was a cer-

tury ago, almost two months; even the coronation that happened half an age ago, is quite forgot. The post to Germany cannot keep pace with our revolutions. Who knows but you may still be thinking that Mr. Pitt is the most disinterested man in the world? Truly, as far as the votes of a common-council can make him so, he is. Like Cromwell, he has always promoted the self-denying ordinance, and has contrived to be excused from it himself. The city could no longer choose who should be their man of virtue; there was not one left: by all rules they ought next to have pitched upon one who was the oldest offender: instead of that, they have re-elected the most recent; and, as if virtue was a borough, Mr. Pitt is re-chosen for it, on vacating his seat. Well, but all this is very serious: I shall offer you a prophetic picture, and shall be very glad if I am not a true soothsayer. The city have voted an address of thanks to Mr. Pitt, and given instructions to their members; the chief articles of which are, to promote an inquiry into the disposal of the money that has been granted, and to consent to no peace, unless we are to retain all, or very near all, our conquests. Thus the city of London usurp the right of making peace and war. But is the government to be dictated to by one town? By no means. But suppose they are not — what is the consequence? How will the money be raised? If it cannot be raised without them, Mr.

Pitt must again be minister: that you think would easily be accommodated. Stay, stay; he and lord Temple have declared against the whole cabinet council. Why, that they have done before now, and yet have acted with them again. It is very true; but a little word has escaped Mr. Pitt, which never entered into his former declarations; nay, nor into Cromwell's, nor Hugh Capet's, nor Julius Cæsar's, nor any reformer's of ancient time. He has happened to say, he will *guide*. Now, though the cabinet council are mighty willing to be guided, when they cannot help it, yet they wish to have appearances saved: they cannot be fond of being told they are to be guided; still less, that other people should be told so. Here, then, is Mr. Pitt and the common-council on one hand, the great lords on the other. I protest, I do not see but it will come to this. Will it allay the confusion, if Mr. Fox is retained on the side of the court? Here are no Whigs and Tories, harmless people, that are content with worrying one another for 150 years together. The new parties are, *I will*, and *You shall not;* and their principles do not admit delay. However, this age is of suppler mould than some of its predecessors; and this may come round again, by a *coup de baguette*, when one least expects it. If it should not, the honestest part one can take is to look on, and try if one can do any good if matters go too far.

I am charmed with the Castle of Hercules;[1] it is the boldest pile I have seen since I travelled in Fairyland. You ought to have delivered a princess imprisoned by enchanters in his club: she, in gratitude, should have fallen in love with you: your constancy should have been immaculate. The devil knows how it would have ended—I don't — And so I break off my romance.

You need not beat the French any more this year: it cannot be ascribed to Mr. Pitt; and the mob won't thank you. If we are to have a warm campaign in parliament, I hope you will be sent for. Adieu! We take the field to-morrow se'nnight.

Yours ever."

P. S. You will be sorry to hear that Worksop is burned. My lady Waldegrave has got a daughter, and your brother an ague.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, November 7, 1761.

You will rejoice to hear that your friend Mr. Amyand is going to marry the dowager lady North-

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[1] Alluding to a description of a building in Hessé Cassel, given by Mr. Conway in one of his letters.

ampton; she has two thousand pounds a-year, and twenty thousand in money. Old Dunch is dead, and Mrs. Felton Harvey was given over last night, but is still alive.

Sir John Cust is speaker, and bating his nose, the chair seems well filled. There are so many new faces in this parliament, that I am not at all acquainted with it.

The enclosed print will divert you, especially the baroness in the right-hand corner — so ugly, and so satisfied: the Athenian head was intended for Stewart; but was so like, that Hogarth was forced to cut off the nose. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, November 28, 1761.

I AM much obliged for the notice of sir Compton's illness; if you could send me word of peace too, I should be completely satisfied on Mr. Conway's account. He has been in the late action, and escaped, at a time that, I flattered myself, the campaign was at an end. However, I trust it is now. You will have been concerned for young Courtney. The war, we hear, is to be transferred to these islands; most probably to yours. The

black-rod I hope, like a herald, is a sacred personage.

There has been no authentic account of the coronation published; if there should be, I will send it. When I am at Strawberry, I believe I can make you out a list of those that walked; but I have no memorandum in town. If Mr. Bentley's play is printed in Ireland, I depend on your sending me two copies.

There has been a very private ball at court, consisting of not above twelve or thirteen couple; some of the lords of the bedchamber, most of the ladies, the maids of honour, and six strangers, lady Caroline Russell, lady Jane Stewart, lord Suffolk, lord Northampton, lord Mandeville, and lord Grey. Nobody sat by, but the princess, the duchess of Bedford, and lady Bute. They began before seven, danced till one, and parted without a supper.

Lady Sarah Lenox has refused lord Errol; the duke of Bedford is privy seal; lord Thomond cofferer; lord George Cavendish comptroller;—George Pitt goes minister to Turin; and Mrs. Speed must go thither, as she is marrying the baron de Perrier, count Virry's son. Adieu! Commend me to your brother.

Yours ever.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBURY.

Arlington-street, Nov. 28, 1761.

DEAR MADAM,

You are so bad and so good, that I don't know how to treat you. You give me every mark of kindness but letting me hear from you. You send me charming drawings the moment I trouble you with a commission, and you give lady Cecilia[1] commissions for trifles of my writing, in the most obliging manner. I have taken the latter off her hands. The Fugitive Pieces, and the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors shall be conveyed to you directly. Lady Cecilia and I agree how we lament the charming suppers there, every time we pass the corner of Warwick-street! We have a little comfort for your sake and our own, in believing that the campaign is at an end, at least for this year — but they tell us, it is to recommence here or in Ireland. You have nothing to do with that. Our politics, I think, will soon be as warm as our war. Charles Townshend is to be lieutenant-general to Mr. Pitt. The duke of Bedford is privy-seal; lord Thomond, cofferer; lord George Cavendish, comptroller.

Diversions, you know, madam, are never at

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[1] Lady Cecilia Johnston.

high-water-mark before Christmas: yet operas flourish pretty well: those on Tuesdays are removed to Mondays, because the queen likes the burlettas, and the king cannot go on Tuesdays, his post-days. On those nights we have the middle front box, railed in, where lady Mary[2] and I sit in triste state like a lord mayor and lady mayoress. The night before last there was a private ball at court, which began at half an hour after six, lasted till one, and finished without a supper. The king danced the whole time with the queen, lady Augusta with her four younger brothers. The other performers were: the two duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, who danced little; lady Effingham and lady Egremont, who danced much; the six maids of honour; lady Susan Stewart, as attending lady Augusta; and lady Caroline Russel, and lady Jane Stewart, the only women not of the family. Lady Northumberland is at Bath; lady Weymouth lies in; lady Bolingbroke was there in waiting, but in black gloves, so did not dance. The men, besides the royals, were lords March and Eglintoun, of the bed-chamber; lord Cantelupe, vice-chamberlain; lord Huntingdon; and four strangers, lord Mandeville, lord Northampton, lord Suffolk, and lord Grey. No sitters-by, but the princess, the duchess of Bedford, and lady Bute.

[2] Lady Mary Coke.

If it had not been for this ball, I don't know how I should have furnished a decent letter. Pamphlets on Mr. Pitt are the whole conversation, and none of them worth sending cross the water: at least I, who am said to write some of them, think so; by which you may perceive I am not much flattered with the imputation. There must be new personages at least, before I write on any side —— Mr. Pitt and the duke of Newcastle! I should as soon think of informing the world that miss Chudleigh is no vestal. You will like better to see some words which Mr. Gray has writ, at miss Speed's request, to an old air of Geminiani: the thought is from the French.

I.

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return.
Ah! what means yon violet flower,
And the buds that deck the thorn?
'Twas the lark that upward sprung,
'Twas the nightingale that sung.

II.

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
Speak not always winter past.
Cease my doubts, my fears to move;
Spare the honour of my love.

Adieu, madam, your most faithful servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 8, 1761.

I RETURN you the list of prints, and shall be glad you will bring me all, to which I have affixed this mark ×. The rest I have; yet the expense of the whole list would not ruin me. Lord Farnham, who, I believe, departed this morning, brings you the list of the duke of Devonshire's pictures.

I have been told that Mr. Bourk's history was of England, not of Ireland; I am glad it is the latter, for I am now in Mr. Hume's England, and would fain read no more. I not only know what has been written, but what would be written. Our story is so exhausted, that to make it new, they really *make* it *new*. Mr. Hume has exalted Edward the second, and depressed Edward the third. The next historian, I suppose, will make James the first a hero, and geld Charles the second.

Fingal is come out; I have not yet got through it; not but it is very fine — yet I cannot at once compass an epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. Fingal is a brave collection of similes, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret,

but you must not disclose it; I should be ruined with my Scotch friends; in short, I cannot believe it genuine; I cannot believe a regular poem of six books has been preserved, uncorrupted, by oral tradition, from times before Christianity was introduced into the island. What! preserved unadulterated by savages dispersed among mountains, and so often driven from their dens, so wasted by wars civil and foreign! Has one man ever got all by heart? I doubt it; were parts preserved by some, other parts by others? Mighty lucky, that the tradition was never interrupted, nor any part lost — not a verse, not a measure, not the sense! luckier and luckier. I have been extremely qualified myself lately for this Scotch memory; we have had nothing but a coagulation of rains, fogs, and frosts, and though they have clouded all understanding, I suppose, if I had tried, I should have found that they thickened, and gave great consistence to my remembrance.

You want news — I must make it, if I send it. To change the dullness of the scene I went to the play; where I had not been this winter. They are so crowded, that though I went before six, I got no better place than a fifth row, where I heard very ill, and was pent for five hours without a soul near me that I knew. It was Cymbeline, and appeared to me as long as if every body in it went really to Italy in every act, and came back

again. With a few pretty passages and a scene or two, it is so absurd and tiresome, that I am persuaded Garrick * * * * * * *[1]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 23, 1761. Past midnight.

I AM this minute come home, and find such a delightful letter from you, that I cannot help answering it, and telling you so before I sleep. You need not affirm, that your ancient wit and pleasantry are revived; your letter is but five and twenty, and I will forgive any vanity, that is so honest, and so well founded. Ireland I see produces wonders of more sorts than one; if my lord Anson was to go lord-lieutenant, I suppose he would return a ravisher. How different am I from this state of revivification! Even such talents as I had are far from blooming again; and while my friends, or cotemporaries, or predecessors, are rising to preside over the fame of this age, I seem a mere antediluvian; must live upon what little stock of reputation I had acquired, and indeed grow so indifferent, that I can only wonder how those, whom I thought as old as myself, can

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[1] The rest of this letter is lost.

interest themselves so much about a world, whose faces I hardly know. You recover your spirits and wit, Rigby is grown a speaker, Mr. Bentley a poet, while I am nursing one or two gouty friends, and sometimes lamenting that I am likely to survive the few I have left. Nothing tempts me to launch out again; every day teaches me how much I was mistaken in my own parts, and I am in no danger now but of thinking I am grown too wise; for every period of life has its mistake.

Mr. Bentley's relation to lord Rochester by the St. Johns is not new to me, and you had more reason to doubt of their affinity by the former marrying his mistress, than to ascribe their consanguinity to it. I shall be glad to see the epistle: are not the Wishes to be acted? remember me, if they are printed; and I shall thank you for this new list of prints.

I have mentioned names enough in this letter to lead me naturally to new ill usage I have received. Just when I thought my book finished, my printer ran away, and had left eighteen sheets in the middle of the book untouched, having amused me with sending proofs. He had got into debt, and two girls with child; being two, he could not marry two Hannahs. You see my luck; I had been kind to this fellow; in short, if the faults of my life had been punished as severely as my merits have been, I should be the most unhappy of beings; but let us talk of something else.

I have picked up at Mrs. Dunch's auction the sweetest Petitot in the world — the very picture of James the second, that he gave Mrs. Godfrey, and I paid but six guineas and a half for it. I will not tell you how vast a commission I had given; but I will own, that about the hour of sale, I drove about the door to find what likely bidders there were. The first coach I saw was the Chudleighs; could I help concluding, that a maid of honour, kept by a duke, would purchase the portrait of a duke kept by a maid of honour — but I was mistaken. The Oxendens reserved the best pictures; the fine china, and even the diamonds, sold for nothing; for nobody has a shilling. We shall be beggars if we don't conquer Peru within this half year.

If you are acquainted with my lady Barrymore, pray tell her that in less than two hours t'other night the duke of Cumberland lost four hundred and fifty pounds at loo; Miss Pelham won three hundred, and I the rest. However, in general, loo is extremely gone to decay; I am to play at princess Emily's to-morrow for the first time this winter, and it is with difficulty she has made a party.

My lady Pomfret is dead on the road to Bath; and unless the deluge stops, and the fogs disperse, I think we shall all die. A few days ago, on the cannon firing for the king going to the house, somebody asked what it was for? Monsieur de

Choiseul replied, "*Apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le soleil.*"

Shall I fill up the rest of my paper with some extempore lines, that I wrote t'other night on lady Mary Coke having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek? You will find nothing in them to contradict what I have said in the former part of my letter; they rather confirm it.

No rouge you wear, nor can a dart
From Love's bright quiver wound your heart.
And thought you, Cupid and his mother
Would unrevenged their anger smother?
No, no, from heaven they sent the fire,
That boasts St. Anthony its sire;
They pour'd it on one peccant part,
Inflamed your cheek, if not your heart.
In vain — for see the crimson rise,
And dart fresh lustre through your eyes;
While ruddier drops and baffled pain
Enhance the white they meant to stain.
Ah! nymph, on that unfading face
With fruitless pencil Time shall trace
His lines malignant, since disease
But gives you mightier power to please.

Willes is dead, and Pratt is to be chief justice; Mr. Yorke attorney-general; solicitor, I don't know who. Good night: the watchman cries, past one!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 30, 1761.

I HAVE received two more letters from you since I wrote last week, and I like to find by them that you are so well and so happy. As nothing has happened of change in my situation but a few more months passed, I have nothing to tell you new of myself. Time does not sharpen my passions or pursuits, and the experience I have had by no means prompts me to make new connections. 'Tis a busy world, and well adapted to those who love to bustle in it; I loved it once, loved its very tempests — now I barely open my window, to view what course the storm takes. The town, who, like the devil, when one has once sold oneself to him, never permits one to have done playing the fool, believe I have a great hand in their amusements; but to write pamphlets, I mean as a volunteer, one must love or hate, and I have the satisfaction of doing neither. I would not be at the trouble of composing a distich to achieve a revolution. 'Tis equal to me what names are on the scene. In the general view, the prospect is very dark: the Spanish war, added to the load, almost oversets our most sanguine heroism; and now we have an opportunity of conquering all the world, by being at war with all the world, we seem to doubt a little of our abili-

ties. On a survey of our situation, I comfort myself with saying, "Well, what is it to me?" A selfishness that is far from anxious, when it is the first thought in one's constitution; not so agreeable when it is the last, and adopted by necessity alone.

You drive your expectations much too fast, in thinking my Anecdotes of Painting are ready to appear, in demanding *three* volumes. You will see but *two*, and it will be February first. True, I have written three, but I question whether the third will be published at all; certainly not soon; it is not a work of merit enough to cloy the town with a great deal at once. My printer ran away and left a third part of the two first volumes unfinished. I suppose he is writing a tragedy himself, or an epistle to my lord Melcomb, or a panegyric on my lord Bute.

Jemmy Pelham is dead, and has left to his servants what little his servants had left him. Lord Ligonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanted to prosecute them: his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman indeed might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. "Well, then," said the old man, "I may prosecute too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report: I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four; the newspapers have said I am eighty, and she will not have me."

Lord Charlemont's Queen Elizabeth I know

perfectly; he out-bid me for it; is his villa finished? I am well pleased with the design in Chambers. I have been *my out-of-town* with lord Waldegrave, Selwyn, and Williams; it was melancholy the missing poor Edgecumbe, who was constantly of the Christmas and Easter parties. Did you see the charming picture Reynolds painted for me of him, Selwyn, and Williams? It is by far one of the best things he has executed. He has just finished a pretty whole-length of lady Elizabeth Keppel,[1] in the bridemaid's habit, sacrificing to Hymen.

If the Spaniards land in Ireland, shall you make the campaign? No, no, come back to England; you and I will not be patriots, till the Gauls are in the city, and we must take our great chairs and our fasces, and be knocked on the head with decorum in St. James's market. Good night.

Yours ever.

P. S. I am told that they bind in vellum better at Dublin than any where; pray bring me one book of their binding, as well as it can be done, and I will not mind the price. If Mr: Bourk's history appears before your return, let it be that.

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[1] She was daughter of the earl of Albemarle, and married to the marquis of Tavistock.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Jan. 26, 1762.

We have had as many mails due from Ireland as you had from us. I have at last received a line from you; it tells me you are well, which I am always glad to hear; I cannot say you tell me much more. My health is so little subject to alteration, and so preserved by temperance, that it is not worth repetition; thank God you may conclude it is good, if I do not say the contrary.

Here is nothing new but preparations for conquest, and approaches to bankruptcy; and the worst is, the former will advance the latter at least as much as impede it. You say the Irish will live and die with your cousin: I am glad they are so well disposed. I have lived long enough to doubt whether all, who like to live with one, would be so ready to die with one. I know it is not pleasant to have the time arrived when one looks about to see whether they would or not; but you are in a country of more sanguine complexion, and where I believe the clergy do not deny the laity the cup.

The queen's brother arrived yesterday; your brother, prince John, has been here about a week; I am to dine with him to-day at lord Dacre's with the Chute. Our burlettas are gone out of fashion;

do the Amicis come hither next year, or go to Guadaloupe, as is said?

I have been told that a lady Kingsland at Dublin has a picture of madame Grammont by Petitot; I don't know who lady Kingsland is, whether rich or poor, but I know there is nothing I would not give for such a picture. I wish you would hunt it; and if the dame is above temptation, do try if you could obtain a copy in water colours, if there is any body at Dublin could execute it.

The duchess of Portland has lately enriched me exceedingly; nine portraits of the court of Louis quatorze! Lord Portland brought them over; they hung in the nursery at Bulstrode, the children amused themselves with shooting at them. I have got them, but I will tell you no more, you don't deserve it; you write to me as if I were your godfather: "Honoured sir, I am brave and well, my cousin George is well, we drink your health every night, and beg your blessing." This is the sum total of all your letters. I thought in a new country, and with your spirits and humour, you could have found something to tell me. I shall only ask you now when you return; but I declare I will not correspond with you: I don't write letters to divert myself, but in expectation of returns; in short, you are extremely in disgrace with me; I have measured my letters for some time, and for the future will answer you paragraph for paragraph. You yourself don't seem to

find letter-writing so amusing as to pay itself. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 2, 1762.

I SCOLDED you in my last, but I shall forgive you if you return soon to England, as you talk of doing; for though you are an abominable correspondent, and only write to beg letters, you are good company, and I have a notion I shall still be glad to see you.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity, are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground-work rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first, the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth, and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

Insanam vatem aspicies,

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then.

You told me not a word of Mr. Macnaughton, and I have a great mind to be as coolly indolent about our famous ghost in Cock-lane. Why should one steal half an hour from one's amusements to tell a story to a friend in another island? I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I believe if I were to stay a little, I might send its *life*, dedicated to my lord Dartmouth, by the ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk set it on foot out of revenge, the methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London think of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the Rabbit-woman were modest impostors in comparison of this which goes on without saving the least appearances. The archbishop, who would not suffer the Minor to be acted in ridicule of the methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it, for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland-house, the duke of York, lady Northumberland, lady Mary Coke, lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot: it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one

another's pockets to make room for us. The house which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child, to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked, if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We staid however till half an hour after one. The methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering *when it will be found out* — as if there was any thing to find out — as if the actors would make their noises when they can be discovered. However, as this pantomime cannot last much longer, I hope lady Fanny Shirley will set up a ghost of her own at Twickenham, and then you shall *hear* one. The methodists, as lord Aylesford assured Mr. Chute two nights ago at lord Dacre's, have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire. There, how good I am!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 6, 1762.

You must have thought me very negligent of your commissions; not only in buying your ruffles, but in never mentioning them; but my justification is most ample and verifiable. Your letters of Jan. second arrived but yesterday with the papers of Dec. twenty-nine. These are the mails that have so long been missing, and were shipwrecked or something on the Isle of Man. Now you see it was impossible for me to buy you a pair of ruffles for the eighteenth of January, when I did not receive the orders till the fifth of February.

You don't tell me a word (but that is not new to you) of Mr. Hamilton's wonderful eloquence, which converted a whole House of Commons on the five regiments. We have no such miracles here; five regiments might work such prodigies, but I never knew mere rhetoric gain above one or two proselytes at a time in all my practice.

We have a prince Charles here, the queen's brother; he is like her, but more like the Hows; low, but well made, good eyes and teeth. Princess Emily is very ill, has been blistered, and been blooded four times.

My books appear on Monday se'nnight: if I can find any quick conveyance for them, you shall

have them; if not, as you are returning soon, I may as well keep them for you. Adieu; I grudge every word I write to you.

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.[1]

Tuesday, Feb. 7.

DEAR SIR,

THE little leisure I have to day will, I trust, excuse my saying very few words in answer to your obliging letter, of which no part touches me more than what concerns your health, which, however, I rejoice to hear is re-establishing itself.

I am sorry I did not save your trouble of catalogueing Ames's heads, by telling you, that another person has actually done it, and designs to publish a new edition ranged in a different method. I don't know the gentleman's name, but he is a friend of sir Wm. Musgrave, from whom I had this information some months ago.

You will oblige me much by the sight of the

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1 A distinguished antiquary, better known by the assistance he gave to others, than by publications of his own. He was vicar of Burnham, in the county of Bucks, and died Dec. 16th, 1782, in his sixty-eighth year, within six weeks of the date of the last letter to him in this collection.

volume you mention. Don't mind the epigrams you transcribe on my father. I have been inured to abuse on him from my birth. It is not a quarter of an hour ago since cutting the leaves of a new dab called Anecdotes of Polite Literature, I found myself abused for having defended my father. I don't know the author, and suppose I never shall, for I find Glover's Leonidas is one of the things he admires — and so I leave them to be forgotten together, *Fortunati Ambo!*

I sent your letter to Ducarel, who has promised me those poems — I accepted the promise to get rid of him t'other day, when he would have talked me to death.

Adieu, dear sir,
Yours very sincerely.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 22, 1762.

My scolding does you so much good, that I will for the future lecture you for the most trifling peccadillo. You have written me a very entertaining letter, and wiped out several debts; not that I will forget one of them if you relapse.

As we have never had a rainbow to assure us that the world shall not be snowed to death, I thought last night was the general *connivation*.

We had a tempest of wind and snow for two hours beyond any thing I remember: chairs were blown to pieces, the streets covered with tassels and glasses and tiles, and coaches and chariots were filled like reservoirs. Lady Raymond's house in Berkeley-square is totally unroofed, and lord Robert Bertie, who is going to marry her, may descend into it like a Jupiter Pluvius. It is a week of wonders, and worthy the note of an almanack maker. Miss Draycott, within two days of matrimony, has dismissed Mr. Beauclerc; but this is totally forgotten already in the amazement of a new elopement. In all your reading, true or false, have you ever heard of a young earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, a lord of the bedchamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting every thing, resigning wife and world, and embarking for life in a pacquet boat with a Miss? I fear your connexions will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer; it is Henry earl of Pembroke, the nymph Kitty Hunter. The town and lady Pembroke were but too much witnesses to this intrigue, last Wednesday at a great ball at lord Middleton's. On Thursday they decamped. However, that the writer of their romance, or I, as he is a *noble author*, might not want materials, the earl has left a bushel of letters behind him; to his mother, to lord Bute, to lord Ligonier, (the two last to resign his employments) and to Mr. Stopford, whom he

acquits of all privity to his design. In none he justifies himself, unless this is a justification, that having long tried in vain to make his wife hate and dislike him, he had no way left but this, and it is to be hoped he will succeed; and then it may not be the worst event that could have happened to her. You may easily conceive the hubbub such an exploit must occasion. With ghosts, elopements, abortive motions, &c. we can amuse ourselves tolerably well, till the season arrives for taking the field and conquering the Spanish West Indies.

I have sent you my books by a messenger; lord Barrington was so good as to charge himself with them. They barely saved their distance; a week later, and no soul could have read a line in them, unless I had changed the title page, and called them the Loves of the earl of Pembroke and Miss Hunter.

I am sorry lady Kingsland is so rich. However, if the papists should be likely to rise, pray disarm her of the enamel, and commit it to safe custody in the round tower at Strawberry. Good night, mine is a life of letter writing; I pray for a peace that I may sheath my pen.

Yours ever.

To Dr. DUCAREL.[1]

Feb. 24, 1762.

Sir,

I am glad my books have at all amused you, and am much obliged to you for your notes and communications. Your thought of an English Montfaucon accords perfectly with a design I have long had of attempting something of that kind, in which too I have been lately encouraged; and therefore I will beg you at your leisure, as they shall occur, to make little notes of customs, fashions, and portraits, relating to our history and manners. Your work on vicarages, I am persuaded, will be very useful, as every thing you undertake is, and curious.—After the medals I lent Mr. Perry, I have a little reason to take it ill, that he has entirely neglected me; he has published a number, and sent it to several persons, and never to me. I wanted to see him too, because I know of two very curious medals, which I could borrow for him. He does not deserve it at my hands, but I will not defraud the public of any thing valuable; and therefore, if he will call on me any morning, but a Sunday or Monday, be-

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[1] Librarian at Lambeth Palace, and a well known antiquary. He died in 1785.

tween eleven and twelve, I will speak to him of them. — With regard to one or two of your remarks, I have not said that *real* lions were originally leopards. I have said that lions in arms, that is, *painted* lions, were leopards; and it is fact, and no inaccuracy. Paint a leopard yellow, and it becomes a lion. — You say, colours *rightly* prepared do not grow black. The art would be much obliged for such a preparation. I have not said that oil-colours would not endure with a glass; on the contrary, I believe they would last the longer.

I am much amazed at Vertue's blunder about my marriage of Henry VII.; and afterwards, he said, *Sykes, knowing how to give names to pictures to make them sell*, called this the marriage of Henry VII.; and afterwards, he said, Sykes had the figures inserted in an old picture of a church. He must have known little indeed, sir, if he had not known how to name a picture that he had painted on purpose that he might call it so! That Vertue, on the strictest examination, could not be convinced that the man was Henry VII., not being like any of his pictures. Unluckily, he is extremely like the shilling, which is much more authentic than any picture of Henry VII. But here Sykes seems to have been extremely deficient in his tricks. Did he order the figure to be painted like Henry VII., and yet could not get it painted like him, which was the easiest part of

the task? Yet how came he to get the queen painted like, whose representations are much scarcer than those of her husband? and how came Sykes to have pomegranates painted on her robe, only to puzzle the cause? It is not worth adding, that I should much sooner believe the church was painted to the figures, than the figures to the church. They are hard and antique: the church in a better style, and at least more fresh. If Vertue had made no better criticisms than these, I would never have taken so much trouble with his MS. Adieu!

I am, &c.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 25, 1762.

I SENT you my gazette but two days ago; I now write to answer a kind long letter I have received from you since.

I have heard of my brother's play several years ago; but I never understood that it was completed, or more than a few detached scenes. What is become of Mr. Bentley's play and Mr. Bentley's epistle?

When I go to Strawberry, I will look for where lord Cutts was buried; I think I can find it. I am disposed to prefer the younger picture of

Madame Grammont by Lely; but I stumbled at the price; twelve guineas for a copy in enamel is very dear. Mrs. Vezey tells me, his originals cost sixteen, and are not so good as his copies. I will certainly have none of his originals. His, what is his name? I would fain resist this copy; I would more fain excuse myself for having it. I say to myself, it would be rude not to have it, now lady Kingsland and Mr. Montagu have had so much trouble — well — *I think I must have it,* as my lady Wishfort says, *why does not the fellow take me?* Do try if he will not take ten; remember it is the younger picture: and, oh! now you are remembering, don't forget all my prints and a book bound in vellum. There is a thin folio too I want, called Hibernica; it is a collection of curious papers, one a translation by Carew earl of Totness: I had forgot that you have no books in Ireland; however, I must have this, and your pardon for all the trouble I give you.

No news yet of the runaways: but all that comes out antecedent to the escape, is more and more extraordinary and absurd. The day of the elopement he had invited his wife's family and other folk to dinner with her, but said he must himself dine at a tavern; but he dined privately in his own dressing room, put on a sailor's habit, and black wig, that he had brought home with him in a bundle, and threatened the servants he would murder them if they mentioned it to his wife. He

left a letter for her, which the duke of Marlborough was afraid to deliver to her, and opened. It desired she would not write to him, as it would make him completely mad. He desires the king would preserve his rank of major general, as some time or other he may serve again. Here is an indifferent epigram made on the occasion: I send it you, though I wonder any body could think it a subject to joke upon.

As Pembroke a horseman by most is accounted,
'Tis not strange that his lordship a Hunter has mounted.

Adieu;
Yours ever.

To the COUNTESS of AILESBURY.

Strawberry-hill, March 5, 1762.

MADAM,

ONE of your slaves, a fine young officer, brought me two days ago a very pretty medal from your ladyship. Amidst all your triumphs you do not, I see, forget your English friends, and it makes me extremely happy. He pleased me still more, by assuring me that you return to England when the campaign opens. I can pay this news by none so good as by telling you that we talk of nothing but peace. We are equally ready to give law to

the world, or peace. Martinico has not made us intractable. We and the new czar are the best sort of people upon earth: I am sure, madam, you must adore him; he is willing to resign all his conquests, that you and Mr. Conway may be settled again at Park-place. My lord Chesterfield, with the despondence of an old man and the wit of a young one, thinks the French and Spaniards must make some attempt upon these islands, and is frightened lest we should not be so well prepared to repel invasions as to make them: he says, "*What will it avail us if we gain the whole world, and lose our own soul?*"

I am here alone, madam, and know nothing to tell you. I came from town on Saturday for the worst cold I ever had in my life, and, what I care less to own even to myself, a cough. I hope lord Chesterfield will not speak more truth in what I have quoted, than in his assertion, that one need not cough if one did not please. It has pulled me extremely, and you may believe I do not look very plump, when I am more emaciated than usual. However, I have taken James's powder for four nights, and have found great benefit from it; and if miss Conway does not come back with *soixante et douze quartiers*, and the hauteur of a landgravine, I think I shall still be able to run down the precipices at Park-place with her—This is to be understood, supposing that we have any summer. Yesterday was the first moment that

did not feel like Thule: not a glimpse of spring or green, except a miserable almond-tree, half opening one bud, like my lord P * * * *'s eye.

It will be warmer, I hope, by the king's birth-day, or the old ladies will catch their deaths. There is a court dress to be instituted — (to thin the drawing-rooms) — stiff-bodied gowns and bare shoulders. What dreadful discoveries will be made both on fat and lean! I recommend to you the idea of Mrs. C * * * *, when half-stark; and I might fill the rest of my paper with such images, but your imagination will supply them; and you shall excuse me, though I leave this a short letter: but I wrote merely to thank your ladyship for the medal, and, as you perceive, have very little to say, besides that known and lasting truth, how much I am Mr. Conway's and

Your ladyship's faithful humble servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 9, 1762.

I am glad you have received my books safe, and are content with them. I have little idea of Mr. Bentley's; though his imagination is sufficiently Pindaric, nay obscure, his numbers are not apt to be so tuneful as to excuse his flights. He should always give his wit, both in verse and prose, to

somebody else to make up. If any of his things are printed at Dublin, let me have them; I have no quarrel with his talents. Your cousin's behaviour has been handsome, and so was his speech, which is printed in our papers. Advice is arrived to-day, that our troops have made good their landing at Martinico; I don't know any of the incidents yet.

You ask me for an epitaph for lord Cutts; I scratched out the following lines last night as I was going to bed; if they are not good enough, pray don't take them: they were written in a minute, and you are under no obligation to like them.

Late does the muse approach to Cutts's grave,
But ne'er the grateful muse forgets the brave;
He gave her subjects for th' immortal lyre,
And sought in idle hours the tuneful choir;
Skilful to mount by either path to fame,
And dear to memory by a double name.
Yet if ill known amid th' Aonian groves,
His shade a stranger and unnotic'd roves,
The dauntless chief a nobler band may join:
They never die, who conquer'd at the Boyne.

The last line intends to be popular in Ireland; but you must take care to be certain that he was at the battle of the Boyne; I conclude so; and it should be specified the year, when you erect the monument. The latter lines mean to own his having been but a moderate poet, and to cover

that mediocrity under his valour; all which is true. Make the sculptor observe the stops.

I have not been at Strawberry above a month, nor ever was so long absent; but the weather has been cruelly cold and disagreeable. We have not had a single dry week since the beginning of September; a great variety of weather, all bad. Adieu.

Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 22, 1762.

You may fancy what you will, but the eyes of all the world are not fixed upon Ireland. Because you have a little virtue, and a lord lieutenant,[1] that refuses four thousand pounds a year, and a chaplain[2] of a lord lieutenant, that declines a huge bishoprick, and a secretary,[3] whose eloquence can convince a nation of blunderers, you imagine that nothing is talked of but the castle of Dublin.

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1 The Irish House of Commons having voted an address to the king to increase the salary of the lord lieutenant, the earl of Halifax declined having any augmentation.

2 Doctor Crane, chaplain to the earl of Halifax, had refused the bishoprick of Elphin.

3 Mr. Hamilton.

In the first place virtue may sound its own praises, but it never is praised; and in the next place, there are other feats besides self-denials; and for eloquence, we overflow with it. Why, the single eloquence of Mr. Pitt, like an annihilated star, can shine many months after it has set. I tell you it has conquered Martinico. If you will not believe me, read the gazette; read Moncton's letter; there is more martial spirit in it than in half Thucydides, and in all the grand Cyrus. Do you think Demosthenes or Themistocles ever raised the Grecian stocks two per cent. in four-and-twenty hours? I shall burn all my Greek and Latin books; they are histories of little people. The Romans never conquered the world, till they had conquered three parts of it, and were three hundred years about it; we subdue the globe in three campaigns; and a globe, let me tell you, as big again as it was in their days. Perhaps you may think me proud; but you don't know that I had some share in the reduction of Martinico; the express was brought by my godson, Mr. Horatio Gates; and I have a very good precedent for attributing some of the glory to myself: I have by me a love letter, written during my father's administration, by a journeyman tailor to my brother's second chambermaid; his offers were honourable; he proposed matrimony, and to better his terms, informed her of his pretensions to a

place; they were founded on what he called, *some services to the government.* As the nymph could not read, she carried the epistle to the housekeeper to be decyphered, by which means it came into my hands. I inquired what were the merits of Mr. vice Crispin, was informed that he had made the suit of clothes for a figure of lord Marr, that was burned after the rebellion. I hope now you don't hold me too presumptuous for pluming myself on the reduction of Martinico. However, I shall not aspire to a post, nor to marry my lady Bute's Abigail. I only trust my services to you as a friend, and do not mean under your temperate administration to get the list of Irish pensions loaded with my name, though I am godfather to Mr. Horatio Gates.

The duchess of Grafton and the English have been miraculously preserved at Rome by being at Ioo, instead of going to a great concert, where the palace fell in, and killed ten persons and wounded several others. I shall send orders to have an altar dedicated in the capitol.

Pammio O. M.
Capitolino
Ob Annam Ducissam de Grafton
Merito Incolumem.

I tell you of it now, because I don't know whether it will be worth while to write another letter

on purpose. Lord Albemarle takes up the victorious grenadiers at Martinico, and in six weeks will conquer the Havannah. Adieu.

Yours ever.

HORATIO.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 29, 1762.

I AM most absurdly glad to hear you are returned well and safe, of which I have at this moment received your account from Hankelow, where you talk of staying a week. However, not knowing the exact day of your departure, I direct this to Greatworth, that it may rather wait for you, than you for it, if it should go into Cheshire and not find you there. As I should ever be sorry to give you any pain, I hope I shall not be the first to tell you of the loss of poor lady Charlotte Johnstone,[1] who, after a violent fever of less than a week, was brought to bed yesterday morning of a dead child, and died herself at four in the afternoon. I heartily condole with you, as I know your tenderness for all your family, and the regard you have for colonel Johnstone. The time is wonderfully sickly; nothing but sore throats,

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[1] Sister of the earl of Halifax.

colds, and fevers. I got rid of one of the worst of these disorders, attended with a violent cough, by only taking seven grains of James's powder for six nights. It was the first cough I ever had, and when coughs meet with so spare a body as mine, they are not apt to be so easily conquered. Take great care of yourself, and bring the fruits of your expedition in perfection to Strawberry. I shall be happy to see you there whenever you please. I have no immediate purpose of settling there yet, as they are laying floors, which is very noisy, and as it is uncertain when the parliament will rise, but I would go there at any time to meet you. The town will empty instantly after the king's birth-day; and consequently I shall then be less broken in upon, which I know you do not like. If, therefore, it suits you, any time you will name after the fifth of June will be equally agreeable; but sooner if you like it better.

We have little news at present, except a profusion of new peerages, but are likely I think to have much greater shortly. The ministers disagree, and quarrel with as much alacrity as ever; and the world expects a total rupture between lord Bute and the late king's servants. This comedy has been so often represented, it scarce interests one, especially one, who takes no part, and who is determined to have nothing to do with the world, but hearing and seeing the scenes it furnishes.

The new peers, I don't know their rank, scarce their titles, are lord Wentworth and sir William Courtenay, viscounts; lord Egmont, lord Milton, Vernon of Sudbury, old Fox-lane, sir Edward Montagu, barons; and lady Caroline Fox, a baroness; the duke of Newcastle is created lord Pelham, with an entail to Tommy Pelham; and lord Brudenel is called to the House of Lords, as lord Montagu. The duchess of Manchester was to have had the peerage alone, and wanted the latter title: her sister, very impertinently, I think, as being the younger, objected and wished her husband marquis of Montherner. This difference has been adjusted, by making sir Edward Montagu lord Beaulieu, and giving the title of the family to lord Brudenel. With pardon of your *Cu-blood*, I hold, that lord Cardigan makes a very trumpery figure by so meanly relinquishing all Brudenelhood.

Adieu; let me know soon when you will keep your Strawberry tide.

Yours ever.

P. S. Lord Anson is in a very bad way; and Mr. Fox, I think, in not a much better.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 14, 1762.

It is very hard, when you can plunge over head and ears in Irish claret, and not have even your heel vulnerable by the gout, that such a Pythagorean as I am should yet be subject to it! It is not two years since I had it last, and here am I with my foot again upon cushions. But I will not complain; the pain is trifling, and does little more than prevent my frisking about. If I can bear the motion of the chariot, I shall drive to Strawberry to-morrow, for I had rather only look at verdure and hear my nightingales from the bow-window, than receive visits and listen to news. I can give you no certain satisfaction relative to the viceroy, your cousin. It is universally said that he has no mind to return to his dominions, and pretty much believed that he will succeed to lord Egremont's seals, who will not detain them long from whoever is to be his successor.

I am sorry you have lost another Montagu, the duke of Manchester. Your cousin Guildford is among the competitors for chamberlain to the queen. The duke of Chandos, lord Northumberland, and even the duke of Kingston, are named as other candidates; but surely they will not turn the latter loose into another chamber of maids of

honour! Lord Cantelupe has asked to rise from vice-chamberlain, but met with little encouragement. It is odd, that there are now seventeen English and Scotch dukes unmarried, and but seven out of twenty-seven have the garter.

It is comfortable to me to have a prospect of seeing Mr. Conway soon; the ruling part of the administration are disposed to recal our troops from Germany. In the meantime our officers and their *wives* are embarked for Portugal — what must Europe think of us when we make wars and assemblies all over the world?

I have been for a few days this week at lord Thomond's; by making a river-like piece of water, he has converted a very ugly spot into a tolerable one. As I was so near, I went to see Audley Inn once more; but it is only the monument now of its former grandeur. The gallery is pulled down, and nothing remains but the great hall, and an apartment like a tower at each end. In the church I found, still existing and quite fresh, the escutcheon of the famous countess of Essex and Somerset.

Adieu; I shall expect you with great pleasure the beginning of next month.

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, May 20, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

You have sent me the most kind and obliging letter in the world, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for it; but I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging it in person, by accepting the agreeable visit you are so good as to offer me, and for which I have long been impatient. I should name the earliest day possible; but, besides having some visits to make, I think it will be more pleasant to you a few weeks hence (I mean any time in July,) when the works, with which I am finishing my house, will be more advanced, and the noisy part, as laying floors, and fixing wainscots, at an end, and which now make me in a deplorable litter. As you give me leave, I will send you notice.

I am glad my books amused you; [1] yet you, who are so much deeper an antiquarian, must have found more faults and omissions, I fear, than your politeness suffers you to reprehend; yet you will, I trust, be a little more severe. We both labour, I will not say for the public (for the public troubles its head very little about our labours),

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[1] On Painting.

but for the few of posterity that shall be curious; and therefore, for their sake, you must assist me in making my works as complete as possible. This sounds ungrateful, after all the trouble you have given yourself; but I say it, to prove my gratitude, and to show you how fond I am of being corrected.

For the faults of impression, they were owing to the knavery of a printer, who, when I had corrected the sheets, amused me with revised proofs, and never printed off the whole number, and then ran away. This accounts, too, for the difference of the ink in various sheets, and for some other blemishes; though there are still enough of my own, which I must not charge on others.

Ubaldini's book I have not, and shall be pleased to see it; but I cannot think of robbing your collection, and am amply obliged by the offer.

The Anecdotes of Horatio Palavicini are extremely entertaining.

In an Itinerary of the late Mr. Smart Lethiullier, I met the very tomb of Gainsborough this winter that you mention; and, to be secure, sent to Lincoln for an exact draught of it. But what vexed me then, and does still, is, that by the defect at the end of the inscription, one cannot be certain whether he lived in CCC, or CCCC, as another C might have been there. Have you any corroborating circumstance, sir, to affix his existence to 1300 more than to 1400? Besides, I don't

know any proof of his having been architect of the church: his epitaph only calls him *Cæmentarius*, which, I suppose, means *Mason*.

I have observed, since my book was published, what you mention of the tapestry in Laud's trial: yet as the Journals were my authority, and certainly cannot be mistaken, I have concluded, that Hollar engraved his print after the Restoration. Mr. Wight, clerk of the House of Lords, says, that Oliver placed them in the House of Commons. I don't know on what grounds he says so.

I am, sir, with great gratitude,

Your most obliged humble servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, May 25, 1762.

I AM diverted with your anger at old Richard; can you really suppose that I think it any trouble to frank a few covers for you? Had I been with you, I should have cured you and your whole family in two nights with James's powder. If you have any remains of the disorder, let me beg you take seven or eight grains when you go to bed: if you have none, shall I send you some? For my own part, I am released again, though I have been tolerably bad, and one day had the gout for several hours in my head. I do not like such

speedy returns. I have been so much confined, that I could not wait on Mrs. Osborn, and I do not take it unkindly, that she will not let me have the prints without fetching them. I met her, that is, passed her, t'other day as she was going to Bushy, and was sorry to see her look much older.

Well! to-morrow is fixed for that phenomenon, the duke of Newcastle's resignation. He has had a parting *levée*; and as I suppose all bishops are prophets, they foresee that he will never come into place again, for there was but one that had the decency to take leave of him after crowding his rooms for forty years together; it was Cornwallis. I hear not even lord Lincoln resigns. Lord Bute succeeds to the treasury, and is to have the garter too on Thursday with prince William. Of your cousin I hear no more mention, but that he returns to his island. I cannot tell you exactly even the few changes that are to be made; but I can divert you with a *bon mot*, which they give to my lord Chesterfield. The new peerages being mentioned, somebody said, "I suppose there will be no duke made;" he replied, "Oh yes, there is to be one."—"Is? who?"—"Lord Talbot: he is to be created duke Humphrey, and there is to be no table kept at court but his." If you don't like this, what do you think of George Selwyn, who asked Charles Boone if it is true that he is going to be married to the fat rich Crawley? Boone denied it. "Lord!" said Selwyn, "I

thought you were to be Patrick Fleming on the mountain, and that gold and silver you were counting!

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Yours ever.

P. S. I cannot help telling you how comfortable the new disposition of the court is to me; the king and queen are settled for good and all at Buckingham-house, and are stripping the other palaces to furnish it. In short, they have already fetched pictures from Hampton-court, which indicates their never living there; consequently Strawberry-hill will remain in possession of its own tranquillity, and not become a cheese-cake house to the palace. All I ask of princes is, not to live within five miles of me.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Wednesday night, June 1.

SINCE you left Strawberry, the town (not the king of Prussia) has beaten count Daun, and made the peace, but the benefits of either have not been felt beyond Change-alley. Lord Melcomb is dy-

ing of a dropsy in his stomach, and lady Mary Wortley of a cancer in her breast.

Mr. Hamilton was here last night, and complained of your not visiting him. He pumped me to know if lord Hertford has not thoughts of the crown of Ireland, and was more than persuaded that I should go with him: I told him what was true, that I knew nothing of the former; and for the latter, that I would as soon return with the king of the Cherokees. When England has nothing that can tempt me, it would be strange if Ireland had. The Cherokee majesty dined here yesterday at lord Macclesfield's, where the Clive sang to them and the mob; don't imagine I was there, but I heard so at my lady Suffolk's.

We have tapped a little butt of rain to-night, but my lawn is far from being drunk yet. Did not you find the Vine in great beauty? My compliments to it, and to your society. I only write to enclose the enclosed. I have consigned your button to old Richard. Adieu;

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 8, 1762.

Well, you have had Mr. Chute. I did not dare to announce him to you, for he insisted on enjoy-

ing all your ejaculations. He gives me a good account of your health and spirits, but does not say when you come hither. I hope the general, as well as your brother John, know how welcome they would be, if they would accompany you. I trust it will be before the end of this month, for the very beginning of July I am to make a little visit to lord Ilchester, in Somersetshire, and I should not like not to see you before the middle or end of next month.

Mrs. Osborn has sent me the prints; they are woeful; but that is my fault and the engraver's, not yours, to whom I am equally obliged; you don't tell me whether Mr. Bentley's play was acted or not, printed or not.

There is another of the queen's brothers come over. Lady Northumberland made a pompous festino for him t'other night; not only the whole house, but the garden, was illuminated, and was quite a fairy scene. Arches and pyramids of lights alternately surrounded the enclosure; a diamond necklace of lamps edged the rails and descent, with a spiral obelisk of candles on each hand; and dispersed over the lawn were little bands of kettle-drums, clarionets, fifes, &c. and the lovely moon, who came without a card. The birth-day was far from being such a show; empty and unfine as possible. In truth, popularity does not make great promises to the new administration, and for fear it should hereafter be taxed

with changing sides, it lets lord Bute be abused every day, though he has not had time to do the least wrong thing. His first levee was crowded. Bothmar, the Danish minister, said, "*La chaleur est excessive!*" George Selwyn replied, "*Pour se mettre au froid, il faut aller chez Monsieur le Duc de Newcastle!*" There was another George not quite so tender. George Brudenel was passing by; somebody in the mob said, "What is the matter here?" Brudenel answered, "Why, there is a Scotchman got into the treasury, and they can't get him out." The archbishop, conscious of not having been at Newcastle's last levee, and ashamed of appearing at lord Bute's, first pretended he had been going by in his way from Lambeth, and, upon inquiry, found it was lord Bute's levee, and so had thought he might as well go in — I am glad he thought he might as well tell it.

The mob call Buckingham-house, Holyrood-house; in short, every thing promises to be like times *I* can remember. Lord Anson is dead; poor Mrs. Osborn will not break her heart; I should think lord Melcomb will succeed to the Admiralty. Adieu.

Yours ever.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, July 29, 1762.

Sir,

I fear you will have thought me neglectful of the visit you was so good as to offer me for a day or two at this place: the truth is, I have been in Somersetshire on a visit, which was protracted much longer than I intended. I am now returned, and shall be glad to see you as soon as you please, Sunday or Monday next if you like either, or any other day you will name. I cannot defer the pleasure of seeing you any longer, though to my mortification you will find Strawberry-hill with its worst looks — not a blade of grass! My workmen too have disappointed me; they have been in the association for forcing their masters to raise their wages, and but two are yet returned — so you must excuse litter and shavings.

I am sir,

Your obedient servant.

To the COUNTESS of AILESBURY

Strawberry-hill, July 31, 1762.

Madam,

Magnanimous as the fair soul of your ladyship is, and plaited with superabundance of Spartan forti-

tude, I felicitate my own good fortune who can circle this epistle with branches of the gentle olive, as well as crown it with victorious laurel. This pompous paragraph, madam, which in compliment to my lady Lyttelton I have penned in the style of her lord, means no more, than that I wish you joy of the castle of Waldeck,[1] and more joy on the peace, which I find every body thinks is concluded. In truth, I have still my doubts; and yesterday came news, which, if my lord Bute does not make haste, may throw a little rub in the way. In short, the czar is dethroned. Some give the honour to his wife; others, who add the little circumstance of his being murdered too, ascribe the revolution to the archbishop of Novogorod, who, like other priests, thinks assassination a less affront to Heaven than three Lutheran churches. I hope the latter is the truth; because, in the honey-moonhood of lady C * * *'s tenderness, I don't know but she might miscarry at the thought of a wife preferring a crown, and scandal says a regiment of grenadiers, to her husband.

I have a little meaning in naming lady Lyttelton and lady C * * *, who I think are at Park-place. Was not there a promise that you all three would meet Mr. Churchill and lady Mary here in the beginning of August? Yes, indeed was there,

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[1] At the taking of which Mr. Conway had assisted.

and I put in my claim.—Not confining your heroic and musical ladyships to a day or a week; my time is at your command: and I wish the rain was at mine; for, if you or it do not come soon, I shall not have a leaf left. Strawberry is browner than lady B * * * F. * * *.

I was grieved, madam, to miss seeing you in town on Monday, particularly as I wished to settle this party. If you will let me know when it will be your pleasure, I will write to my sister.

I am your ladyship's

most faithful servant.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, August 5, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

As you have correspondents of better authority in town, I don't pretend to send you great events, and I know no small ones. Nobody talks of any thing under a revolution. That in Russia alarms me, lest lady * * * should fall in love with the czarina, who has deposed *her* lord * * *, and set out for Petersburgh. We throw away a whole summer in writing Britons and North Britons; the Russians change sovereigns faster than Mr. Wilkes can choose a motto for a paper. What years were spent here in controversy on the abdi-

cation of king James, and the legitimacy of the pretender! Commend me to the czarina. They doubted, that is, her husband did, whether her children were of genuine blood-royal. She appealed to the Preobazinsky guards, excellent casuists; and, to prove duke Paul heir to the crown, assumed it herself. The proof was compendious and unanswerable.

I trust you know that Mr. Conway has made a figure by taking the castle of Waldeck. There has been another action to prince Ferdinand's advantage, but no English were engaged.

You tantalise me by talking of the verdure of Yorkshire; we have not had a tea-cup full of rain till to-day for these six weeks. Corn has been reaped that never wet its lips; not a blade of grass; the leaves yellow and falling as in the end of October. In short, Twickenham is rueful; I don't believe Westphalia looks more barren. Nay, we are forced to fortify ourselves too. Hanworth was broken open last night, though the family was all there. Lord Vere lost a silver standish, an old watch, and his writing-box with fifty pounds in it. They broke it open in the park, but missed a diamond ring, which was found, and the telescope, which by the weight of the case they had fancied full of money. Another house in the middle of Sunbury has had the same fate. I am mounting cannon on my battlements.

Your chateau, I hope, proceeds faster than mine.

The carpenters are all associated for increase of wages; I have had but two men at work these five weeks. You know, to be sure, that lady Mary Wortley cannot live. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your most faithful servant.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 5, 1762.

SIR,

As I had been dilatory in accepting your kind offer of coming hither, I proposed it as soon as I returned. As we are so burnt, and as my workmen have disappointed me, I am not quite sorry that I had not the pleasure of seeing you this week. Next week I am obliged to be in town on business. If you please, therefore, we will postpone our meeting till the first of September; by which time, I flatter myself we shall be *green*, and I shall be able to shew you my additional apartment to more advantage. Unless you forbid me, I will expect you, sir, the very beginning of next month. In the mean time, I will only thank you for the obliging and curious notes you have sent me, which will make a great figure in my second edition.

I am, sir,

Your much obliged humble servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, August 10, 1762.

I HAVE received your letter from Greatworth since your return, but I do not find that you have got one, which I sent you to the Vine, enclosing one directed for you: Mr. Chute says you did not mention hearing from me there. I left your button too in town with old Richard to be transmitted to you. Our drought continues, though we have had one handsome storm. I have been reading the story of Phaeton in the Metamorphoses; it is a picture of Twickenham. *Ardet Athos, taurusque Cilix*, &c.; mount Richmond burns, parched is Petersham, *Parnassusque biceps*, dry is Pope's grot, the nymphs of Clivden are burning to blackmoors, their faces are already as glowing as a cinder, Cycnus is changed into a swan; *quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus aurum;* my gold fishes are almost molten. Yet this conflagration is nothing to that in Russia: what do you say to a czarina mounting her horse, and marching at the head of fourteen thousand men, with a large train of artillery to dethrone her husband? Yet she is not the only virago in that country; the conspiracy was conducted by the sister of the czar's mistress, a heroine under twenty! They have no fewer than two czars now in coops—that

is, supposing these gentle damsels have murdered neither of them. Turkey will become a moderate government; one must travel to frozen climates if one chooses to see revolutions in perfection. *Here's room for meditation even to madness:* the deposed emperor possessed Muscovy, was heir to Sweden, and the true heir of Denmark; all the northern crowns centred in his person; one hopes he is in a dungeon, that is, one hopes he is not assassinated. You cannot crowd more matter into a lecture of morality, than is comprehended in those few words. This is the fourth czarina that you and I have seen; to be sure, as historians, we have not passed our time ill. Mrs. Anne Pitt, who, I suspect, envies the heroine of twenty a little, says, "The czarina has only robbed *Peter* to pay *Paul;*" and I do not believe that her brother, Mr. William Pitt, feels very happy, that he cannot immediately dispatch a squadron to the Baltic to reinstate the friend of the king of Prussia. I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more; for so long, I suppose, at least, it will be before the court of Petersburgh will cease to produce amusing scenes. Think of old count Biron, formerly master of that empire, returning to Siberia, and bowing to Bestucheff, whom he may meet on the road from thence. I interest myself now about nothing but Russia; lord Bute must be sent to the Orcades before I shall ask a question in English politics; at least I shall expect that Mr.

Pitt, at the head of the Preobazinski guards, will seize the person of the prime minister for giving up our conquests *to the chief enemy of this nation.*

My pen is in such a sublime humour, that it can scarce condescend to tell you that sir Edward Deering is going to marry Polly Hart, Danver's old mistress; and three more baronets, whose names nobody knows, but Collins, are treading in the same steps.

My compliments to the house of Montagu—upon my word I congratulate the general and you, and your viceroy, that you escaped being deposed by the primate of Novogorod.

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, August 19, 1762.

SIR,

I AM very sensible of the obligations I have to you and Mr. Masters, and ought to make separate acknowledgments to both; but, not knowing how to direct to him, I must hope that you will kindly be once more the channel of our correspondence; and that you will be so good as to convey to him an answer to what you communicated from him to me, and in particular my thanks for the most obliging offer he has made me of a picture of

Henry VII.; of which I will by no means rob him. My view in publishing the Anecdotes was, to assist gentlemen in discovering the hands of pictures they possess; and I am sufficiently rewarded when that purpose is answered. If there is another edition, the mistake in the calculation of the tapestry shall be rectified, and any others, which any gentleman will be so good as to point out. With regard to the monument of sir Nathaniel Bacon, Vertue certainly describes it as at Culford; and in looking into the place to which I am referred, in Mr. Masters's history of Corpus Christi College, I think he himself allows in the note that there is such a monument at Culford. Of sir Balthazar Gerbier there are several different prints. Nich. Lanicre purchasing pictures at the king's sale, is undoubtedly a mistake for one of his brothers.—I cannot tell now whether Vertue's mistake or my own. At Longleate is a whole length of Frances duchess of Richmond, exactly such as Mr. Masters describes, but in oil. I have another whole length of the same duchess, I believe by Mytins, but younger than that at Longleate. But the best picture of her is in Wilson's life of king James, and very diverting indeed. I will not trouble you, sir, or Mr. Masters, with any more at present; but, repeating my thanks to both, will assure you that

I am, &c.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

Nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine
Tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phœbus

THIS is a hint to you, that as Phœbus, who was certainly your superior, could take up with a chesnut garland, or any crown he found, you must have the humility to be content without laurels, when none are to be had: you have hunted far and near for them, and taken true pains to the last in that old nursery-garden Germany, and by the way have made me shudder with your last journal: but you must be easy with *qualibet* other *arbore;* you must come home to your own plantations. The duke of Bedford is gone in a fury to make peace, for he cannot be even pacific with temper; and by this time I suppose the duke de Nivernois is unpacking his portion of olive *dans la rue de Suffolk-street.* I say, I suppose—for I do not, like my friends at Arthur's, whip into my post-chaise to see every novelty. My two sovereigns, the duchess of Grafton and lady Mary Coke, are arrived, and yet I have seen neither Polly nor Lucy. The former, I hear, is entirely French; the latter as absolutely English.

Well! but if you insist on not doffing your

cuirass, you may find an opportunity of wearing it. The storm thickens. The city of London are ready to hoist their standard; treason is the *bon ton* at that end of the town; seditious papers pasted up at every corner: nay, my neighbourhood is not unfashionable; we have had them at Brentford and Kingston. The Peace is the cry; but to make weight, they throw in all the abusive ingredients they can collect. They talk of your friend the duke of Devonshire's resigning; and, for the duke of Newcastle, it puts him so much in mind of the end of queen Anne's time, that I believe he hopes to be minister again for another forty years.

In the mean time there are but dark news from the Havannah; the Gazette, who would not fib for the world, says, we have lost but four officers; the World, who is not quite so scrupulous, says, our loss is heavy.—But what shocking notice to those who have *Harry Conways* there! The Gazette breaks off with saying, that they were to storm the next day! Upon the whole, it is regarded as a preparative to worse news.

Our next monarch was christened last night, George Augustus Frederick; the princess, the duke of Cumberland, and duke of Mecklenburgh, sponsors; the ceremony performed by the bishop of London. The queen's bed, magnificent, and they say in taste, was placed in the great drawing-room: though she is not to see company in form,

yet it looks as if they had intended people should have been there, as all who presented themselves were admitted, which were very few, for it had not been notified; I suppose to prevent too great a crowd: all I have heard named, besides those in waiting, were the duchess of Queensbury, lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Grenville, and about four more ladies.

My lady Ailesbury is abominable: she settled a party to come hither, and put it off a month; and now she has been here and seen my cabinet, she ought to tell you what good reason I had not to stir. If she has not told you that it is the finest, the prettiest, the newest and the oldest thing in the world, I will not go to Park-place on the 20th, as I have promised. Oh! but tremble you may for me, though you will not for yourself —all my glories were on the point of vanishing last night in a flame! The chimney of the new gallery, which chimney is full of deal-boards, and which gallery is full of shavings, was on fire at eight o'clock. Harry had quarrelled with the other servants, and would not sit in the kitchen; and to keep up his anger, had lighted a vast fire in the servants' hall, which is under the gallery. The chimney took fire; and if Margaret had not smelt it with the first nose that ever a servant had, a quarter of an hour had set us in a blaze. I hope you are frightened out of your senses for me: if

you are not, I will never live in a panic for three or four years for you again.

I have had lord March and the Rena[1] here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again for a Scotchman into the North Briton.[2] I have had too a letter from a German that I never saw, who tells me, that, hearing by chance how well I am with my lord Bute, he desires me to get him a place. The North Briton first recommended me for an employment, and has now given me interest at the backstairs. It is a notion, that whatever is said of one, has generally some kind of foundation: surely I am a contradiction to this maxim! yet, was I of consequence enough to be remembered, perhaps posterity would believe that I was a flatterer! Good night!

Yours ever.

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[1] A fashionable courtezan.

[2] The favourable opinion given by Mr. Walpole of the abilities of the Scotch in the Royal and Noble Authors, first drew upon him the notice of the North Briton.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, September 24, 1762.

I was disappointed at not seeing you, as you had given me hopes, but shall be glad to meet the general, as I think I shall, for I go to town on Monday to restore the furniture to my house, which has been painted; and to stop the gaps as well as I can, which I have made by bringing away every thing hither; but as long as there are auctions, and I have any money or hoards, those wounds soon close.

I can tell you nothing of your dame Montagu and her arms; but I dare to swear Mr. Chute can. I did not doubt but you would approve Mr. Bateman's, since it has changed its religion; I converted it from Chinese to Gothic. His cloister of founders, which by the way is Mr. Bentley's, is delightful; I envy him his old chairs, and the tomb of bishop Caducanus; but I do not agree with you in preferring the duke's to Stowe. The first is in a greater style, I grant, but one always perceives the mesalliance; the blood of Bagshot-heath will never let it be green. If Stowe had but half so many buildings as it has, there would be too many; but that profusion that glut enriches, and makes it look like a fine landscape of Albano; one figures oneself in Tempe or Daphne. I never saw St. Leonard's-hill; would you spoke

seriously of buying it! one could stretch out the arm from one's post-chaise, and reach you when one would.

I am here all in ignorance and rain, and have seen nobody these two days since I returned from Park-place. I do not know whether the mob hissed my lord Bute at his installation, as they intended, or whether my lord Talbot drubbed them for it. I know nothing of the peace, nor of the Havannah, but I could tell you much of old English engravers, whose lives occupy me at present. On Sunday I am to dine with your prime minister Hamilton; for though I do not seek the world, and am best pleased when quiet here, I do not refuse its invitations, when it does not press one to pass above a few hours with it. I have no quarrel to it, when it comes not to me, nor asks me to lie from home. That favour is only granted to the elect, to Greatworth, and a very few more spots. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, September 28, 1762.

To my sorrow and your wicked joy, it is a doubt whether monsieur de Nivernois will shut the temple of Janus. We do not believe him quite so

much in earnest as the dove[1] we have sent, who has summoned his turtle to Paris. She sets out the day after to-morrow, escorted, to add gravity to the embassy, by George Selwyn. The stocks don't mind this journey of a rush, but draw in their horns every day. We can learn nothing of the Havannah, though the axis on which the whole treaty turns. We believe, for we have never seen them, that the last letters thence brought accounts of great loss, especially by the sickness. Colonel Burgoyne[2] has given a little fillip to the Spaniards, and shown them, that though they can take Portugal from the Portuguese, it will not be entirely so easy to wrest it from the English. Lord Pulteney,[3] and my nephew,[4] lady Waldegrave's brother, distinguished themselves. I hope your hereditary prince is recovering of the wounds in his loins; for they say he is to marry princess Augusta.

Lady Ailesbury has told you, to be sure, that I have been at Park-place. Every thing there is in beauty; and, I should think, pleasanter than a

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1 The duke of Bedford, then ambassador at Paris.

2 Colonel, afterwards general Burgoyne, with the compte de Lippe, commanded the British troops sent to the relief of Portugal.

3 Only son of William Pulteney, earl of Bath. He died before his father.

4 Edward, only son of sir Edward Walpole. He died in 1771.

campaign in Germany. Your countess is handsomer than fame; your daughter improving every day; your plantations more thriving than the poor woods about Marburg and Cassel. Chinese pheasants swarm there. — For lady C * * *, I assure you, she sits close upon her egg, and it will not be her fault if she does not hatch a hero. We missed all the glories of the installation,[5] and all the faults, and all the frowning faces there. Not a knight was absent, but the lame and the deaf.

Your brother, lady Hertford, and lord Beauchamp, are gone from Windsor into Suffolk. Henry,[6] who has the genuine indifference of a *Harry Conway*, would not stir from Oxford for those pageants. Lord Beauchamp showed me a couple of his letters, which have more natural humour and cleverness than is conceivable. They have the ease and drollery of a man of parts who has lived long in the world—and he is scarce seventeen!

I am going to Lord Waldegrave's for a few days, and, when your countess returns from Goodwood, am to meet her at C * * *'s. Lord Strafford, who has been terribly alarmed about my lady, mentions, with great pleasure, the letters he

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5 An installation of knights of the garter.

6 Henry Seymour Conway, second son of Francis, earl and afterward marquis of Hertford.

receives from you. His neighbour and cousin, lord Rockingham, I hear, is one of the warmest declaimers at Arthur's against the present system. Abuse continues in much plenty, but I have seen none that I thought had wit enough to bear the sea. Good night. There are satiric prints enough to tapestry Westminster-hall.

Yours ever.

Stay a moment: I recollect telling you a lie in my last, which, though of no consequence, I must correct. The right reverend midwife, Thomas Secker, archbishop, did christen the babe, and not the bishop of London, as I had been told by matron authority. *A-propos* to babes: have you read Rousseau on Education? I almost got through a volume at Park-place, though impatiently; it has more tautology than any of his works, and less eloquence. Sure he has writ more sense and more nonsense than ever any man did of both! All I have yet learned from this work is, that one should have a tutor for one's son to teach him to have no ideas, in order that he may begin to learn his alphabet as he loses his maidenhead.

Thursday noon, 30th.

Io Havannah! Io Albemarle! I had sealed my letter, and given it to Harry for the post, when my lady Suffolk sent me a short note from Charles Townshend, to say the Havannah surrendered on

the 12th of August, and that we have taken twelve ships of the line in the harbour. The news came late last night. I do not know a particular more. God grant no more blood be shed! I have hopes again of the peace. My dearest Harry, now we have preserved you to the last moment, do take care of yourself. When one has a whole war to wade through, it is not worth while to be careful in any one battle; but it is silly to fling one's self away in the last. Your character is established; prince Ferdinand's letters are full of encomiums on you; but what will weigh more with you, save yourself for another war, which I doubt you will live to see, and in which you may be superior commander, and have space to display your talents. A second in service is never remembered, whether the honour of the victory be owing to him, or he killed. Turenne would have a very short paragraph, if the prince of Condé had been general when he fell. Adieu.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 30, 1762.

IT gives me great satisfaction, that Strawberry-hill pleased you enough to make it a second visit. I could name the time instantly, but you threaten me with coming so loaded with presents, that it

will look mercenary, not friendly, to accept your visit. If your chaise is empty, to be sure I shall rejoice to hear it at my gate about the 22d of this next month: if it is crammed, though I have built a convent, I have not so much of the monk in me as not to blush — nor can content myself with praying to our lady of Strawberries to reward you.

I am greatly obliged to you for the accounts from Gothurst. What treasures there are still in private seats, if one knew where to hunt them! The emblematic picture of lady Digby is like that at Windsor, and the fine small one at Mr. Skinner's. I should be curious to see the portrait of sir Kenelm's father; was not he the remarkable Everard Digby? How singular too is the picture of young Joseph and madam Potiphar! *His Majora*—one has heard of Joseph's, that did not find the lady's purse any hinderance to Majora.

You are exceedingly obliging in offering to make an index to my prints, sir; but that would be a sad way of entertaining you. I am antiquary and virtuoso enough myself not to dislike such employment, but could never think it charming enough to trouble any body else with it. Whenever you do me the favour of coming hither, you will find yourself entirely at liberty to choose your own amusements — if you choose a bad one, and in truth there is not very good, you must blame yourself, while you know I hope that it

would be my wish that you did not repent your favours to,

Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry-hill, October 1, 1762.

MADAM,

I HOPE you are as free from any complaint, as I am sure you are full of joy. Nobody partakes more of your satisfaction for Mr. Hervey's[1] safe return;[2] and now he is safe, I trust you enjoy his glory: for this is a wicked age; you are one of those un-Lacedæmonian mothers, that are not content unless your children come off with all their limbs. A Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my lady Albemarle to appear in the drawing-room without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head.[3] However,

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1 General William Hervey, youngest son of lady Hervey.

2 From the Havannah.

3 Lady Anne Lenox, countess of Albemarle, had three sons present at the taking of the Havannah. The eldest, lord Albemarle, commanded the land forces; the second, afterwards lord Keppel, was then captain of a man of war; and the third was colonel of a regiment.

pray, madam, make my compliments to her; one must conform to the times, and congratulate people for being happy, if they like it. I know one matron, however, with whom I may condole; who, I dare swear, is miserable that she has not one of her acquaintance in affliction, and to whose door she might drive with all her sympathising greyhounds to inquire after her, and then to Hawkins's, and then to Graham's, and then cry over a ball of rags that she is picking, and be so sorry for poor Mrs. Such-an-one, who has lost an only son!

When your ladyship has hung up all your trophies, I will come and make you a visit. There is another ingredient I hope not quite disagreeable that Mr. Hervey has brought with him, un-Lacedæmonian too, but admitted among the other vices of our system. If besides glory and riches they have brought us peace, I will make a bonfire myself, though it should be in the mayoralty of that virtuous citizen Mr. Beckford. Adieu, madam!

Your ladyship's most faithful humble servant.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, October 4, 1762.

I AM concerned to hear you have been so much out of order, but should rejoice your sole command[1] disappointed you, if this late cannonading business[2] did not destroy all my little prospects. Can one believe the French negotiators are sincere, when their marshals are so false? What vexes me more is to hear you seriously tell your brother that you are always unlucky, and lose all opportunities of fighting. How can you be such a child? You cannot, like a German, love fighting for its own sake. No: you think of the mob of London, who, if you had taken Peru, would forget you the first lord-mayor's day, or for the first hyæna that comes to town. How can one build on virtue and on fame too? When do they ever go together? In my passion, I could almost wish you were as worthless and as great as the king of Prussia! If conscience is a punishment, is not it a reward too? Go to that silent tribunal, and be satisfied with its sentence.

I have nothing new to tell you. The Havannah

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1 During lord Granby's absence from the army in Flanders the command in chief had devolved on Mr. Conway.

2 The affair of Bucker-Muhl.

is more likely to break off the peace than to advance it. We are not in a humour to give up the world; *anzi*, are much more disposed to conquer the rest of it. We shall have some cannonading here, I believe, if we sign the peace. Mr. Pitt, from the bosom of his retreat, has made Beckford mayor. The duke of Newcastle, if not taken in again, will probably end his life as he began it — at the head of a mob. Personalities and abuse, public and private, increase to the most outrageous degree, and yet the town is at the emptiest. You may guess what will be the case in a month. I do not see at all into the storm: I do not mean that there will not be a great majority to vote any thing; but there are times when even majorities cannot do all they are ready to do. Lord Bute has certainly great luck, which is something in politics, whatever it is in logic: but whether peace or war, I would not give him much for the place he will have this day twelvemonth. Adieu! The watchman goes past one in the morning; and as I have nothing better than reflections and conjectures to send you, I may as well go to bed.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1762.

You will not make your fortune in the Admiralty at least; your king's cousin is to cross over and figure in with George Grenville; the latter takes the Admiralty, lord Halifax the seals — still, I believe, reserving Ireland for pocket-money; at least no new viceroy is named. Mr. Fox undertakes the House of Commons — and the peace — and the war — for if we have the first, we may be pretty sure of the second.

You see lord Bute totters; reduced to shift hands so often, it does not look like much stability. The campaign at Westminster will be warm. When Mr. Pitt can have such a mouthful as lord Bute, Mr. Fox, and the peace, I do not think three thousand pounds a year will stop it. Well, I shall go into my old corner, under the window, and laugh; I had rather sit by my fire here; but if there are to be bullfeasts, one would go and see them, when one has a convenient box for nothing, and is very indifferent about the cavalier combatants. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, October 29, 1762.

You take my philosophy very kindly, as it was meant; but I suppose you smile a little in your sleeve to hear me turn moralist. Yet why should not I? Must every absurd young man prove a foolish old one? Not that I intend, when the latter term is quite arrived, to profess preaching; nor should, I believe, have talked so gravely to you, if your situation had not made me grave. Till the campaign is ended, I shall be in no humour to smile. For the war, when it will be over, I have no idea. The peace is a jack-o'-lanthorn that dances before one's eyes, is never approached, and at best seems ready to lead some folks into a woful quagmire.

As your brother was in town, and I had my intelligence from him, I concluded you would have the same, and therefore did not tell you of this last revolution, which has brought Mr. Fox again upon the scene. I have been in town but once since; yet learned enough to confirm the opinion I had conceived, that the building totters, and that this last buttress will but push on its fall. Besides the clamorous opposition already encamped, the world talks of another, composed of names not so often found in a mutiny. What

think you of the great duke,[1] and the little duke,[2] and the old duke,[3] and the Derbyshire duke,[4] banded together against the favourite?[5] If so, it proves the court, as the late lord G**** wrote to the mayor of Litchfield, will have a majority in every thing but numbers. However, my letter is a week old before I write it: things may have changed since last Tuesday. Then the prospect was *des plus* gloomy. Portugal at the eve of being conquered — Spain preferring a diadem to the mural crown of the Havannah — a squadron taking horse for Naples, to see whether king Carlos has any more private bowels than public, whether he is a better father than brother. If what I heard yesterday be true, that the parliament is to be put off till the 24th, it does not look as if they were ready in the green-room, and despised catcalls.

You bid me send you the flower of brimstone, the best things published in this season of outrage. I should not have waited for orders, if I had met with the least tolerable morsel. But this opposition ran stark mad at once, cursed, swore, called names, and has not been one minute cool enough to have a grain of wit. Their prints are gross, their papers scurrilous; indeed the authors abuse one another more than any body else. I

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[1] Of Cumberland. [2] Of Bedford. [3] Of Newcastle.
[4] Of Devonshire. [5] John Stuart, earl of Bute.

have not seen a single ballad or epigram. They are as seriously dull as if the controversy was religious. I do not take in a paper of either side, and being very indifferent, the only way of being impartial, they shall not make me pay till they make me laugh. I am here quite alone, and shall stay a fortnight longer, unless the parliament prorogued lengthens my holidays. I do not pretend to be so indifferent, to have so little curiosity, as not to go and see the duke of Newcastle frightened *for* his country — the only thing that never yet gave him a panic. Then I am still such a schoolboy, that though I could guess half their orations, and know *all* their meaning, I must go and hear Cæsar and Pompey scold in the Temple of Concord. As this age is to make such a figure hereafter, how the Gronoviuses and Warburtons would despise a senator that deserted the forum when the masters of the world harangued! For, as this age is to be historic, so of course it will be a standard of virtue too; and we, like our wicked predecessors the Romans, shall be quoted, till our very ghosts blush, as models of patriotism and magnanimity. What lectures will be read to poor children on this æra! Europe taught to tremble, the great king humbled, the treasures of Peru diverted into the Thames, Asia subdued by the gigantic Clive! for in that age men were near seven feet high; France suing for peace at the gates of Buckingham-house, the steady wisdom

of the duke of Bedford drawing a circle round the Gallic monarch, and forbidding him to pass it till he had signed the cession of America; Pitt more eloquent than Demosthenes, and trampling on proffered pensions like — I don't know who; lord Temple sacrificing a brother to the love of his country; Wilkes as spotless as Sallust, and the Flamen Churchill[6] knocking down the foes of Britain with statues of the gods! —— Oh! I am out of breath with eloquence and prophecy, and truth and lies: my narrow chest was not formed to hold inspiration! I must return to piddling with my painters: those lofty subjects are too much for me. Good night!

Yours ever.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that Gideon, who is dead worth more than the whole land of Canaan, has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the duke of Devonshire, without insisting on his taking the name, or even being circumcised.

Lord Albemarle is expected home in December. My nephew Keppel[7] is bishop of Exeter, not of the Havannah, as you may imagine, for his mitre was promised the day before the news came.

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6 Charles Churchill the poet.

7 Frederick Keppel, youngest brother of George earl of Albemarle, who commanded at taking the Havannah, had married Laura, eldest daughter of sir Edward Walpole.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 31, 1762.

MADAM,

IT is too late, I fear, to attempt acknowledging the honour madame de Chabot[1] does me; and yet, if she is not gone, I would fain not appear ungrateful. I do not know where she lives, or I would not take the liberty again of making your ladyship my penny-post. If she is gone, you will throw my note into the fire.

Pray, madam, blow your nose with a piece of flannel — not that I believe it will do you the least good — but, as all wise folks think it becomes them to recommend nursing and flannelling the gout, I imitate them; and I don't know any other way of lapping it up, when it appears in the person of a running cold. I will make it a visit on Tuesday next, and shall hope to find it tolerably vented,

I am, madam,
your ladyship's most faithful servant.

P. S. You must tell me all the news, when I arrive, for I know nothing of what is passing. I have only seen in the papers, that the cock and

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1 Lady Mary Chabot, daughter to the earl of Stafford.

hen doves[2] that went to Paris not having been able to make peace, there is a third dove[3] just flown thither to help them.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Thursday, Nov. 4.

THE events of these last eight days will make you stare. This day se'nnight the duke of Devonshire came to town, was flatly refused an audience, and gave up his key. Yesterday lord Rockingham resigned, and your cousin Manchester was named to the bedchamber. The **** then in council called for the book, and dashed out the duke of Devonshire's name. If you like spirit, *en viola!*

Do you know I am sorry for all this? You will not suspect me of tenderness for his grace of Devonshire, nor, recollecting how the whole house of Cavendish treated me on my breach with my uncle, will any affronts, that happen to them, call forth my tears. But I think the act too violent and too serious, and dipped in a deeper dye than I like in politics. Squabbles, and speeches,

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2 The duke and duchess of Bedford.

3 Mr. Hans Stanley.

and virtue, and prostitution, amuse one sometimes; less and less indeed every day; but measures, from which you must advance and cannot retreat, is a game too deep; one neither knows who may be involved, nor where will be the end. It is not pleasant. Adieu.

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Nov. 13, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

You will easily guess that my delay in answering your obliging letter, was solely owing to my not knowing whither to direct to you. I waited till I thought you may be returned home. Thank you for all the trouble you have given, and do give yourself for me; it is vastly more than I deserve.

Duke Richard's portrait I willingly wave, at least for the present, till one can find out who he is. I have more curiosity about the figures of Henry VII. at Christ's college. I shall be glad sometime or other to visit them, to see how far either of them agree with his portrait in my picture of his marriage. St. Ethelreda was mighty welcome.

We have had variety of weather since I saw

you, but I fear none of the patterns made your journey more agreeable.

I am, sir,
Your much obliged humble servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 20, 1762.

As I am far from having been better since I wrote to you last, my post-chaise points more and more to Naples. Yet Strawberry, like a mistress,

> As oft as I descend the hill of health,
> Washes my hold away.

Your company would have made me decide much faster, but I see I have little hopes of that, nor can I blame you; I don't use so rough a word with regard to myself, but to your pursuing your amusement, which I am sure the journey would be. I never doubted your kindness to me one moment; the affectionate manner in which you offered, three weeks ago, to accompany me to Bath, will never be forgotten. I do not think my complaint very serious, for how can it be so, when it has never confined me a whole day? But my mornings are so bad, and I have had so much more pain this last week, with rest-

less nights, that I am convinced it must not be trifled with. Yet I think Italy would be the last thing I would try, if it were not to avoid politics: yet I hear nothing else. The court and opposition both grow more violent every day from the same cause; the victory of the former. Both sides torment me with their affairs, though it is so plain I do not care a straw about either. I wish I were great enough to say, as a French officer on the stage at Paris said to the pit, "*Accordez vous, canaille!*" Yet to a man without ambition or interestedness, politicians are canaille. Nothing appears to me more ridiculous in my life than my having ever loved their squabbles, and that at an age when I loved better things too! My poor neutrality, which thing I signed with all the world, subjects me, like other insignificant monarchs on parallel occasions, to affronts. On Thursday I was summoned to princess E * * * 's loo. *Loo* she called it, *politics* it was. The second thing she said to me was, "How were you the two long days?" "Madam, I was only there the first." "And how did you vote?" "Madam, I went away." "Upon my word that was carving well." Not a very pleasant apostrophe to one, who certainly never was a time-server! Well, we sat down. She said, "I hear Wilkinson is turned out, and that sir Edward Winnington is to have his place; who is he?" addressing herself to me, who sat over against her. "He is the late Mr.

Winnington's heir, madam." "Did you like that Winnington?" "I can't but say I did, madam." She shrugged up her shoulders, and continued; "Winnington originally was a great Tory; what do you think he was when he died?" "Madam, I believe what all people are in place." Pray, Mr. Montagu, do you perceive any thing rude or offensive in this? Hear then: she flew into the most outrageous passion, coloured like scarlet, and said, "None of your wit; I don't understand joking on those subjects; what do you think your father would have said if he had heard you say so? He would have murdered you, and you would have deserved it." I was quite confounded and amazed; it was impossible to explain myself across a loo table, as she is so deaf: there was no making a reply to a woman and a princess, and particularly for me, who have made it a rule when I must converse with royalties, to treat them with the greatest respect, since it is all the court they will ever have from me. I said to those on each side on me, "What can I do? I cannot explain myself now." Well, I held my peace, and so did she for a quarter of an hour. Then she began with me again, examined me on the whole debate, and at last asked me directly, which I thought the best speaker, my father or Mr. Pitt. If possible, this was more distressing than her anger. I replied, it was impossible to compare two men so different; that I believed my father was more a man of

business than Mr. Pitt. "Well, but Mr. Pitt's language?" "Madam," said I, "I have always been remarkable for admiring Mr. Pitt's language." At last, this unpleasant scene ended; but as we were going away, I went close to her, and said, "Madam, I must beg leave to explain myself; your royal highness has seemed to be very angry with me, and I am sure I did not mean to offend you: all I intended to say was, that I supposed Tories were Whigs when they got places!" "Oh!" said she, "I am very much obliged to you, indeed I was very angry." Why she was angry, or what she thought I meaned, I do not know to this moment, unless she supposed that I would have hinted that the duke of Newcastle and the opposition were not men of consummate virtue, and had lost their places out of principle. The very reverse was at that time in my head, for I meaned that the Tories would be just as loyal as the Whigs, when they got any thing by it.

You will laugh at my distresses, and in truth they are little serious; yet they almost put me out of humour. If your cousin realizes his fair words to you, I shall be very good-humoured again. I am not so morose, as to dislike my friends for being in place. Indeed, if they are in great place, my friendship goes to sleep like a paroli at Pharaoh, and does not wake again till their deal is over. Good night;

Yours ever.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Arlington-street, Dec. 23, 1762.

Dear Sir,

You are always abundantly kind to me, and pass my power of thanking you. You do nothing but give yourself trouble and me presents. My cousin Calthorp is a great rarity, and I think I ought, therefore, to return him to you, but that would not be treating him like a relation, or you like a friend. My ancestor's epitaph, too, was very agreeable to me.

I have not been at Strawberry-hill these three weeks. My maid is ill there, and I have not been well myself with the same flying gout in my stomach and breast, of which you heard me complain a little in the summer. I am much persuaded to go to a warmer climate, which often disperses these unsettled complaints. I do not care for it, nor can determine till I see I grow worse: if I do go, I hope it will not be for long; and you shall certainly hear again before I set out.

Your's most sincerely.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, February 28, 1763.

YOUR letter of the 19th seems to postpone your arrival rather than advance it; yet lady Ailesbury tells me that to her you talk of being here in ten days. I wish devoutly to see you, though I am not departing myself; but I am impatient to have your disagreeable function[1] at an end, and to know that you enjoy yourself after such fatigues, dangers, and ill-requited services. For any public satisfaction you will receive in being at home, you must not expect much. Your mind was not formed to float on the surface of a mercenary world. My prayer (and my belief) is, that you may always prefer what you always have preferred, your integrity to success. You will then laugh, as I do, at the attacks and malice of faction or ministers. I taste of both; but, as my health is recovered, and my mind does not reproach me, they will perhaps only give me an opportunity, which I should never have sought, of proving that I have some virtue—and it will not be proved in the way they probably expect. I have better evidence than by hanging out the

[1] The re-embarkation of the British troops from Flanders after the peace.

tattered ensigns of patriotism. But this and a thousand other things I shall reserve for our meeting. Your brother has pressed me much to go with him, if he goes, to Paris.[2] I take it very kindly, but have excused myself, though I have promised either to accompany him for a short time at first, or to go to him if he should have any particular occasion for me: but my resolution against ever appearing in any public light is unalterable. When I wish to live less and less in the world here, I cannot think of mounting a new stage at Paris. At this moment I am alone here, while every body is balloting in the house of commons. Sir John Philips proposed a commission of accounts, which has been converted into a select committee of 21, eligible by ballot. As the ministry is not predominant in the *affections* of mankind, some of them may find a jury elected that will not be quite so complaisant as the house is in general when their votes are given *openly*. As many may be glad of this opportunity, I shun it; for I should scorn to do any thing in secret, though I have some enemies that are not quite so generous.

You say you have seen the North Briton, in which I make a capital figure. Wilkes, the author, I hear, says, that if he had thought I should have

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[2] As ambassador.

taken it so well, he would have been damned before he would have written it—but I am not sore where I am not sore.

The theatre at Covent-garden has suffered more by riots than even Drury-lane. A footman of lord Dacre has been hanged for murdering the butler. George Selwyn had great hand in bringing him to confess it. That Selwyn should be a capital performer in a scene of that kind is not extraordinary: I tell it you for the strange coolness which the young fellow, who was but nineteen, expressed: as he was writing his confession, "I murd—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell *murdered?*"

Mr. Fox is much better than at the beginning of the winter; and both his health and power seem to promise a longer duration than people expected. Indeed I think the latter is so established, that lord Bute would find it more difficult to remove him, than he did his predecessors, and may even feel the effects of the weight he has made over to him; for it is already obvious that lord Bute's levée is not the present path to fortune. Permanence is not the complexion of these times—a distressful circumstance to the votaries of a court, but amusing to us spectators. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 29, 1763.

THOUGH you are a runaway, a fugitive, a thing without friendship or feeling, though you grow tired of your acquaintance in half the time you intended, I will not quite give you up; I will write to you once a quarter, just to keep up a connection that grace may catch at, if it ever proposes to visit you. This is my plan, for I have little or nothing to tell you. The ministers only cut one another's throats, instead of ours. They growl over their prey like two curs over a bone, which neither can determine to quit; and the whelps in opposition are not strong enough to beat either away, though like the species, they will probably hunt the one that shall be worsted. The saddest dog of all, Wilkes, shews most spirit. The last North Briton is a master-piece of mischief. He has written a dedication too to an old play, the Fall of Mortimer, that is wormwood; and he had the impudence t'other day to ask Dyson if he was going to the treasury; "Because," said he, "a friend of mine has dedicated a play to lord Bute, and it is usual to give dedicators something; I wish you would put his lordship in mind of it." Lord and lady Pembroke are reconciled, and live again together. Mr. Hunter would have taken his daughter too, but upon condition she should give

back her settlement to lord Pembroke and her child: she replied nobly, that she did not trouble herself about fortune, and would willingly depend on her father; but for her child, she had nothing left to do but to take care of that, and would not part with it; so she keeps both, and I suppose will soon have her lover again too, for * * * * * * * * * T'other sister has been sitting to Reynolds, who by her husband's direction has made a speaking picture. Lord Bolingbroke said to him, "You must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien, or it will not do." As he has given Nelly something of his wife's, it was but fair to give her something of Nelly's, and my lady will not throw away the present!

I am going to Strawberry for a few days, *pour faire mes paques.* The gallery advances rapidly. The ceiling is Harry the Seventh's chapel in *propriâ personâ;* the canopies are all placed; I think three months will quite complete it. I have bought at lord Granville's sale the original picture of Charles Brandon and his queen; and have to-day received from France a copy of madame Maintenon, which with my La Valiere, and copies of madame Grammont, and of the charming portrait of the Mazarine at the duke of St. Alban's, is to accompany Bianca Capello and Ninon L'Enclos in the round tower. I hope now there will never be another auction, for I have not an inch of space,

or a farthing left. As I have some remains of paper, I will fill it up with a song that I made t'other day in the post-chaise, after a particular conversation that I had had with miss Pelham the night before at the duke of Richmond's.

THE ADVICE.

I.

The bus'ness of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure,
And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.
"Oh! for love we're all ready," you cry—very true;
Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
And dips in the amorous transport his dart;
'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate;
Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

II.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy.
Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex
Such romantic ideas to passion annex,
That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder are hurried.
In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

Adieu, till Midsummer-day!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 6, 1763.

You will pity my distress when I tell you that lord Waldegrave has got the small-pox, and a bad sort. This day se'nnight, in the evening, I met him at Arthur's: he complained to me of the head-ache, and a sickness in the stomach. I said, "My dear lord, why don't you go home, and take James's powder, you will be well in the morning." He thanked me, said he was glad I had put him in mind of it, and he would take my advice. I sent in the morning; my niece said he had taken the powder, and that James thought he had no fever, but that she found him very low. As he had no fever, I had no apprehension. At eight o'clock on Friday night, I was told abruptly at Arthur's, that lord Waldegrave had the small-pox. I was excessively shocked, not knowing if the powder was good or bad for it. I went instantly to the house; at the door I was met by a servant of lady Ailesbury, sent to tell me that Mr. Conway was arrived. These two opposite strokes of terror and joy overcame me so much, that when I got to Mr. Conway's I could not speak to him, but burst into a flood of tears. The next morning, lord Waldegrave hearing I was there, desired to speak to me alone. I should tell you, that the moment he knew it was the small-pox, he signed

his will. This has been the unvaried tenor of his behaviour, doing just what is wise and necessary, and nothing more. He told me, he knew how great the chance was against his living through that distemper at his age. That, to be sure, he should like to have lived a few years longer, but if he did not, he should submit patiently. That all he desired was, that if he should fail, we would do our utmost to comfort his wife, who, he feared, was breeding, and who, he added, was the best woman in the world. I told him he could not doubt our attention to her, but that at present all our attention was fixed on him. That the great difference between having the small-pox young, or more advanced in years, consisted in the fear of the latter, but that as I had so often heard him say, and now saw, that he had none of those fears, the danger of age was considerably lessened. Dr. Wilmot says, that if any thing saves him, it will be his tranquillity. To my comfort I am told, that James's powder has probably been a material ingredient towards his recovery. In the mean time the universal anxiety about him is incredible. Dr. Barnard, the master of Eton, who is in town for the holidays, says, that, from his situation, he is naturally invited to houses of all ranks and parties, and that the concern is general in all. I cannot say so much of my lord, and not do a little justice to my niece too. Her tenderness, fondness, attention, and

courage are surprising. She has no fears to become her, nor heroism for parade. I could not help saying to her, "There never was a nurse of your age had such attention." She replied, "There never was a nurse of my age had such an object." It is this astonishes one, to see so much beauty sincerely devoted to a man so unlovely in his person; but if Adonis was sick, she could not stir seldomer out of his bed-chamber. The physicians seem to have little hopes, but, as their arguments are not near so strong as their alarms, I own I do not give it up, and yet I look on it in a very dangerous light.

I know nothing of news and the world, for I go to Albemarle-street early in the morning, and don't come home till late at night. Young Mr. Pitt has been dying of a fever in Bedfordshire. The bishop of Carlisle, whom I have appointed visitor of Strawberry, is gone down to him. You will be much disappointed if you expect to find the gallery near finished. They threaten me with three months before the gilding can be begun. Twenty points are at a stand by my present confinement, and I have a melancholy prospect of being forced to carry my niece thither the next time I go. The duc de Nivernois, in return for a set of the Strawberry editions, has sent me four seasons, which, I conclude, he thought good, but they shall pass their whole round in London, for they have not even

the merit of being badly old enough for Strawberry. Mr. Bentley's epistle to lord Melcomb has been published in a magazine. It has less wit by far than I expected from him, and to the full as bad English. The thoughts are old Strawberry phrases; so are *not* the panegyrics. Here are six lines written extempore by lady Temple, on lady Mary Coke, easy and genteel, and almost true:

> She sometimes laughs, but never loud;
> She's handsome too, but somewhat proud:
> At court she bears away the belle;
> She dresses fine, and figures well;
> With decency she's gay and airy;
> Who can this be but lady Mary?

There has been tough doings in parliament about the tax on cider; and in the western counties the discontent is so great, that if Mr. Wilkes will turn patriot-hero, or patriot-incendiary in earnest, and put himself at their head, he may obtain a rope of martyrdom before the summer is over. Adieu! I tell you my sorrows, because, if I escape them, I am sure nobody will rejoice more.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Friday-night, late.

Amidst all my own grief and all the distress, which I have this moment left, I cannot forget you, who have so long been my steady and invariable friend. I cannot leave it to newspapers and correspondents to tell you my loss. Lord Waldegrave died to-day. Last night he had some glimmerings of hope. The most desponding of the faculty flattered us a little. He himself joked with the physicians, and expressed himself in this engaging manner; asking what day of the week it was; they told him Thursday: "Sure," said he, "it is Friday." "No, my lord, indeed it is Thursday." "Well," said he, "see what a rogue this distemper makes one; I want to steal nothing but a day." By the help of opiates, with which, for two or three days, they had numbed his sufferings, he rested well. This morning he had no worse symptoms. I told lady Waldegrave, that as no material alteration was expected before Sunday, I would go to dine at Strawberry, and return in time to meet the physicians in the evening; *in* truth, I was worn out with anxiety and attendance, and wanted an hour or two of fresh air. I left her at twelve, and had ordered dinner at three that I might be back early. I had not risen from table when I received an express from lady Betty

Waldegrave, to tell me that a sudden change had happened, that they had given him James's powder, but that they feared it was too late, and that he probably would be dead before I could come to my niece, for whose sake she begged I would return immediately. It was indeed too late! too late for every thing — late as it was given, the powder vomited him even in the agonies — had I had power to direct, he should never have quitted James; but these are vain regrets! vain to recollect how particularly kind he, who was kind to every body, was to me! I found lady Waldegrave at my brother's; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one. My brother bears this mortification with more courage than I could have expected from his warm passions: but nothing struck me more than to see my rough savage Swiss, Louis, in tears, as he opened my chaise. I have a bitter scene to come; to-morrow morning I carry poor lady Waldegrave to Strawberry. Her fall is great, from that adoration and attention that he paid her, from that splendor of fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration, which rebounded to her from the great deference which the world had for his character. Visions perhaps. Yet who could expect that they would have passed away even before that fleeting thing, her beauty!

If I had time or command enough of my

thoughts, I could give you as long a detail of as unexpected a revolution in the political world. To-day has been as fatal to a whole nation, I mean to the Scotch, as to our family. Lord Bute resigned this morning. His intention was not even suspected till Wednesday, nor at all known a very few days before. In short, there is nothing, more or less, than a panic; a fortnight's opposition has demolished that scandalous but vast majority, which a fortnight had purchased, and in five months a plan of absolute power has been demolished by a panic. He pleads to the world bad health; to his friends, more truly, that the nation was set at him. He pretends to intend retiring absolutely, and giving no umbrage. In the mean time he is packing up a sort of ministerial legacy, which cannot hold even till next session, and I should think would scarce take place at all. George Grenville is to be at the head of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, Charles Townshend to succeed him, and lord Shelburn Charles. Sir Francis Dashwood to have his barony of Despencer and the great wardrobe, in the room of lord Gower, who takes the privy seal, if the duke of Bedford takes the presidentship; but there are many *ifs* in this arrangement; the principal *if* is, if they dare stand a tempest, which has so terrified the pilot. You ask what becomes of Mr. Fox? Not at all pleased with this sudden determination, which has

blown up so many of his projects, and left him time to heat no more furnaces, he goes to France by the way of the House of Lords, but keeps his place and his tools till something else happens. The confusion I suppose will be enormous, and the next act of the drama a quarrel among the opposition, who would be all powerful, if they could do what they cannot, hold together and not quarrel for the plunder. As I shall be at a distance for some days, I shall be able to send you no more particulars of this interlude, but you will like a pun my brother made when he was told of this explosion; "Then," said he, "they must turn the *Jacks* out of the drawing-room again, and again take them into the kitchen." Adieu; what a world to set one's heart on!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, April 14, 1763.

I HAVE received your two letters together, and foresaw that your friendly good heart would feel for us just as you do. The loss is irreparable, and my poor niece is sensible it is. She has such a veneration for her lord's memory, that if her sister and I make her cheerful for a moment, she accuses herself of it the next day to the bishop

of Exeter,[1] as if he was her confessor, and that she had committed a crime. She cried for two days to such a degree, that if she had been a fountain it must have stopped. Till yesterday she scarce eat enough to keep her alive, and looks accordingly; but at her age she must be comforted: her esteem will last, but her spirits will return in spite of herself. Her lord has made her sole executrix, and added what little *douceurs* he could to her jointure, which is but a thousand pounds a-year, the estate being but three-and-twenty hundred. The little girls will have about eight thousand pounds a-piece; for the teller's place was so great during the war, that notwithstanding his temper was a sluice of generosity, he had saved thirty thousand pounds since his marriage.

Her sisters have been here with us the whole time. Lady Huntingtower is all mildness and tenderness; and by dint of attention I have not displeased the other. Lord Huntingtower has been here once; the bishop most of the time: he is very reasonable and good-natured, and has been of great assistance and comfort to me in this melancholy office, which is to last here till Monday or Tuesday. We have got the eldest little girl too, lady Laura, who is just old enough to be

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1 The bishop of Exeter was married to a sister of lady Waldegrave.

amusing; and last night my nephew arrived here from Portugal. It was a terrible meeting at first, but as he is very soldierly and lively, he got into spirits, and diverted us much with his relations of the war and the country. He confirms all we have heard of the villany, poltroonery, and ignorance of the Portuguese, and of their aversion to the English; but I could perceive, even through his relation, that our flippancies and contempt of them must have given a good deal of play to their antipathy.

You are admirably kind, as you always are, in inviting me to Greatworth, and proposing Bath; but besides its being impossible for me to take any journey just at present, I am really very well in health, and the tranquillity and air of Strawberry have done much good. The hurry of London, where I shall be glad to be just now, will dissipate the gloom that this unhappy loss has occasioned; though a deep loss I shall always think it. The time passes tolerably here; I have my painters and gilders and constant packets of news from town, besides a thousand letters of condolence to answer; for both my niece and I have received innumerable testimonies of the regard that was felt for lord Waldegrave. I have heard of but one man who ought to have known his worth, that has shewn no concern; but I suppose his childish mind is too much occupied with the loss of his last governor! I have given

up my own room to my niece, and have betaken myself to the Holbein chamber, where I am retired from the rest of the family when I choose it, and nearer to overlook my workmen. The chapel is quite finished except the carpet. The sable mass of the altar gives it a very sober air; for notwithstanding the solemnity of the painted windows, it had a gaudiness that was a little profane.

I can know no news here but by rebound; and yet, though they are to rebound again to you, they will be as fresh as any you can have at Greatworth. A kind of administration is botched up for the present, and even gave itself an air of that fierceness with which the winter sat out. Lord Hardwicke was told, that his sons must vote with the court, or be turned out; he replied, as he meant to have them in place, he chose they should be removed now. It looks ill for the court when he is sturdy. They wished too to have had Pitt, if they could have had him without consequences; but they don't find any recruits repair to their standard. They brag that they should have had lord Waldegrave; a most notorious falsehood, as he had refused every offer they could invent the day before he was taken ill. The duke of Cumberland orders his servants to say, that so far from joining them, he believes if lord Waldegrave could have been foretold of his death, he would have preferred it to an union with Bute and Fox. The former's was a decisive panic; so sudden,

that it is said lord Egremont was sent to break his resolution of retiring to the king. The other, whose journey to France does not indicate much less apprehension, affects to walk in the streets at the most public hours to mark his not trembling. In the mean time the two chiefs have paid their bravoes magnificently: no less than fifty-two thousand pounds a-year are granted in reversion! *Young* Martin, who is older than I am, is named my successor; but I intend he shall wait some years: if they had a mind to serve me, they could not have selected a fitter tool to set my character in a fair light by the comparison. Lord Bute's son has the reversion of an auditor of the imprest; this is all he has done ostensibly for his family, but the great things bestowed on the most insignificant objects, make me suspect some private compacts. Yet I may wrong him, but I do not mean it. Lord Granby has refused Ireland, and the Northumberlands are to transport their magnificence thither. I lament that you made so little of that voyage, but is this the season of unrewarded merit? One should blush to be preferred within the same year. Do but think that Calcraft is to be an Irish lord! Fox's millions, or Calcraft's tythes of millions, cannot purchase a grain of your virtue or character. Adieu!

Yours most truly.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 22, 1763.

I HAVE two letters from you, and shall take care to execute the commission in the second. The first diverted me much.

I brought my poor niece from Strawberry on Monday. As executrix, her presence was quite necessary, and she has never refused to do any thing reasonable that has been desired of her. But the house and the business have shocked her terribly; she still eats nothing, sleeps worse than she did, and looks dreadfully: I begin to think she will miscarry. She said to me t'other day, "They tell me that if my lord had lived, he might have done great service to his country at this juncture, by the respect all parties had for him. This is very fine; but as he did not live to do those services, it will never be mentioned in history!" I thought this solicitude for his honour charming. But he will be known by history; he has left a small volume of memoirs, that are a *chef-d'œuvre*. He twice shewed them to me, but I kept his secret faithfully; *now* it is for his glory to divulge it.

I am glad you are going to Dr. Lewis. After an Irish voyage I do not wonder you want careening. I have often preached to you—nay, and

lived to you too; but my sermons were flung away and my example.

This ridiculous administration is patched up for the present; the detail is delightful, but that I shall reserve for Strawberry-tide. Lord Bath has complained to Fanshaw of lord Pulteney's[1] extravagance, and added, "if he had lived he would have spent my whole estate." This almost comes up to sir Robert Brown, who, when his eldest daughter was given over, but still alive, on that uncertainty sent for an undertaker, and bargained for her funeral in hopes of having it cheaper, as it was possible she might recover. Lord Bath has purchased the Hatton vault in Westminster-abbey, squeezed his wife, son, and daughter into it, reserved room for himself, and has set the rest to sale. Come; all this is not far short of sir Robert Brown.

To my great satisfaction, the new lord Holland has not taken the least friendly, or even formal notice of me, on lord Waldegrave's death. It dispenses me from the least farther connexion with him, and saves explanations, which always entertain the world more than satisfy.

Dr. Cumberland is an Irish bishop; I hope before the summer is over that some beam from your cousin's portion of the triumvirate may light

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[1] Son of the earl of Bath.

on poor Bentley. If he wishes it till next winter, he will be forced to try still new sunshine. I have taken Mrs. Pritchard's house for lady Waldegrave; I offered her to live with me at Strawberry, but with her usual good sense she declined it, as she thought the children would be troublesome.

Charles Townshend's episode in this revolution passes belief, though he does not tell it himself. If I had a son born, and an old fairy were to appear and offer to endow him with her choicest gifts, I should cry out, "Powerful Goody, give him any thing but parts!" Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, May 1, 1763.

I FEEL happy at hearing your happiness; but, my dear Harry, your vision is much indebted to your long absence, which

> Makes bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

I mean no offence to Park-place, but the bitterness of the weather makes me wonder how you can find the country tolerable now. This is a May-day for the latitude of Siberia! The milk-maids should be wrapped *in the motherly comforts*

of a swan-skin petticoat. In short, such hard words have passed between me and the north wind to-day, that, according to the language of the times, I was very near abusing it for coming from Scotland, and to imputing it to lord Bute. I don't know whether I should not have written a North Briton against it, if the printers were not all sent to Newgate, and Mr. Wilkes to the Tower — ay, to the Tower, *tout de bon.* The new ministry are trying to make up for their ridiculous insignificance by a *coup d'eclat.* As I came hither yesterday, I do not know whether the particulars I have heard are genuine—but in the Tower he certainly is, taken up by lord Halifax's warrant for treason; vide the North Briton of Saturday was se'nnight. It is said he refused to obey the warrant, of which he asked and got a copy from the two messengers, telling them he did not mean to make his escape, but sending to demand his habeas corpus, which was refused. He then went to lord Halifax, and thence to the Tower; declaring they should get nothing out of him but what they knew. All his papers have been seized. Lord chief justice Pratt, I am told, finds great fault with the wording of the warrant.

I don't know how to execute your commission for books of architecture, nor care to put you to expence, which I know will not answer. I have been consulting my neighbour young Mr. Thomas

Pitt,[1] my present architect: we have all books of that sort here, but cannot think of one which will help you to a cottage or a green-house. For the former you should send me your idea, your dimensions; for the latter, don't you rebuild your old one, though in another place? A pretty green-house I never saw; nor without immoderate expence can it well be an agreeable object. Mr. Pitt thinks a mere portico without a pediment, and windows removeable in summer, would be the best plan you could have. If so, don't you remember something of that kind, which you liked, at sir Charles Cotterel's at Rousham? But a fine green-house must be on a more exalted plan. In short, you must be more particular, before I can be at all so.

I called at Hammersmith yesterday about lady Ailesbury's tubs; one of them is nearly finished, but they will not both be completed these ten days. Shall they be sent to you by water? Good-night to her ladyship and you, and the infanta,[2] whose progress in waxen statuary I hope advances so fast, that by next winter she may rival Rackstrow's old man. Do you know that, though apprised of what I was going to see, it deceived me, and made such impression on my mind, that,

[1] Afterwards created lord Camelford.

[2] Anne Seymour Conway.

thinking on it as I came home in my chariot, and seeing a woman stedfastly at work in a window in Pall-mall, it made me start to see her move. Adieu!

Yours ever.

Arlington-street, Monday night.

THE mighty commitment set out with a blunder; the warrant directed the printer, and all concerned (unnamed) to be taken up. Consequently Wilkes had his habeas corpus of course, and was committed again; moved for another in the common-pleas, and is to appear there to-morrow morning. Lord Temple being, by another strain of power, refused admittance to him, said, "I thought this was the Tower, but find it is the Bastille." They found among Wilkes's papers an unpublished North Briton, designed for last Saturday. It contained advice to the king not to go to St. Paul's on the thanksgiving, but to have a snug one in his own chapel; and to let lord George Sackville carry the sword. There was a dialogue in it too between Fox and Calcraft: the former says to the latter, "I did not think you would have served me so, Jemmy Twitcher."

To the Hon. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, May 6, very late, 1763.

The complexion of the times is a little altered since the beginning of this last winter. Prerogative, that gave itself such airs in November, and would speak to nothing but a Tory, has had a rap this morning that will do it some good, unless it is weak enough to do itself more harm. The judges of the common-pleas have unanimously dismissed Wilkes from his imprisonment, as a breach of privilege; his offence not being a breach of the peace, only tending to it. The people are in transports; and it will require all the vanity and confidence of those able ministers lord S * * * and Mr. C * * * to keep up the spirits of the court.

I must change this tone, to tell you of the most dismal calamity that ever happened. Lady Molesworth's house, in Upper Brook-street, was burned to the ground between four and five this morning. She herself, two of her daughters, her brother, and six servants, perished. Two other of the young ladies jumped out of the two pair of stairs and garret windows: one broke her thigh, the other (the eldest of all) broke her's too, and has had it cut off. The fifth daughter is much burnt. The French governess leaped from the garret, and was dashed to pieces. Dr. Molesworth and his wife, who were there on a visit, escaped; the

wife by jumping from the two pair of stairs, and saving herself by a rail; he by hanging by his hands, till a second ladder was brought, after a first had proved too short. Nobody knows how or where the fire began; the catastrophe is shocking beyond what one ever heard: and poor lady Molesworth, whose character and conduct were the most amiable in the world, is universally lamented. Your good hearts will feel this in the most lively manner.

I go early to Strawberry to-morrow, giving up the new opera, madame de Boufflers, and Mr. Wilkes, and all the present topics. Wilkes, whose case has taken its place by the side of the seven bishops, calls himself the eighth — not quite improperly, when one remembers that sir Jonathan Trelawney, who swore like a trooper, was one of those confessors.

There is a good letter in the Gazetteer on the other side, pretending to be written by lord Temple, and advising Wilkes to cut his throat, like lord E ***, as it would be of infinite service to their cause. There are published, too, three volumes of lady Mary Wortley's letters, which I believe are genuine, and are not unentertaining— But have you read Tom Hervey's letter to the late king? That beats every thing for madness, horrid indecency, and folly, and yet has some charming and striking passages.

I have advised Mrs. H * * * to inform against

Jack, as writing in the North Briton; he will then be shut up in the Tower, and may be shown for old Nero[1]. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, May 16, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

I PROMISED you should hear from me if I did not go abroad, and I flatter myself that you will not be sorry to know that I am much better in health than I was at the beginning of the winter. My journey is quite laid aside, at least for this year; though as lord Hertford goes ambassador to Paris, I propose to make him a visit there next spring.

As I shall be a good deal here this summer, I hope you did not take a surfeit of Strawberry-hill, but will bestow a visit on it while its beauty lasts; the gallery advances fast now, and I think in a few weeks will make a figure worth your looking at.

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient humble servant.

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[1] An old lion there, so called.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, May 17, 1763.

On vient de nous donner une très jolie fête au chateau de Straberri, tout etoit tapissé de narcisses, de tulipes, et de lilacs; des cors de chasse, des clarionettes, des petits vers galants faits par des feès, et qui se trouvoient sous la presse, des fruits à la glace, du thé, du caffé, des biscuits, et force hot-rolls. This is not the beginning of a letter to you, but of one, that I might suppose sets out to-night for Paris, or rather, which I do not suppose will set out thither, for though the narrative is circumstantially true, I don't believe the actors were pleased enough with the scene, to give so favourable an account of it.

The French do not come hither to see. *A l'Anglais* happened to be the word in fashion; and half a dozen of the most fashionable people have been the dupes of it. I take for granted that their next mode will be a *l'Iroquoise*, that they may be under no obligation of realizing their pretensions. Madame de Boufflers I think will die a martyr to a taste, which she fancied she had, and finds she has not. Never having stirred ten miles from Paris, and having only rolled in an easy coach from one hotel to another on a gliding pavement, she is already worn out with being hurried from morning till night from one sight to

another She rises every morning so fatigued with the toils of the preceding day, that she has not strength, if she had inclination, to observe the least, or the finest thing she sees! She came hither to-day to a great breakfast I made for her, with her eyes a foot deep in her head, her hands dangling, and scarce able to support her knitting bag. She had been yesterday to see a ship launched, and went from Greenwich by water to Ranelagh. Madame Dusson, who is Dutch built, and whose muscles are pleasure proof, came with her; there were besides, lady Mary Coke, lord and lady Holderness, the duke and duchess of Grafton, lord Hertford, lord Villiers, Offley, Messieurs de Fleury, Deon, et Duclos. The latter is author of the Life of Louis onze; dresses like a dissenting minister, which I suppose is the livery of a *bel esprit*, and is much more impetuous than agreeable. We breakfasted in the great parlour, and I had filled the hall and large cloister by turns with French horns and clarionettes. As the French ladies had never seen a printing-house, I carried them into mine; they found something ready set, and desiring to see what it was, it proved as follows:—

The Press speaks—

For Madame de Boufflers.

The graceful fair, who loves to know,
Nor dreads the north's inclement snow;

Who bids her polished accent wear
The British diction's harsher air;
Shall read her praise in every clime,
Where types can speak or poets rhyme.

For Madame Dusson.

Feign not an ignorance of what I speak;
You could not miss my meaning were it Greek:
'Tis the same language Belgium utter'd first,
The same which from admiring Gallia burst.
True sentiment a like expression pours;
Each country says the same to eyes like yours.

You will comprehend that the first speaks English, and that the second does not; that the second is handsome, and the first not; and that the second was born in Holland. This little gentilesse pleased, and atoned for the popery of my house, which was not serious enough for Madame de Boufflers, who is Montmorency, *et du sang du premier Chretien*; and too serious for madame Dusson, who is a Dutch Calvinist. The latter's husband was not here, nor Drumgold,[1] who have both got fevers, nor the duc de Nivernois, who dined at Claremont. The gallery is not advanced enough to give them any idea at all, as they are not apt to go out of their way for one; but the cabinet, and the glory of yellow glass at top, which had a charming sun for a foil,

[1] Secretary to the duc de Nivernois.

did surmount their indifference, especially as they were animated by the duchess of Grafton, who had never happened to be here before, and who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairyism, which is the tone of the place, and was peculiarly so to-day—*à-propos*, when do you design to come hither? Let me know, that I may have no measures to interfere with receiving you and your grandsons.

Before lord Bute ran away, he made Mr. Bentley a commissioner of the lottery; I don't know whether a single or double one: the latter, which I hope it is, is two hundred a-year.

Thursday, 19th.

I AM ashamed of myself to have nothing but a journal of pleasures to send you; I never passed a more agreeable day than yesterday. Miss Pelham gave the French an entertainment at Esher; but they have been so feasted and amused, that none of them were well enough, or reposed enough to come, but Nivernois and madame Dusson. The rest of the company were, the Graftons, lady Rockingham, lord and lady Pembroke, lord and lady Holderness, lord Villiers, count Woronzow the Russian minister, lady Sondes, Mr. and Miss Mary Pelham, lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mr. Shelley. The day was delightful, the scene transporting; the trees, lawns, concaves, all in the perfection in which the ghost

of Kent would joy to see them. At twelve we made the tour of the farm in eight chaises and calashes, horsemen, and footmen, setting out like a picture of Wouverman's. My lot fell in the lap of Mrs. Anne Pitt, which I could have excused, as she was not at all in the style of the day, romantic, but political. We had a magnificent dinner, cloaked in the modesty of earthenware; French horns and hautboys on the lawn. We walked to the Belvidere on the summit of the hill, where a theatrical storm only served to heighten the beauty of the landscape, a rainbow on a dark cloud falling precisely behind the tower of a neighbouring church, between another tower and the building at Claremont. Monsieur de Nivernois, who had been absorbed all day, and lagging behind, translating my verses, was delivered of his version, and of some more lines which he wrote on Miss Pelham in the Belvidere, while we drank tea and coffee. From thence we passed into the wood, and the ladies formed a circle on chairs before the mouth of the cave, which was overhung to a vast height with woodbines, lilacs, and liburnums, and dignified by the tall shapely cypresses. On the descent of the hill were placed the French horns; the abigails, servants, and neighbours wandering below by the river; in short, it was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it. Here we had a rural syllabub, and part of the company returned to town;

but were replaced by Giardini and Onofrio, who with Nivernois on the violin, and lord Pembroke on the base, accompanied Miss Pelham, lady Rockingham, and the duchess of Grafton, who sang. This little concert lasted till past ten; then there were minuets, and as we had seven couple left, it concluded with a country dance. I blush again, for I danced, but was kept in countenance by Nivernois, who has one wrinkle more than I have. A quarter after twelve they sat down to supper, and I came home by a charming moonlight. I am going to dine in town, and to a great ball with fire-works at Miss Chudleigh's,[2] but I return hither on Sunday, to bid adieu to this abominable Arcadian life; for really when one is not young, one ought to do nothing but *s'ennuyer*; I will try, but I always go about it awkwardly. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P. S. I enclose a copy of both the English and French verses.

A Madame de Boufflers.

Boufflers, qu'embellissent les graces,
Et qui plairoit sans le vouloir,
Elle a qui l'amour du scavoir
Fit braver le Nord et les glaces;

[2] Afterwards duchess of Kingston.

Boufflers se plait en nos vergers,
Et veut a nos sons étrangers
Plier sa voix enchanteresse.
Repetons son nom mille fois,
Sur tous les cœurs Boufflers aura des droits,
Par tout ou la rime et la Presse
A l'amour preteront leur voix.

A Madame D'Usson.

Ne feignez point, Iris, de ne pas nous entendre;
Ce que vous inspirez, en Grec doit se comprendre.
On vous l'a dit d'abord en Hollandois,
Et dans un langage plus tendre
Paris vous l'a repeté mille fois.
C'est de nos cœurs l'expression sincere,
En tout climat, Iris, a toute heure, en tous lieux,
Par tout ou brilleront vos yeux,
Vous apprendrez combien ils scavent plaire.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, May 21, 1763.

You have now seen the celebrated madame de Boufflers[1]. I dare say you could in that short time perceive that she is agreeable, but I dare

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[1] The comtesse de Boufflers, who, after the revolution in France of the year 1789, resided in England for two or three years with her daughter-in-law the comtesse Emilie de Boufflers.

say too that you will agree with me that vivacity is by no means the *partage* of the French—bating the *étourderie* of the *mousquetaires* and of a high-dried *petit-maître* or two, they appear to me more lifeless than Germans. I cannot comprehend how they came by the character of a lively people. Charles Townshend has more *sal volatile* in him than the whole nation. Their king is taciturnity itself; Mirepoix was a walking mummy; Nivernois has about as much life as a sick favourite child; and monsieur Dusson is a good-humoured country gentleman, who has been drunk the day before, and is upon his good behaviour. If I have the gout next year, and am thoroughly humbled by it again, I will go to Paris, that I may be upon a level with them: at present, I am *trop fou* to keep them company. Mind, I do not insist that, to have spirits, a nation should be as frantic as poor * * *, as absurd as the duchess of Queensbury, or as dashing as the Virgin Chudleigh. Oh, that you had been at her ball t'other night! History could never describe it and keep its countenance. The queen's real birth-day, you know, is not kept: this maid of honour kept it—nay, while the court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning; the queen's family really was so, lady Northumberland having desired leave for them. A scaffold was erected in Hyde-

park for fireworks. To show the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment totally dark, where they remained for two hours—If they gave rise to any more birth-days, who could help it? The fireworks were fine, and succeeded well. On each side of the court were two large scaffolds for the Virgin's trades-people. When the fireworks ceased, a large scene was lighted in the court, representing their majesties; on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems, and illuminated; mottos beneath in Latin and English: 1. For the prince of Wales, a ship, *Multorum spes.* 2. For the princess dowager, a bird of Paradise, and *two* little ones, *Meos ad sidera tollo.* People smiled. 3. Duke of York, a temple, *Virtuti et honori.* 4. Princess Augusta, a bird of Paradise, *Non habet parem* — unluckily this was translated, *I have no peer.*" People laughed out, considering where this was exhibited. 5. The three younger princes, an orange-tree, *Promittit et dat.* 6. The two younger princesses, the flower crown-imperial. I forget the Latin: the translation was silly enough, Bashful in youth, graceful in age. The lady of the house made many apologies for the poorness of the performance, which she said was only oil-paper, painted by one of her servants; but it really was fine and pretty. The duke of

Kingston was in a frock, *comme chez lui.* Behind the house was a cenotaph for the princess Elizabeth, a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, All the honours the dead can receive. This burying-ground was a strange codicil to a festival; and, what was more strange, about one in the morning, this sarcophagus burst out into crackers and guns. The margrave of Anspach began the ball with the Virgin. The supper was most sumptuous.

You ask, when I propose to be at Park-place. I ask, Shall not you come to the duke of Richmond's masquerade, which is the 2d of June? I cannot well be with you till towards the end of that month.

The enclosed is a letter which I wish you to read attentively, to give me your opinion upon it, and return it. It is from a sensible friend of mine in Scotland, who has lately corresponded with me on the enclosed subjects, which I little understand; but I promised to communicate his ideas to George Grenville, if he would state them.— Are they practicable? I wish much that something could be done for those brave soldiers and sailors, who will all come to the gallows, unless some timely provision can be made for them.— The former part of his letter relates to a grievance he complains of that men who have *not* served, are admitted into garrisons, and then into our

hospitals, which were designed for meritorious sufferers.[1] Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, Saturday evening.

No, indeed I cannot consent to your being a dirty Philander[2]. Pink and white, and white and pink! and both as greasy as if you had gnawed a leg of a fowl on the stairs of the Hay-market with a bunter from the Cardigan's Head! For heaven's sake don't produce a tight rose-coloured thigh, unless you intend to prevent my lord * * * *'s return from Harrowgate. Write, the moment you receive this, to your tailor to get you a sober purple domino as I have done, and it will make you a couple of summer waistcoats.

In the next place, have your ideas a little more correct about us of times past. We did not furnish our cottages with chairs of ten guineas a piece.

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[1] As this letter is not to be found, no farther light can be thrown on its contents.

[2] At the masquerade given by the duke of Richmond on the 6th of June, 1763, at his house in Privy-garden.

Ebony for a farm-house![3] So, two hundred years hence some man of taste will build a hamlet in the style of George the third, and beg his cousin Tom Hearne to get him some chairs for it of mahogany gilt, and covered with blue damask. Adieu! I have not a minute's time more.

Yours &c.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Huntingdon, May 30, 1763.

As you interest yourself about Kimbolton, I begin my journal of two days here. But I must set out with owning, that I believe I am the first man that ever went sixty miles to an auction. As I came for ebony, I have been up to my chin in ebony; there is literally nothing but ebony in the house; all the other goods, if there were any, and I trust my lady Conyers did not sleep upon ebony mattresses, are taken away. There are two tables and eighteen chairs, all made by the Hallet of two hundred years ago. These I intend to have; for mind, the auction does not begin till Thursday. There are more plebeian chairs of the same mate-

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[3] Mr. Conway was at this time fitting up a little building at Park-place, called the Cottage, for which he had consulted Mr. Walpole on the propriety of ebony chairs.

rials, but I have left commission for only the true black blood. Thence I went to Kimbolton, and asked to see the house. A kind footman, who in his zeal to open the chaise pinched half my finger off, said he would call the housekeeper: but a groom of the chambers insisted on my visiting their graces; and as I vowed I did not know them, he said they were in the great apartment, that all the rest was in disorder and altering, and would let me see nothing.—This was the reward of my first lie. I returned to my inn or alehouse, and instantly received a message from the duke to invite me to the castle. I was quite undressed, and dirty with my journey, and unacquainted with the duchess—yet was forced to go—Thank the god of dust, his grace was dirtier than me. He was extremely civil, and detected me to the groom of the chambers—asked me if I had dined. I said yes—lie the second. He pressed me to take a bed there. I hate to be criticised at a formal supper by a circle of stranger-footmen, and protested I was to meet a gentleman at Huntingdon to-night. The duchess and lady Caroline came in from walking; and to disguise my not having dined, for it was past six, I drank tea with them. The duchess is much altered, and has a bad short cough. I pity Catherine of Arragon for living at Kimbolton: I never saw an uglier spot. The fronts are not so bad as I expected, by not being so French as I expected, but have no pretensions to beauty, nor

even to comely ancient ugliness. The great apartment is truly noble, and almost all the portraits good, of what I saw; for many are not hung up, and half of those that are, my lord duke does not know. The earl of Warwick is delightful; the lady Mandeville, attiring herself in her wedding garb, delicious. The Prometheus is a glorious picture, the eagle as fine as my statue. Is not it by Vandyck? The duke told me that Mr. Spence found out it was by Titian — but critics in poetry I see are none in painting. This was all I was shown, for I was not even carried into the chapel. The walls round the house are levelling, and I saw nothing without doors that tempted me to taste. So I made my bow, hurried to my inn, snapped up my dinner, lest I should again be detected, and came hither, where I am writing by a great fire, and give up my friend the east wind, which I have long been partial to for the south-east's sake, and in contradiction to the west, for blowing perpetually and bending all one's plantations. To morrow I see Hinchinbrook — and London. Memento, I promised the duke that you should come and write on all his portraits. Do, as you honour the blood of Montagu! Who is the man in the picture with sir Charles Goring, where a page is tying the latter's scarf? And who are the ladies in the double half-lengths?

Arlington-street, May 31.

WELL! I saw Hinchinbrook this morning. Con-

sidering it is in Huntingdonshire, the situation is not so ugly nor melancholy as I expected; but I do not conceive what provoked so many of your ancestors to pitch their tents in that triste country, unless the Capulets[1] loved fine prospects. The house of Hinchinbrook is most comfortable, and just what I like; old, spacious, irregular, yet not vast or forlorn. I believe much has been done since you saw it — it now only wants an apartment, for in no part of it are there above two chambers together. The furniture has much simplicity, not to say too much; some portraits tolerable, none I think fine. When this lord gave Blackwood the head of the admiral[2] that I have now, he left himself not one so good. The head he kept is very bad: the whole length is fine, except the face of it. There is another of the duke of Cumberland by Reynolds, the colours of which are as much changed as the original is to the proprietor. The garden is wondrous small, the park almost smaller, and no appearance of territory. The whole has a quiet decency that seems adapted to the admiral after his retirement, or to Cromwell before his exaltation. I returned time enough for the opera; observing all the way I came the proof of the duration of this east wind, for on the west side the

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[1] As opposing in every thing the Montagus.

[2] Admiral Montagu, earl of Sandwich, by sir P. Lely.

blossoms were so covered with dust one could not distinguish them; on the eastern hand the hedges were white in all the pride of May. Good-night.

Wednesday, June 1.

My letter is a perfect diary. There has been a sad alarm in the kingdom of white satin and muslin. The duke of Richmond was seized last night with a sore throat and fever; and though he is much better to-day, the masquerade of to-morrow night is put off till Monday. Many a queen of Scots, from sixty to sixteen, has been ready to die of the fright. Adieu once more! I think I can have nothing more to say before the post goes out to-morrow.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 16, 1763.

I do not like your putting off your visit hither for so long. Indeed, by September the gallery will probably have all its fine clothes on, and by what have been tried, I think it will look very well. The fashion of the garments to be sure will be ancient, but I have given them an air that is very becoming. Princess Amelia was here last night while I was abroad; and if Margaret is not

too much prejudiced by the guinea left, or by natural partiality to what servants call *our house*, I think was pleased, particularly with the chapel.

As Mountain George will not come to Mahomet-me, Mahomet I must come to Greatworth. Mr. Chute and I think of visiting you about the seventeenth of July, if you shall be at home, and nothing happens to derange our scheme, possibly we may call at Horton; we certainly shall proceed to Drayton, Burleigh, Fotheringay, Peterborough, and Ely; and shall like much of your company, all, or part of the tour. The only present proviso I have to make is the health of my niece, who is at present much out of order, we think not breeding, and who was taken so ill on Monday, that I was forced to carry her suddenly to town, where I yesterday left her better at her father's.

There has been a report that the new lord Holland was dead at Paris, but I believe it is not true. I was very indifferent about it: eight months ago it had been lucky. I saw his jackall t'other night in the meadows, the secretary at war, so emptily-important and distilling paragraphs of old news with such solemnity, that I did not know whether it was a man or the Utrecht gazette.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 1, 1763.

Mr. Chute and I intend to be with you on the seventeenth or eighteenth, but as we are wandering swains, we do not drive one nail into one day of the almanack irremovably. Our first stage is to Bleckley, the parsonage of venerable Cole, the antiquarian of Cambridge. Bleckley lies by Fenny Stratford; now can you direct us how to make Horton[1] in our way from Stratford to Great-worth? If this meander engrosses more time than we propose, do not be disappointed, and think we shall not come, for we shall. The journey you must accept as a great sacrifice either to you or to my promise, for I quit the gallery almost in the critical minute of consummation. Gilders, carvers, upholsterers, and picture cleaners are labouring at their several forges, and I do not love to trust a hammer or a brush without my own supervisal. This will make my stay very short, but it is a greater compliment than a month would be at another season; and yet I am not profuse of months. Well, but I begin to be ashamed of my magnificence; Strawberry is growing sumptuous in its latter day; it will scarce be any longer like

[1] The seat of the earl of Halifax.

the fruit of its name, or the modesty of its ancient demeanour, both which seem to have been in Spencer's prophetic eye, when he sung of

> ——————— the blushing strawberries
> Which lurk, close-shrouded from high-looking eyes,
> Shewing that sweetness low and hidden lies.

In truth, my collection was too great already to be lodged humbly; it has extended my walls, and pomp followed. It was a neat, small house; it now will be a comfortable one, and, except one fine apartment, does not deviate from its simplicity. Adieu! I know nothing about the world, and am only Strawberry's and

Yours sincerely.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, July 1, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

As you have given me leave, I propose to pass a day with you, on my way to Mr. Montagu's. If you have no engagement, I will be with you on the 16th of this month, and if it is not inconvenient, and you will tell me truly whether it is or not, I shall bring my friend Mr. Chute with me, who is destined to the same place. I will beg you too to let me know how far it is to Bleckley, and

what road I must take: that is, how far from London, or how far from Twickenham, and the road from each, as I am uncertain yet from which I shall set out. If any part of this proposal does not suit you, I trust you will own it, and I will take some other opportunity of calling on you, being most truly,

Dear sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, July 12, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

UPON consulting maps and roads and the knowing, I find it will be my best way to call on Mr. Montagu first, before I come to you, or I must go the same road twice. This will make it a few days later than I intended before I wait on you, and will leave you time to complete your hay-harvest, as I gladly embrace your offer of bearing me company on the tour I meditate to Burleigh, Drayton, Peterborough, Ely, and twenty other places, of all which you shall take as much or as little as you please. It will, I think, be Wednesday or Thursday se'nnight before I wait on you, that is the 20th or 21st, and I fear I shall come alone; for

Mr. Chute is confined with the gout: but you shall hear again before I set out. Remember I am to see Sir Kenelm Digby's.

I thank you much for your informations. The countess of Cumberland is an acquisition, and quite new to me. With the countess of Kent I am acquainted since my last edition.

Addison certainly changed *scies* in the epitaph to *indicabit* to avoid the jingle with *dies*: though it is possible that the thought may have been borrowed elsewhere. Adieu, sir,

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Stamford, Saturday night, July 23, 1763.

"THUS far our arms have with success been crowned," bating a few mishaps, which will attend long marches like ours. We have conquered as many towns as Louis quatorze in the campaign of seventy-two; that is, seen them, for he did little more, and into the bargain he had much better roads, and a dryer summer. It has rained perpetually till to-day, and made us experience the rich soil of Northamptonshire, which is a clay-pudding, stuck full of villages. After we parted with you on Thursday, we saw Castle

Ashby[1] and Easton Mauduit.[2] The first is most magnificently triste, and has all the formality of the Comptons. I should admire it if I could see out of it, or any thing in it, but there is scarce any furniture, and the bad little frames of glass exclude all objects. Easton is miserable enough; there are many modern portraits, and one I was glad to see of the duchess of Shrewsbury. We lay at Wellingborough — pray never lie there — the beastliest inn upon earth is there! We were carried into a vast bedchamber, which I suppose is the clubroom, for it stunk of tobacco like a justice of peace. I desired some boiling water for tea; they brought me a sugar dish of hot water in a pewter plate. Yesterday morning we went to Boughton, where we were scarce landed, before the Cardigans, in a coach and six and three chaises, arrived with a cold dinner in their pockets, on their way to Deane; for as it is in dispute, they never reside at Boughton. This was most unlucky, that we should pitch on the only hour in the year in which they are there. I was so disconcerted, and so afraid of falling foul of the countess and her caprices, that I hurried from chamber to chamber, and scarce knew what I saw, but that the house is in the grand old French

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[1] A seat of the earl of Northampton.

[2] A seat of the earl of Sussex.

style, that gods and goddesses lived over my head in every room, and that there was nothing but pedigrees all around me, and under my feet, for there is literally a coat of arms at the end of every step of the stairs: did the duke mean to pun, and intend this for the *descent* of the Montagus? Well! we hurried away and got to Drayton an hour before dinner. Oh! the dear old place! you would be transported with it. In the first place, it stands in as ugly a hole as Boughton: well! that is not its beauty. The front is a brave strong castle wall, embattled and loop-holed for defence. Passing the great gate, you come to a sumptuous but narrow modern court, behind which rises the old mansion, all towers and turrets. The house is excellent; has a vast hall, ditto dining room, king's chamber, trunk gallery at the top of the house, handsome chapel, and seven or eight distinct apartments, besides closets and conveniences without end. Then it is covered with portraits, crammed with old china, furnished richly, and not a rag in it under forty, fifty, or a thousand years old; but not a bed or chair that has lost a tooth, or got a grey hair, so well are they preserved. I rummaged it from head to foot, examined every spangled bed, and enamelled pair of bellows, for such there are; in short, I do not believe the old mansion was ever better pleased with an inhabitant, since the days of Walter de Drayton, except when it has

received its divine old mistress. If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do. The garden is just as sir John Germain brought it from Holland; pyramidal yews, treillages, and square cradle walks with windows clipped in them. Nobody was there but Mr. Beauclerc[3] and lady Catherine,[4] and two parsons: the two first suffered us to ransack and do as we would, and the two last assisted us, informed us, and carried us to every tomb in the neighbourhood. I have got every circumstance by heart, and was pleased beyond my expectation, both with the place and the comfortable way of seeing it. We staid here till after dinner to-day and saw Fotheringhay in our way hither. The castle is totally ruined. The mount, on which the keep stood, two door cases, and a piece of the moat, are all the remains. Near it is a front and two projections of an ancient house, which, by the arms about it, I suppose was part of the palace of Richard and Cicely, duke and duchess of York. There are two pretty tombs for them and their

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3 Afterwards duke of St. Albans, and father to the present duke.

4 Daughter of the earl of Besborough.

uncle duke of York in the church, erected by order of queen Elizabeth. The church has been very fine, but is now intolerably shabby, yet many large saints remain in the windows, two entire, and all the heads well painted. You may imagine we were civil enough to the queen of Scots, to feel a feel of pity for her, while we stood on the very spot where she was put to death; my companion,[5] I believe, who is a better royalist than I am, felt a little more. There I have obeyed you. To-morrow we see Burleigh and Peterborough, and lie at Ely; on Monday I hope to be in town, and on Tuesday I hope much more to be in the gallery at Strawberry-hill, and to find the gilders laying on the last leaf of gold. Good night.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Hockerill, Monday night, July 25, Vol. 2d.

I CONTINUE. You must know we were drowned on Saturday night. It rained, as it did at Greatworth on Wednesday, all night and all next morning, so we could not look even at the outside

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[5] Mr. Cole.

of Burleigh; but we saw the inside pleasantly; for lord Exeter, whom I had prepared for our intentions, came to us, and made every door and every lock fly open, even of his magazines, yet unranged. He is going through the house by degrees, furnishing a room every year, and has already made several most sumptuous. One is a little tired of Carlo Maratti and Lucca Jordano, yet still these are treasures. The china and japan are of the finest; miniatures in plenty, and a shrine full of crystal vases, filigree, enamel, jewels, and the trinkets of taste, that have belonged to many a noble dame. In return for his civilities, I made my lord Exeter a present of a glorious cabinet, whose drawers and sides are all painted by Rubens. This present you must know is his own, but he knew nothing of the hand or the value. Just so I have given lady Betty Germain a very fine portrait, that I discovered at Drayton in the woodhouse.

I was not much pleased with Peterborough; the front is adorable, but the inside has no more beauty than consists in vastness. By the way, I have a pen and ink that will not form a letter. We were now sent to Huntingdon in our way to Ely, as we found it impracticable, from the rains and floods, to cross the country thither. We landed in the heart of the assizes, and almost in the middle of the races, both which, to the astonishment of the virtuosi, we eagerly quitted

this morning. We were hence sent south to Cambridge, still on our way northward to Ely, but when we got to Cambridge we were forced to abandon all thoughts of Ely, there being nothing but lamentable stories of inundations and escapes. However, I made myself amends with the university, which I have not seen these four-and-twenty years, and which revived many youthful scenes, which, merely from their being youthful, are forty times pleasanter than any other ideas. You know I always long to live at Oxford: I felt that I could like to live even at Cambridge again. The colleges are much cleaned and improved since my days, and the trees and groves more venerable; but the town is tumbling about their ears. We surprised Gray with our appearance, dined and drank tea with him, and are come hither within sight of land. I always find it worth my while to make journies, for the joy I have in getting home again.

A second adieu.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Dear Sir,

Wednesday is the day I propose waiting on you; what time of it the Lord and the roads know; so don't wait for me any part of it. If I should be

violently pressed to stay a day longer at Mr. Montagu's, I hope it will be no disappointment to you: but I love to be uncertain, rather than make myself expected and fail.

Yours ever.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 8, 1768.

Dear Sir,

You judge rightly, I am very indifferent about Dr. Shorton, since he is not Dr. Shorter.

It has done nothing but rain since my return; whoever wants hay, must fish for it; it is all drowned, or swimming about the country. I am glad our tour gave you so much pleasure; you was so very obliging, as you have always been to me, that I should have been grieved not to have had it give you satisfaction. I hope your servant is quite recovered.

The painters and gilders quit my gallery this week, but I have not got a chair or a table for it yet; however, I hope it will have all its clothes on by the time you have promised me a visit.

I am, dear sir,

Your much obliged humble servant.

To Dr. DUCAREL.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 8, 1763.

Sir,

I have been rambling about the country, or should not so long have deferred to answer the favour of your letter. I thank you for the notices in it, and have profited of them. I am much obliged to you too for the drawings you intended me; but I have since had a letter from Mr. Churchill, and he does not mention them.

I am, sir,
Your obliged humble servant.

To the Hon. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 9, 1763.

My gallery claims your promise; the painters and gilders finish to-morrow, and next day it washes its hands. You talked of the 15th; shall I expect you then, and the countess,[1] and the contessina,[2] and the baroness?[3]

Lord Digby is to be married immediately to

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[1] Of Ailesbury. [2] Miss Anne Seymour Conway.
[3] Elizabeth Rich, second wife of George lord Lyttelton.

the pretty miss Fielding; and Mr. Boothby, they say, to lady Mary Douglas. What more news I know I cannot send you; for I have had it from lady Denbigh and lady Blandford, who have so confounded names, genders, and circumstances, that I am not sure whether prince Ferdinand is not going to be married to the hereditary prince. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P. S. If you want to know more of me, you may read a whole column of abuse upon me in the Public Ledger of Thursday last; where they inform me that the Scotch cannot be so sensible as the English, because they have not such good writers. Alack! I am afraid *the most sensible* men in any country do *not* write.

I had writ this last night. This morning I receive your paper of evasions, *perfide que vous êtes!* You may let it alone, you will never see any thing like my gallery — and then to ask me to leave it the instant it is finished! I never heard such a request in my days! — Why, all the earth is begging to come to see it: as Edging says, I have had offers enough from blue and green ribands to make me a falbala-apron. Then I have just refused to let Mrs. K * * * and her bishop be in the house with me, because I expected all you — it is mighty well, mighty fine! — No, sir, no, I shall not come; nor am I in a humour to do any thing

else you desire: indeed, without your provoking me, I should not have come into the proposal of paying Giardini. We have been duped and cheated every winter for these twenty years by the undertakers of operas, and I never will pay a farthing more till the last moment, nor can be terrified at their puffs; I am astonished you are. So far from frightening me, the kindest thing they could do would be not to let one have a box to hear their old thread-bare voices and frippery thefts; and as for Giardini himself, I would not go cross the room to hear him play to eternity. I should think he could frighten nobody but lady Bingley by a refusal.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, August 10, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE waited in hopes that the world would do something worth telling you: it will not, and I cannot stay any longer without asking you how you do, and hoping you have not quite forgot me. It has rained such deluges, that I had some thoughts of turning my gallery into an ark, and began to pack up a pair of bantams, a pair of cats, in short, a pair of every living creature about my house: but it is grown fine at last, and the workmen quit my

gallery to-day without hoisting a sail in it. I know nothing upon earth but what the ancient ladies in my neighbourhood knew three-score years ago; I write merely to pay you my pepper-corn of affection, and to inquire after my lady, who I hope is perfectly well. A longer letter would not have half the merit: a line in return will however repay all the merit I can possibly have to one to whom I am so much obliged.

I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, August 15, 1763.

The most important piece of news I have to tell you is, that the gallery is finished; that is, the workmen have quitted it. For chairs and tables, not one is arrived yet. Well, how you will tramp up and down in it! Methinks I wish you would. We are in the perfection of beauty; verdure itself was never green till this summer, thanks to the deluges of rain. Our complexion used to be mahogany in August. Nightingales and roses indeed are out of blow, but the season is celestial. I don't know whether we have not even had an earthquake to-day. Lady Buckingham, lady Waldegrave, the bishop of Exeter, and Mrs. Keppel,

and the little Hotham dined here; between six and seven we were sitting in the great parlour; I sat in the window looking at the river: on a sudden I saw it violently agitated, and, as it were, lifted up and down by a thousand hands. I called out, they all ran to the window; it continued: we hurried into the garden, and all saw the Thames in the same violent commotion for I suppose a hundred yards. We fancied at first there must be some barge rope; not one was in sight. It lasted in this manner, and at the farther end, towards Teddington, even to dashing. It did not cease before I got to the middle of the terrace, between the fence and the hill. Yet this is nothing to what is to come. The bishop and I walked down to my meadow by the river. At this end were two fishermen in a boat, but their backs had been turned to the agitation, and they had seen nothing. At the farther end of the field was a gentleman fishing, and a woman by him; I had perceived him on the same spot at the time of the motion of the waters, which was rather beyond where it was terminated. I now thought myself sure of a witness, and concluded he could not have recovered his surprise. I ran up to him; "Sir," said I, "did you see that strange agitation of the waters?" "When, sir? when, sir?" "Now, this very instant, not two minutes ago." He replied, with the phlegm of a philosopher or of a man, that *can* love fishing, "Stay, sir, let me recollect if I re-

member nothing of it." "Pray, sir," said I, scarce able to help laughing, "you must remember whether you remember it or not, for it is scarce over." "I am trying to recollect," said he, with the same coolness. "Why, sir," said I, "six of us saw it from my parlour window yonder." "Perhaps," answered he, "you might perceive it better where you were, but I suppose it was an earthquake." His nymph had seen nothing neither, and so we returned as wise as most who inquire into natural phenomena. We expect to hear to-morrow that there has been an earthquake somewhere; unless this appearance portended a state-quake. You see, my impetuosity does not abate much; no, nor my youthfullity, which bears me out even at a sabat. I dined last week at lady Blandford's, with her, the old Denbigh, the old Litchfield, and Methuselah knows who. I had stuck some sweet peas in my hair, was playing at quadrille, and singing to my *sorcieres*. The duchess of Argyle and Mrs. Young came in; you may guess how they stared; at last the duchess asked what was the meaning of those flowers? "Lord, madam," said I, "don't you know it is the fashion?" The duke of Bedford is come over with his hair full. Poor Mrs. Young took this in sober sadness, and has reported, that the duke of Bedford wears flowers. You will not know me less by a precipitation of this morning. Pitt and I were busy adjusting the

gallery. Mr. Elliot came in and discomposed us; I was horridly tired of him. As he was going, he said, "Well, this house is so charming, I don't wonder at your being able to live so much alone." I, who shudder at the thought of any body's living with me, replied very innocently, but a little too quick, "No, only pity me when I don't live alone." Pitt was shocked, and said, "To be sure he will never forgive you as long as he lives." Mrs. Leneve used often to advise me never to begin being civil to people I did not care for: "For," says she, "you grow weary of them, and can't help shewing it, and so make it ten times worse, than if you had never attempted to please them."

I suppose you have read in the papers the massacre of my innocents. Every one of my Turkish sheep, that I have been nursing up these fourteen years, torn to pieces in one night by three strange dogs! They killed sixteen outright, and mangled the two others in such a manner, that I was forced to have them knocked on the head. However, I bore this better than an interruption.

I have scrawled and blotted this letter so I don't know whether you can read it; but it is no matter, for I perceive it is all about myself; but what has one else in the dead of summer? In return, tell me as much as you please about yourself, which you know is always a most welcome subject to me. One may preserve one's spirits with one's juniors, but I

defy any body to care but about their cotemporaries. One wants to know about one's predecessors, but who has the least curiosity about their successors? This is abominable ingratitude: one takes wondrous pains to consign one's own memory to them at the same time that one feels the most perfect indifference to whatever relates to them themselves. Well, they will behave just so in their turns. Adieu.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 3, 1763.

I HAVE but a minute's time for answering your letter; my house is full of people, and has been so from the instant I breakfasted, and more are coming; in short, I keep an inn; the sign, the Gothic Castle. Since my gallery was finished, I have not been in it a quarter of an hour together; my whole time is passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding myself while it is seen. Take my advice, never build a charming house for yourself between London and Hampton-court: every body will live in it but you. I fear you must give up all thoughts of the Vine for this year, at least for some time. The poor master is on the rack; I left him the day before yesterday in bed, where he had been ever since Monday

with the gout in both knees and one foot, and suffering martyrdom every night. I go to see him again on Monday. He has not had so bad a fit these four years, and he has probably the other foot still to come. You must come to me at least in the mean time, before he is well enough to receive you. After next Tuesday I am unengaged, except on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday following; that is, the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, when the family from Park-place are to be with me. Settle your motions, and let me know them as soon as you can, and give me as much time as you can spare. I flatter myself the general and lady Grandison will keep the kind promise they made me, and that I shall see your brother John and Mr. Miller too.

My niece is not breeding. You shall have the auction books as soon as I can get them, though I question if there is any thing in your way; however, I shall see you long before the sale, and we will talk on it.

There has been a revolution and a re-revolution, but I must defer the history till I see you, for it is much too big for a letter written in such hurry as this. Adieu!

Yours faithfully.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 7, 1763.

As I am sure the house of Conway will not stay with me beyond Monday next, I shall rejoice to see the house of Montagu this day se'nnight (Wednesday), and shall think myself highly honoured by a visit from lady Beaulieu; I know nobody that has a better taste, and it would flatter me exceedingly if she should happen to like Strawberry. I knew you would be pleased with Mr. T. Pitt; he is very amiable and very sensible, and one of the very few that I reckon quite worthy of being at home at Strawberry.

I have again been in town to see Mr. Chute; he thinks the worst over, yet he gets no sleep, and is still confined to his bed: but his spirits keep up surprisingly. As to your gout, so far from pitying you, 'tis the best thing that can happen to you. All that claret and port are very kind to you, when they prefer the shape of lameness to that of apoplexies, or dropsies, or fevers, or pleurisies.

Let me have a line certain what day I may expect your party, that I may pray to the sun to illuminate the cabinet. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 3, 1763.

I was just getting into my chaise to go to Park-place, when I received your commission for Mrs. Crosby's pictures; but I did not neglect it, though I might as well, for the old gentlewoman was a little whimsical, and though I sent my own gardener and farmer with my cart to fetch them on Friday, she would not deliver them, she said, till Monday; so this morning they were forced to go again. They are now all safely lodged in my cloister; when I say safely, you understand, that two of them have large holes in them, as witness this bill of lading signed by your aunt. There are eleven in all, besides lord Halifax, seven half-lengths and four heads; the former are all desirable, and one of the latter; the three others woful. Mr. Wicks is now in the act of packing them, for we have changed our minds about sending them to London by water, as your waggoner told Louis last time I was at Greatworth, that if they were left at the Old Hat, near Acton, he would take them up and convey them to Greatworth; so my cart carries them thither, and they will set out towards you next Saturday.

I felt shocked, as you did, to think how suddenly the prospect of joy at Osterly was dashed after our seeing it. However, the young lover

died handsomely. Fifty thousand pounds will dry tears, that at most could be but two months old. His brother, I heard, has behaved still more handsomely, and confirmed the legacy, and added from himself the diamonds that had been prepared for her. Here is a charming wife ready for any body that likes a sentimental situation, a pretty woman, and a large fortune.

I have been often at Bulstrode from Chaffont, but I don't like it. It is Dutch and triste. The pictures you mention in the gallery would be curious if they knew one from another; but the names are lost, and they are only sure that they have so many pounds of ancestors in the lump. One or two of them indeed I know, as the earl of Southampton, that was lord Essex's friend.

The works of Park-place go on bravely; the cottage will be very pretty, and the bridge sublime, composed of loose rocks, that will appear to have been tumbled together there the very wreck of the deluge. One stone is of fourteen hundred weight. It will be worth a hundred of Palladio's bridges, that are only fit to be used in an opera. I had a ridiculous adventure on my way hither. A sir Thomas Reeves wrote to me last year, that he had a great quantity of heads of painters, drawn by himself from Dr. Meade's collection, of which many were English, and offered me the use of them. This was one of the numerous unknown correspondents which my books

have drawn upon me. I put it off then, but being to pass near his door, for he lives but two miles from Maidenhead, I sent him word I would call on my way to Park-place. After being carried to three wrong houses, I was directed to a very ancient mansion, composed of timber, and looking as unlike modern habitations, as the picture of Penderel's house in Clarendon. The garden was overrun with weeds, and with difficulty we found a bell. Louis came riding back in great haste, and said, "Sir, the gentleman is dead suddenly." You may imagine I was surprised; however, as an acquaintance I had never seen was a very endurable misfortune, I was preparing to depart; but happening to ask some women, that were passing by the chaise, if they knew any circumstance of sir Thomas's death, I discovered that this was not sir Thomas's house, but belonged to a Mr. Meake, a fellow of a college at Oxford, who was actually just dead, and that the antiquity itself had formerly been the residence of Nell Gwyn. Pray inquire after it the next time you are at Frogmore. I went on, and after a mistake or two more found sir Thomas, a man about thirty in age, and twelve in understanding; his drawings very indifferent, even for the latter calculation. I did not know what to do or say, but commended them, and his child, and his house, said I had all the heads, hoped I should see him at Twickenham, was afraid of being too late for

dinner, and hurried out of his house before I had been there twenty minutes. It grieves one to receive civilities when one feels obliged, and yet finds it impossible to bear the people that bestow them.

I have given my assembly, to show my gallery, and it was glorious; but happening to pitch upon the feast of tabernacles, none of my Jews could come, though Mrs. Clive proposed to them to change the irreligion; so I am forced to exhibit once more. For the morning spectators, the crowd augments instead of diminishing. It is really true that lady Hertford called here t'other morning, and I was reduced to bring her by the back gate into the kitchen; the house was so full of company, that came to see the gallery, that I had no where else to carry her. Adieu;

Yours ever.

P. S. I hope the least hint has never dropped from the Beaulieus of that terrible picture of sir Charles Williams, that put me into such confusion the morning they breakfasted here. If they did observe the inscription, I am sure they must have seen too how it distressed me. Your collection of pictures is packed up, and makes two large cases and one smaller.

My next assembly will be entertaining; there will be five countesses, two bishops, fourteen Jews, five papists, a doctor of physic, and an ac-

tress; not to mention Scotch, Irish, East and West Indians.

I find that, to pack up your pictures, Louis has taken some paper out of a hamper of waste, into which I had cast some of the Conway papers, perhaps only as useless; however, if you find any such in the packing, be so good as to lay them by for me.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, October 8, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are always obliging to me and always thinking of me kindly; yet for once you have forgotten the way of obliging me most. You do not mention any thought of coming hither, which you had given me cause to hope would be about this time. I flatter myself nothing has intervened to deprive me of that visit. Lord Hertford goes to France the end of next week; I shall be in town to take leave of him; but after the 15th, that is, this day se'nnight, I shall be quite unengaged, and the sooner I see you after the 15th, the better, for I should be sorry to drag you across the country in the badness of November roads.

I shall treasure up your notices against my second edition; for the volume of Engravers is

printed off and has been some time; I only wait for some of the plates. The book you mention I have not seen, nor do you encourage me to buy it. Sometime or other however I will get you to let me turn it over.

As I will trust that you will let me know soon when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here, I will make this a very short letter indeed. I know nothing new or old worth telling you.

Your obedient and obliged humble servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, November 12, 1763.

I SEND you the catalogue as you desired; and as I told you, you will, I think, find nothing to your purpose: the present lord bought all the furniture pictures at Navestock: the few now to be sold are the very fine ones of the best masters, and likely to go at vast prices, for there are several people determined to have some one thing that belonged to lord Waldegrave. I did not get the catalogue till the night before last, too late to send by the post, for I had dined with sir Richard Lyttleton at Richmond, and was forced to return by Kew-bridge, for the Thames was swelled so

violently that the ferry could not work. I am here quite alone in the midst of a deluge, without Mrs. Noah; but with half as many animals. The waters are as much out as they were last year, when her vice-majesty of Ireland, that now is sailed to Newmarket with both legs out at the fore glass, was here. *A-propos*, the Irish court goes on ill: they lost a question by forty the very first day on the address. The Irish, not being so absurd or so complimental as Mr. Allen, they would not suffer the word *adequate* to pass. The prime minister is so unpopular, that they think he must be sent back. His patent and Rigby's are called in question. You see the age is not favourable to prime ministers: well! I am going amidst it all, very unwillingly; I had rather stay here, for I am sick of the storms, that once loved them so cordially; over and above, I am not well; this is the third winter my nightly fever has returned; it comes like the bellman before Christmas to put me in mind of my mortality.

Sir Michael Foster is dead, a Whig of the old rock: he is a greater loss to his country than the prim attorney-general, who has resigned, or than the attorney's father, who is dying, will be.

My gallery is still in such request, that, though the middle of November, I gave out a ticket to-day for seeing it. I see little of it myself, for I cannot sit alone in such state; I should think my-

self like the mad duchess of Albemarle,[1] who fancied herself empress of China. Adieu;

Yours ever.

I ask you nothing about your coming, for I conclude we shall not see you till Christmas. My compliments to your brother John and your almoner Mr. Miller.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Nov. 20, 1763.

You are in the wrong; believe me you are in the wrong to stay in the country; London never was so entertaining since it had a steeple or a madhouse. Cowards fight duels; secretaries of state turn methodists on the Tuesday, and are expelled the play-house for blasphemy on Friday. I am not turned methodist, but patriot, and what is more extraordinary, am not going to have a place. What is more wonderful still, lord Hardwicke has made two of his sons resign their employments. I know my letter sounds as enigmatic as Merlin's almanack; but *my* events have really

[1] Widow of Christopher duke of Albemarle, and daughter of the duke of Newcastle.

happened. I had almost persuaded myself like you to quit the world; thank my stars I did not. Why I have done nothing but laugh since last Sunday; though on Tuesday I was one of a hundred and eleven, who were outvoted by three hundred; no laughing matter generally to a *true* patriot, whether he thinks his country undone or himself. Nay, I am still more absurd; even for my dear country's sake I cannot bring myself to connect with lord Hardwicke, or the duke of Newcastle, though they are in the minority — an unprecedented case, not to love every body one despises, when they are of the same side. On the contrary, I fear I resemble a fond woman, and dote on the *dear betrayer*. In short, and to write something that you can understand, you know I have long had a partiality for your cousin Sandwich, who has out Sandwiched himself. He has impeached Wilkes for a blasphemous poem, and has been expelled for blasphemy himself by the beef-steak club at Covent-garden. Wilkes has been shot by Martin, and instead of being burnt at an *auto da fe*, as the bishop of Gloucester intended, is reverenced as a saint by the mob, and if he dies, I suppose, the people will squint themselves into convulsions at his tomb, in honour of his memory. Now is not this better than feeding one's birds and one's bantams, poring one's eyes out over old histories, not half so extraordinary as the present, or ambling to squire Bencow's

on one's padnag, and playing at cribbage with one's brother John and one's parson? Prithee come to town, and let us put off taking the veil for another year: besides, by this time twelvemonth we are sure the world will be a year older in wickedness, and we shall have more matter for meditation. One would not leave it methinks till it comes to the worst, and that time cannot be many months off. In the mean time I have bespoken a dagger, in case the circumstances should grow so classic as to make it becoming to kill oneself; however though disposed to quit the world, as I have no mind to leave it entirely, I shall put off my death to the last minute, and do nothing rashly, till I see Mr. Pitt and lord Temple place themselves in their curule chairs in St. James's-market, and resign their throats to the victors. I am determined to see them dead first, lest they should play me a trick, and be hobbling to Buckingham-house, while I am shivering and waiting for them on the banks of Lethe. Adieu;

Yours,

HORATIUS.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Arlington-street, Dec. 6, 1763.

Dear Sir,

According to custom I am excessively obliged to you: you are continually giving me proofs of your kindness. I have now three packets to thank you for, full of information, and have only lamented the trouble you have given yourself.

I am glad for the tomb's sake and my own that sir Giles Allington's monument is restored. The draught you have sent is very perfect. The account of your ancestor Tuer shall not be forgotten in my next edition. The pedigree of Allington I had from Collins before his death, but I think not so perfect as yours. You have made one little slip in it: my mother was grand-daughter, not daughter of sir John Shorter, and was not heiress, having three brothers, who all died after her, and we only quarter the arms of Shorter, which I fancy occasioned the mistake, by their leaving no children. The verses by sir Edward Walpole and the translation by Bland are published in my description of Houghton.

I am come late from the House of Lords, and am just going to the opera, so you will excuse me saying more, than that I have a print of archbishop Hutton for you (it is Dr. Ducarel's), and a little plate of Strawberry; but I do not send them

by the post, as it would crease them: if you will tell me how to convey them otherwise, I will. I repeat many thanks to you.

I am, dear sir,

Yours most sincerely.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Jan. 11, 1764.

It is an age, I own, since I wrote to you; but except politics, what was there to send you? and for politics, the present are too contemptible to be recorded by any body but journalists, gazetteers, and such historians! The ordinary of Newgate, or Mr. * * * *, who write for their monthly half-crown, and who are indifferent whether lord Bute, lord Melcombe, or Maclean, is their hero, may swear they find diamonds on dung-hills; but you will excuse *me*, if I let our correspondence lie dormant rather than deal in such trash. I am forced to send lord Hertford and sir Horace Mann such garbage, because they are out of England, and the sea softens and makes palatable any potion, as it does claret; but unless I can divert *you*, I had rather wait till we can laugh together; the best employment for friends, who do not mean to pick one another's pocket, nor make a property of either's frankness. Instead of politics,

therefore, I shall amuse you to-day with a fairy tale.

I was desired to be at my lady Suffolk's on new-year's morn, where I found lady Temple and others. On the toilette miss Hotham spied a small round box. She seized it with all the eagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper in which, in a hand as small as Buckinger's, who used to write the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny, were the following lines:—

Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen,
A new-year's gift from Mab our queen:
But tell it not, for if you do,
You will be pinch'd all black and blue.
Consider well, what a disgrace,
To shew abroad your mottled face:
Then seal your lips, put on the ring,
And sometimes think of Ob. the king.

You will easily guess that lady Temple was the poetess, and that we were delighted with the genteelness of the thought and execution. The child, you may imagine, was less transported with the poetry than the present. Her attention however was hurried backwards and forwards from the ring to a new coat, that she had been trying on when sent for down; impatient to revisit her coat, and to shew the ring to her maid, she whisked up stairs; when she came down again, she found a letter sealed, and lying on the floor

— new exclamations! lady Suffolk bade her open it: here it is: —

Your tongue, too nimble for your sense,
Is guilty of a high offence;
Hath introduced unkind debate,
And topsy-turvy turn'd our state.
In gallantry I sent the ring,
The token of a love-sick king:
Under fair Mab's auspicious name
From me the trifling present came.
You blabb'd the news in Suffolk's ear;
The tattling zephyrs brought it here:
As Mab was indolently laid
Under a poppy's spreading shade.
The jealous queen started in rage;
She kick'd her crown, and beat her page:
"Bring me my magic wand," she cries;
"Under that primrose, there it lies;
I'll change the silly, saucy chit,
Into a flea, a louse, a nit,
A worm, a grasshopper, a rat,
An owl, a monkey, hedge-hog, bat.
Ixion once a cloud embraced,
By Jove and jealousy well placed.
What sport to see proud Oberon stare,
And flirt it with a *pet-en l'air!*"
Then thrice she stamp'd the trembling ground,
And thrice she waved her wand around;
When I, endow'd with greater skill,
And less inclined to do you ill,
Mutter'd some words, withheld her arm,
And kindly stopp'd the unfinish'd charm.
But though not changed to owl or bat,
Or something more indelicate;

Yet, as your tongue has run too fast,
Your boasted beauty must not last.
No more shall frolic Cupid lie
In ambuscade in either eye,
From thence to aim his keenest dart
To captivate each youthful heart:
No more shall envious misses pine
At charms now flown, that once were thine:
No more, since you so ill behave,
Shall injured Oberon be your slave.

The next day my lady Suffolk desired I would write her a patent for appointing lady Temple poet laureate to the fairies. I was excessively out of order with a pain in my stomach, which I had had for ten days, and was fitter to write verses like a poet laureate, than for making one; however, I was going home to dinner alone, and at six I sent her some lines, which you ought to have seen how sick I was, to excuse; but first, I must tell you my tale methodically. The next morning by nine o'clock Miss Hotham (she must forgive me twenty years hence for saying she was eleven, for I recollect she is but ten), arrived at lady Temple's, her face and neck all spotted with saffron, and limping. "Oh, madam!" said she, "I am undone for ever if you do not assist me!" "Lord, child," cried my lady Temple, "what is the matter?" thinking she had hurt herself, or lost the ring, and that she was stolen out before her aunt was up. "Oh, madam," said the girl, "nobody but you can assist me!" My

lady Temple protests the child acted her part so well as to deceive her. "What can I do for you?" "Dear madam, take this load from my back; nobody but you can." Lady Temple turned her round, and upon her back was tied a child's waggon. In it were three tiny purses of blue velvet; in one of them a silver cup, in another a crown of laurel, and in the third four new silver pennies, with the patent, signed at top, Oberon Imperator; and two sheets of warrants strung together with blue silk according to form; and at top an office seal of wax and a chaplet of cut paper on it. The warrants were these:—

From the Royal Mews:

A waggon with the draught horses, delivered by command without fee.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office:

A warrant with the royal sign manual, delivered by command without fee, being first entered in the office books.

From the Lord Steward's Office:

A butt of sack, delivered without fee or gratuity, with an order for returning the cask for the use of the office, by command.

From the Great Wardrobe:

Three velvet bags, delivered without fee, by command.

From the Treasurer of the Household's Office:

A year's salary paid free from land-tax, poundage, or any other deduction whatever, by command.

From the Jewel Office:

A silver butt, a silver cup, a wreath of bays, by command without fee.

Then came the patent:

By these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we, Oberon the grand,
Emperor of fairy land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles,
That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispersed through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith,
Declare — and thus your monarch saith:
Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals countess Temple name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune the harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which scorning art and veiling sense,

Achieves that conquest o'er the heart,
Sense seldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill:
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brow and guard her lays;
Of nectar sack an acorn cup
Be at her board each year fill'd up;
And as each quarter feast comes round
A silver penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe —
And so we bid you all adieu!

Given at our palace of Cowslip-castle, the shortest night of the year.

OBERON.

And underneath,

HOTHAMINA.

How shall I tell you the greatest curiosity of the story? The whole plan and execution of the second act was laid and adjusted by my lady Suffolk herself and Will. Chetwynd, master of the mint, lord Bolingbroke's Oroonoko-Chetwynd; he fourscore, she past seventy-six; and, what is more, much worse than I was, for added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances! You reconnoitre her old court knowledge, how

charmingly she has applied it! Do you wonder I pass so many hours and evenings with her? Alas! I had like to have lost her this morning! They had poulticed her feet to draw the gout downwards, and began to succeed yesterday, but to-day it flew up into her head, and she was almost in convulsions with the agony, and screamed dreadfully; proof enough how ill she was, for her patience and good breeding makes her for ever sink and conceal what she feels. This evening the gout has been driven back to her foot, and I trust she is out of danger. Her loss would be irreparable to me at Twickenham, where she is by far the most rational and agreeable company I have.

I don't tell you that the hereditary prince is still expected and not arrived. A royal wedding would be a flat episode after a *real* fairy tale, though the bridegroom is a hero. I have not seen your brother general yet, but have called on him. When come you yourself? Never mind the town and its filthy politics; we can go to the gallery at Strawberry — stay, I don't know whether we can or not, my hill is almost drowned, I don't know how your mountain is — well, we can take a boat, and always be gay there; I wish we may be so at seventy-six and eighty! I abominate politics more and more; we had glories, and would not keep them: well! content, that there was an end of blood; then perks prerogative its

ass's ears up; we are always to be saving our liberties, and then staking them again! 'Tis wearisome! I hate the discussion, and yet one cannot always sit at a gaming-table and never make a bet. I wish for nothing, I care not a straw for the ins or the outs; I determine never to think of them, yet the contagion catches one; can you tell any thing that will prevent infection! Well then, here I swear, no I won't swear, one always breaks one's oath. Oh, that I had been born to love a court like sir William Breton! I should have lived and died with the comfort of thinking that courts there will be to all eternity, and the liberty of my country would never once have ruffled my smile, or spoiled my bow. I envy sir William! Good night.

Yours ever.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Arlington-street, Jan. 31, 1764.

Dear Sir,

Several weeks ago I begged you to tell me how to convey to you a print of Strawberry-hill, and another of archbishop Hutton. I must now repeat the same request for two more volumes of my Anecdotes of Painting, which are on the

point of being published. I hope no illness prevented my hearing from you.

Yours ever.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Dear Sir,

I am impatient for your manuscript, but have not yet received it. You may depend on my keeping it to myself, and returning it safely.

I do not know that history of my father, which you mention, by the name of Musgrave. If it is the critical history of his administration, I have it; if not, I shall be obliged to you for it.

Your kindness to your tenants is like yourself, and most humane. I am glad your prize rewards you, and wish your fortune had been as good as mine, who with a single ticket in this last lottery got five hundred pounds.

I have nothing new, that is, nothing old to tell you. You care not about the present world, and are the only real philosopher I know.

I this winter met with a very large lot of English heads, chiefly of the reign of James I. which very nearly perfects my collection. There were several which I had in vain hunted for these ten years. I have bought two, some very scarce, but more

modern ones out of sir Charles Cottrel's collection. Except a few of Faithorne's, there are scarce any now that I much wish for.

With my Anecdotes I packed up for you the head of archbishop Hutton, and a new little print of Strawberry. If the volumes, as I understand by your letter, stay in town to be bound, I hope your bookseller will take care not to lose those trifles.

I am, dear sir,
Your ever obliged humble servant.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Arlington-street, March 3, 1764.

Dear Sir,

Just as I was going to the opera, I received your MS. I would not defer telling you so, that you may know it is safe. But I have additional reason to write to you immediately; for, on opening the book, the first thing I saw was a new obligation to you, the charming Faithorne of Sr. Orlando Bridgman, which according to your constantly obliging manner you have sent me, and I almost fear you think I begged it; but I can disculpate myself, for I had discovered that it belongs to Dugdale's Origines Judiciales, and had ordered my bookseller to try to get me that book, which,

when I accomplish, you shall command your own print again; for it is too fine an impression to rob you of.

I have been so entertained with your book, that I have staid at home on purpose, and gone through three parts of it. It makes me wish earnestly some time or other to go through all your collections, for I have already found twenty things of great moment to me. One is particularly satisfactory to me; it is in Mr. Baker's MSS. at Cambridge; the title of Eglesham's book against the duke of Bucks, mentioned by me in the account of Gerbier, from Vertue, who fished out every thing, and always proves in the right. This piece I must get transcribed by Mr. Gray's assistance. I fear I shall detain your MS. prisoner a little, for the notices I have found, but I will take infinite care of it, as it deserves.

I have got among my *new* old prints a most curious one of one Toole. It seems to be a burlesque. He lived in *temp.* Jac. 1, and appears to have been an adventurer like Sr. Ant. Shirley: can you tell me any thing of him?

I must repeat how infinitely I think myself obliged to you both for the print and the use of your MS. which is of the greatest use and entertainment to me—but you frighten me about Mr. Baker's MSS. from the neglect of them. I should lose all patience if yours were to be treated so. Bind them in iron, and leave them in a chest of

cedar. They are I am sure most valuable, from what I have found already.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your very much obliged humble servant.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Arlington-street, April 12, 1764.

Dear Sir,

I shall send your MS. volume this week to Mr. Cartwright, and with a thousand thanks. I ought to beg your pardon for having detained it so long. The truth is, I had not time till last week to copy two or three little things at most. Do not let this delay discourage you from lending me more. If I have them in summer, I shall keep them much less time than in winter. I do not send my print with it as you ordered me, because I find it is too large to lie within the volume; and doubling a mezzotinto, you know, spoils it. You shall have one or more, if you please, whenever I see you.

I have lately made a few curious additions to my collections of various sorts, and shall hope to shew them to you at Strawberry-hill. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your much obliged.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, April 19, 1764.

I AM just come from the duchess of Argyll's,[1] where I dined. General Warburton was there, and said it was the report at the House of Lords, that you are turned out—He imagined, of your regiment—but that I suppose is a mistake for the bedchamber.[2] I shall hear more to-night, and lady Strafford, who brings you this, will tell you; though to be sure you will know earlier by the post to-morrow. My only reason for writing is, to repeat to you, that whatever you do I shall act with you.[3] I resent any thing done to you as to myself. My fortunes shall never be separated from yours—except that some time or other I hope yours will be great, and I am content with mine.

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[1] Widow of John Campbell, duke of Argyle. She was sister to general Warburton, and had been maid of honour to queen Anne.

[2] Mr. Conway was dismissed from all his employments, civil and military, for having opposed the ministry in the House of Commons, on the question of the legality of general warrants, at the time of the prosecution of Mr. Wilkes for the publication of the North Briton.

[3] Mr. Walpole was then in the House of Commons, member for King's Lynn in Norfolk.

The Manns go on with the business[1]—The letter you received was from Mr. Edward Mann, not from Gal's widow. Adieu! I was going to say, my *disgraced* friend—How delightful to have a character so unspotted, that the word *disgrace* recoils on those who displace you!

Yours unalterably.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday night, eight o'clock, April 21, 1764.

I WRITE to you with a very bad head-ach; I have passed a night, for which * * * and the duke of * * * shall pass many an uneasy one! Notwithstanding I heard from every body I met, that your regiment, as well as bedchamber, were taken away, I would not believe it, till last night the duchess of Grafton told me, that the night before the duchess of * * * * * said to her, "Are not you very sorry for poor Mr. Conway? He has lost every thing." When the witch of Endor pities, one knows she has raised the devil.

I am come hither alone to put my thoughts into some order, and to avoid showing the first

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[1] Of army-clothiers.

sallies of my resentment, which I know you would disapprove; nor does it become your friend to rail. My anger shall be a little more manly, and the plan of my revenge a little deeper laid than in peevish *bons-mots*. You shall judge of my indignation by its duration.

In the mean time, let me beg you, in the most earnest and most sincere of all professions, to suffer me to make your loss as light as it is in my power to make it: I have six thousand pounds in the funds; accept all, or what part you want. Do not imagine I will be put off with a refusal. The retrenchment of my expences, which I shall from this hour commence, will convince you that I mean to re-place your fortune as far as I can. When I thought you did not want it, I had made another disposition. You have ever been the dearest person to me in the world. You have shown that you deserve to be so.—You suffer for your spotless integrity.—Can I hesitate a moment to show that there is at least one man who knows how to value you? The new will, which I am going to make, will be a testimonial of my own sense of virtue.

One circumstance has heightened my resentment. If it was *not* an accident, it deserves to heighten it. The very day on which your dismission was notified, I received an order from the Treasury for the payment of what money was due to me there. Is it possible that they could mean

to make any distinction between us? Have I separated myself from you? Is there that spot on earth where I can be suspected of having paid court? Have I even left my name at a minister's door since you took your part? If they have dared to hint this, the pen that is now writing to you will bitterly undeceive them.

I am impatient to see the letters you have received, and the answers you have sent. Do you come to town? If you do not, I will come to you to-morrow se'nnight, that is, the 29th. I give no advice on any thing, because you are cooler than I am—not so cool, I hope, as to be insensible to this outrage, this villany, this injustice! You owe it to your country to labour the extermination of such ministers!

I am so bad a hypocrite, that I am afraid of showing how deeply I feel this. Yet last night I received the account from the duchess of Grafton with more temper than you believe me capable of: but the agitation of the night disordered me so much, that lord John Cavendish, who was with me two hours this morning, does not, I believe, take me for a hero. As there are some who I know would enjoy my mortification, and who probably designed I should feel my share of it, I wish to command myself—but that struggle shall be added to their bill. I saw nobody else before I came away but Legge, who sent for me and wrote the enclosed for you. He would have said

more both to you and lady Ailesbury, but I would not let him, as he is so ill: however, he thinks himself that he shall live. I hope he will! I would not lose a shadow that can haunt these ministers.

I feel for lady Ailesbury, because I know she feels just as I do—and it is not a pleasant sensation. I will say no more, though I could write volumes. Adieu!

Yours, as I ever have been and ever will be.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, April 24, 1764.

I REJOICE that you feel your loss[1] so little: that you act with dignity and propriety does not surprise me. To have you behave in character and with character, is my first of all wishes; for then it will not be in the power of man to make you unhappy. Ask yourself—Is there a man in England with whom you would change character?—Is there a man in England who would not change with you? Then think how little they have taken away!

For me, I shall certainly conduct myself as you

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[1] Of his employments.

prescribe. *Your* friend shall say and do nothing unworthy of *your* friend. You govern me in every thing but one: I mean the disposition I have told you I shall make. Nothing can alter that but a great change in your fortune. In another point you partly misunderstood me. That I shall explain hereafter.

I shall certainly meet you here on Sunday, and very cheerfully. We may laugh at a world in which nothing of us will remain long but our characters. Adieu! the dear family!

Yours eternally.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 10, 1764.

I HOPE I have done well for you, and that you will be content with the execution of your commission. I have bought you two pictures, No. 14, which is by no means a good picture, but it went so cheap and looked so old-fashionably, that I ventured to give eighteen shillings for it. The other is very pretty, No. 17; two sweet children, undoubtedly by sir Peter Lely. This costs you four pounds ten shillings; what shall I do with them—how convey them to you? The picture of lord Romney, which you are so fond of, was not in this sale, but I suppose remains with lady

Sidney. I bought for myself much the best picture in the auction, a fine Vandyke of the famous lady Carlisle and her sister Leicester in one piece: it cost me nine-and-twenty guineas.

In general the pictures did not go high, which I was glad of, that the vulture, who sells them, may not be more enriched than could be helped. There was a whole length of sir Henry Sidney, which I should have liked, but it went for fifteen guineas. Thus ends half the glory of Penshurst! Not one of the miniatures was sold.

I go to Strawberry to-morrow for a week. When do you come to Frogmore? I wish to know, because I shall go soon to Park-place, and would not miss the visit you have promised me. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To the Hon. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, June 5, 1764.

You will wonder that I have been so long without giving you any signs of life; yet, though not writing *to* you, I have been employed *about* you, as I have ever since the 21st of April; a day your enemies shall have some cause to remember. I had writ nine or ten sheets of an answer to the *Address to the Public*, when I

received the enclosed *mandate.*[1] You will see *my masters* order me, as a subaltern of the exchequer, to drop you and defend them — but you will see too, that, instead of obeying, *I have given warning.* I would not communicate any part of this transaction to you, till it was out of my hands, because I knew your affection for me would not approve my going so far — But it was necessary. My honour required that I should declare my adherence to you in the most authentic manner. I found that some persons had dared to doubt whether I would risk every thing for you. You see by these letters that Mr. Grenville himself had presumed so. Even a change in the administration, however unlikely, might happen before I had any opportunity of declaring myself; and then those who should choose to put the worst construction, either on my actions or my silence, might say what they pleased. I was waiting for some opportunity: they have put it into my hands, and I took care not to let it slip. Indeed they have put more into my hands, which I have not let slip neither. Could I expect they would give me so absurd an account of Mr. Grenville's conduct, and give it me in writing? They can only add to this obligation that of provocation to print my letter,

[1] The paper here alluded to does not appear.

which, however strong in facts, I have taken care to make very decent in terms, because it imports us to have the candid (that is, I fear, the mercenary) on our side.—No, that we must not expect, but at least disarmed.

Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief to lady Elizabeth Keppel. They all go to Woburn on Thursday, and the ceremony is to be performed as soon as her brother, the bishop, can arrive from Exeter. I am heartily glad the duchess of Bedford does not set her heart on marrying me to any body; I am sure she would bring it about. She has some small intention of coupling my niece and * * *, but I have forbidden the banns.

The birth-day, I hear, was lamentably empty. We had a funereal loo last night in the great chamber at lady Bel Finch's: the Duke, princess Emily, and the duchess of Bedford were there. The princess entertained her grace with the joy the duke of Bedford will have in being a grandfather; in which reflection, I believe, the grandmotherhood was not forgotten. Adieu!

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 18, 1764.

I TRUST that you have thought I was dead, it is so long since you heard of me. In truth I had nothing to talk of but cold and hot weather, of rain and want of rain, subjects that have been our summer conversation for these twenty years. I am pleased that you was content with your pictures, and shall be glad if you have begotten ancestors out of them. You may tell your uncle Algernon that I go to-morrow, where he would not be ashamed to see me; as there are not many such spots at present; you and he will guess it is to Park-place.

Strawberry, whose glories perhaps verge towards their setting, has been more sumptuous today than ordinary, and banquetted their representative majesties of France and Spain. I had monsieur and madame de Guerchy, mademoiselle de Nangis their daughter, two other French gentlemen, the prince of Masserano, his brother and secretary, lord March, George Selwyn, Mrs. Ann Pitt, and my niece Waldegrave. The refectory never was so crowded; nor have any foreigners been here before that comprehended Strawberry. Indeed every thing succeeded to a hair. A violent shower in the morning laid the dust, brightened the green, refreshed the roses,

pinks, orange-flowers, and the blossoms, with which the acacias are covered. A rich storm of thunder and lightning gave a dignity of colouring to the heavens; and the sun appeared enough to illuminate the landscape, without basking himself over it at his length. During dinner there were French horns and clarionettes in the cloister, and after coffee I treated them with an English, and to them a very new collation, a syllabub milked under the cows that were brought to the brow of the terrace. Thence they went to the printing-house, and saw a new fashionable French song printed. They drank tea in the gallery, and at eight went away to Vauxhall.

They really seemed quite pleased with the place and the day; but I must tell you, the treasury of the abbey will feel it, for without magnificence, all was handsomely done. I must keep maigre; at least till the interdict is taken off from my convent. I have kings and queens, I hear, in my neighbourhood, but this is no royal foundation. Adieu;

Your poor beadsman,

THE ABBOT OF STRAWBERRY.

P.S. Mr. T * * *'s servile poem is rewarded with one hundred and sixty pounds a year in the post-office.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 16, 1764.

Mr. Chute says you are peremptory that you will not cast a look southwards. Do you know that in that case you will not set eyes on me the Lord knows when? My mind is pretty much fixed on going to Paris the beginning of September. I think I shall go, if it is only to scold my lord and lady Hertford for sending me their cousins, the duke and duchess of Berwick, who say they are come to see their relations. By their appearance, you would imagine they were come to beg money of their family. He has just the sort of capacity, which you would expect in a Stuart engrafted on a Spaniard. He asked me which way he was to come to Twickenham? I told him through Kensington, to which I supposed his geography might reach. He replied, "*Oh! du coté de la mer.*" She, who is sister of the duke of Alva, is a decent kind of a body; but they talk wicked French. I gave them a dinner here t'other day, with the marquis of Jamaica, their only child, and a fat tutor, and the few Fitzroys I could amass at this season. They were very civil and seemed much pleased. To-day they are gone to Blenheim by invitation. I want to send you something from the Strawberry press; tell me how I shall convey it; it is nothing less than the

most curious book that ever set its foot into the world. I expect to hear you scream hither: if you don't I shall be disappointed, for I have kept it as a most profound secret from you, till I was ready to surprise you with it; I knew your impatience, and would not let you have it piecemeal. It is the life of the great philosopher, lord Herbert, written by himself. Now are you disappointed? Well, read it — not the first forty pages, of which you will be sick — I will not anticipate it, but I will tell you the history. I found it a year ago at lady Hertford's, to whom lady Powis had lent it. I took it up, and soon threw it down again, as the dullest thing I ever saw. She persuaded me to take it home. My lady Waldegrave was here in all her grief; Gray and I read it to amuse her. We could not get on for laughing and screaming. I begged to have it to print: lord Powis, sensible of the extravagance, refused — I insisted — he persisted. I told my lady Hertford, it was no matter, I would print it, I was determined. I sat down and wrote a flattering dedication to lord Powis, which I knew he would swallow: he did, and gave up his ancestor. But this was not enough; I was resolved the world should not think I admired it seriously, though there are really fine passages in it, and good sense too: I drew up an equivocal preface, in which you will discover my opinion, and sent it with the dedication.

The earl gulphed down the one under the palliative of the other, and here you will have all. Pray take notice of the pedigree, of which I am exceedingly proud; observe how I have clearly arranged so involved a descent: one may boast of one's heraldry. I shall send you too lady Temple's poems. Pray keep both under lock and key, for there are but two hundred copies of lord Herbert, and but one hundred of the poems suffered to be printed.

I am almost crying to find the glorious morsel of summer, that we have had, turned into just such a watery season as the last. Even my excess of verdure, which used to comfort me for every thing, does not satisfy me now, as I live entirely alone. I am heartily tired of my large neighbourhood, who do not furnish me two or three rational beings at most, and the best of them have no vivacity. London, whither I go at least once a fortnight for a night, is a perfect desert. As the court is gone into a convent at Richmond, the town is more abandoned. than ever. I cannot, as you do, bring myself to be content without variety, without events; my mind is always wanting new food; summer does not suit me; but I will grow old some time or other. Adieu;

Yours ever.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, July 16, 1764.

Dear Sir,

You must think me a brute to have been so long without taking any notice of your obliging offer of coming hither. The truth is, I have not been at all settled here for three days together: nay, nor do I know when I shall be. I go to-morrow into Sussex; in August into Yorkshire, and in September into France. If, in any interval of these jaunts, I can be sure of remaining here a week, which I literally have not been this whole summer, I will certainly let you know, and will claim your promise.

Another reason for my writing now, is, I want to know how I may send you lord Herbert's Life, which I have just printed. Did I remember the favour you did me of asking for my own print? if I did not, it shall accompany this book.

Adieu, dear sir,

Yours most faithfully.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Arlington-street, July 21, 1764.

Dear Sir,

I must never send you trifles; for you always make me real presents in return. The beauty of the coin surprises me. Mr. White must be rich, when such are his duplicates. I am acquainted with him, and have often intended to visit his collection: but it is one of those things one never does, because one always may. I give you a thousand thanks in return, and what are not worth more, my own print, Lord Herbert's Life, (this is curious, though it cost me little) and some orange flowers. I wish you had mentioned the latter sooner: I have had an amazing profusion this year, and given them away to the right and left by handfulls. These are all I could collect to-day, as I was coming to town; but you shall have more, if you want them.

I consign these things as you ordered: I wish the print may arrive without being rumpled: it is difficult to convey mezzotintos: but if this is spoiled, you shall have another.

If I make any stay in France, which I do not think I shall, above six weeks at most, you shall certainly hear from me: — but I am a bad commissioner for searching you out a hermitage. It is too much against my interest: and I had

much rather find you one in the neighbourhood of Strawberry. Adieu!

Dear sir, yours most sincerely.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Aug. 16, 1764.

I AM not gone north, so pray write to me. I am not going south, so pray come to me. The duke of Devonshire's journey to Spa has prevented the first, and twenty reasons the second; whenever therefore you are disposed to make a visit to Strawberry, it will rejoice to receive you in its old ruffs and fardingales, and without rouge, blonde, and run silks.

You have not said a word to me, ingrate as you are, about lord Herbert; does not he deserve one line? Tell me when I shall see you, that I may make no appointments to interfere with it. Mr. Conway, lady Ailesbury, and lady Lyttleton, have been at Strawberry with me for four and five days, so I am come to town to have my house washed, for you know I am a very Hollander in point of cleanliness. This town is a deplorable solitude; one meets nothing but Mrs. Holman, like the pelican in the wilderness. Adieu;

Yours ever.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, August 29, 1764.

Dear Sir,

Among the multitude of my papers I have mislaid, though not lost, the account you was so good as to give me of your ancestor Tuer, as a painter. I have been hunting for it, to insert it in the new edition of my Anecdotes. It is not very reasonable to save myself trouble at the expense of your's; but perhaps you can much sooner turn to your notes, than I find your letter. Will you be so good as to send me soon all the particulars you recollect of him. I have a print of sir Lionel Jenkins from his painting.

I did not send you any more orange flowers, as you desired; for the continued rains rotted all the latter blow: but I had made a vast *pot-pourri*, from whence you shall have as much as you please, when I have the pleasure of seeing you here, which I should be glad might be in the beginning of October, if it suits your convenience. At the same time you shall have a print of lord Herbert, which I think I did not send you.

I am most truly yours.

P. S. I trust you will bring me a volume or two of your MSS. of which I am most thirsty.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

September 1, 1764.

I SEND you the reply to The counter-address;[1] it is the lowest of all Grub-street, and I hear is treated so. They have nothing better to say, than that I am in love with you, have been so these twenty years, and am no giant. I am a very constant old swain: they might have made the years above thirty; it is so long I have had the same unalterable friendship for you, independent of being near relations and bred up together. For arguments, so far from any new ones, the man gives up or denies most of the former. I own I am rejoiced not only to see how little they can defend themselves, but to know the extent of their malice and revenge! They must be sorely hurt, when reduced to such scurrility. Yet there is one paragraph, however, which I think is of * * * * * * *'s own inditing. It says, *I flattered, solicited, and then basely deserted him.* I no more expected to hear myself accused of flattery, than of being in love with you; but I shall not laugh at the former as I do at the latter. Nothing but

[1] A pamphlet written by Mr. Walpole, in answer to another, called "An Address to the Public on the late dismissal of a General Officer."

his own consummate vanity could suppose I had ever stooped to flatter *him!* or that any man was connected with him, but who was low enough to be paid for it. Where has he one such attachment?

You have your share too — The miscarriage at Rochfort now directly laid at your door: repeated insinuations against your courage: — but I trust you will mind them no more than I do, excepting the *flattery*, which I shall not forget, I promise them.

I came to town yesterday on some business, and found a case. — When I opened it, what was there but my lady Ailesbury's most beautiful of all pictures![2] Don't imagine I can think it intended for me, or that, if it could be so, I would hear of such a thing. It is far above what can be parted with, or accepted. I am serious — there is no letting such a picture, when one has accomplished it, go from where one can see it every day. I should take the thought equally kind and friendly, but she must let me bring it back, if I am not to do any thing else with it, and it came by mistake. I am not so selfish to deprive her of what she must have such pleasure in seeing. I shall have more satisfaction in seeing it at Park-place; where, in spite of the worst kind of ma-

[2] A landscape executed in worsteds by lady Ailesbury.

lice, I shall persist in saying my heart is fixed. They may ruin me, but no calumny shall make me desert you. Indeed your case would be completely cruel, if it was more honourable for your relations and friends to abandon you than to stick to you. My option is made, and I scorn their abuse as much as I despise their power.

I think of coming to you on Thursday next for a day or two, unless your house is full, or you hear from me to the contrary. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

September 3, 1764.

Sir,

I am extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter, and the enclosed curious one of sir William Herbert. It would have made a very valuable addition to Lord Herbert's Life, which is now too late, as I have no hope that lord Powis will permit any more to be printed. There were indeed so very few, and but half of those for my share, that I have not it in my power to offer you a copy, having disposed of my part. It is really a pity that so singular a curiosity should not be public — but I must not complain, as lord Powis

has been so good as to indulge my request thus far.

I am, sir,

Your much obliged humble servant.

To the Rev. Mr. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, September 25, 1764.

Dear Sir,

The third week in October will be just as convenient to me as any other time, and as you choose it, more agreeable, because when you are so obliging to take the trouble of coming so far, I should not be easy, if it laid you under any difficulty. Shall we therefore settle it for the 22d or 23d of October?

Your ever obliged humble servant.

END OF VOL. II.

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